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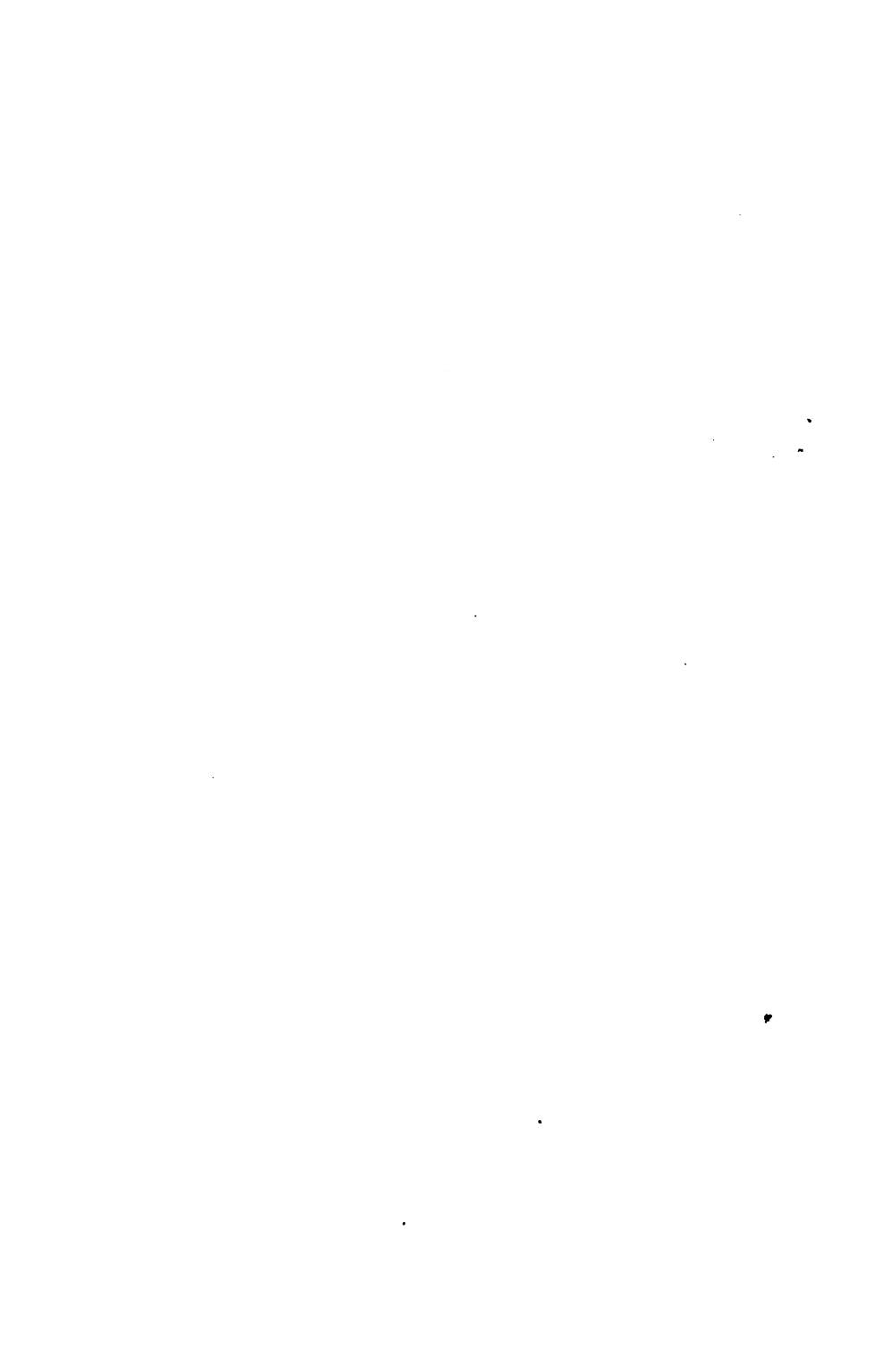


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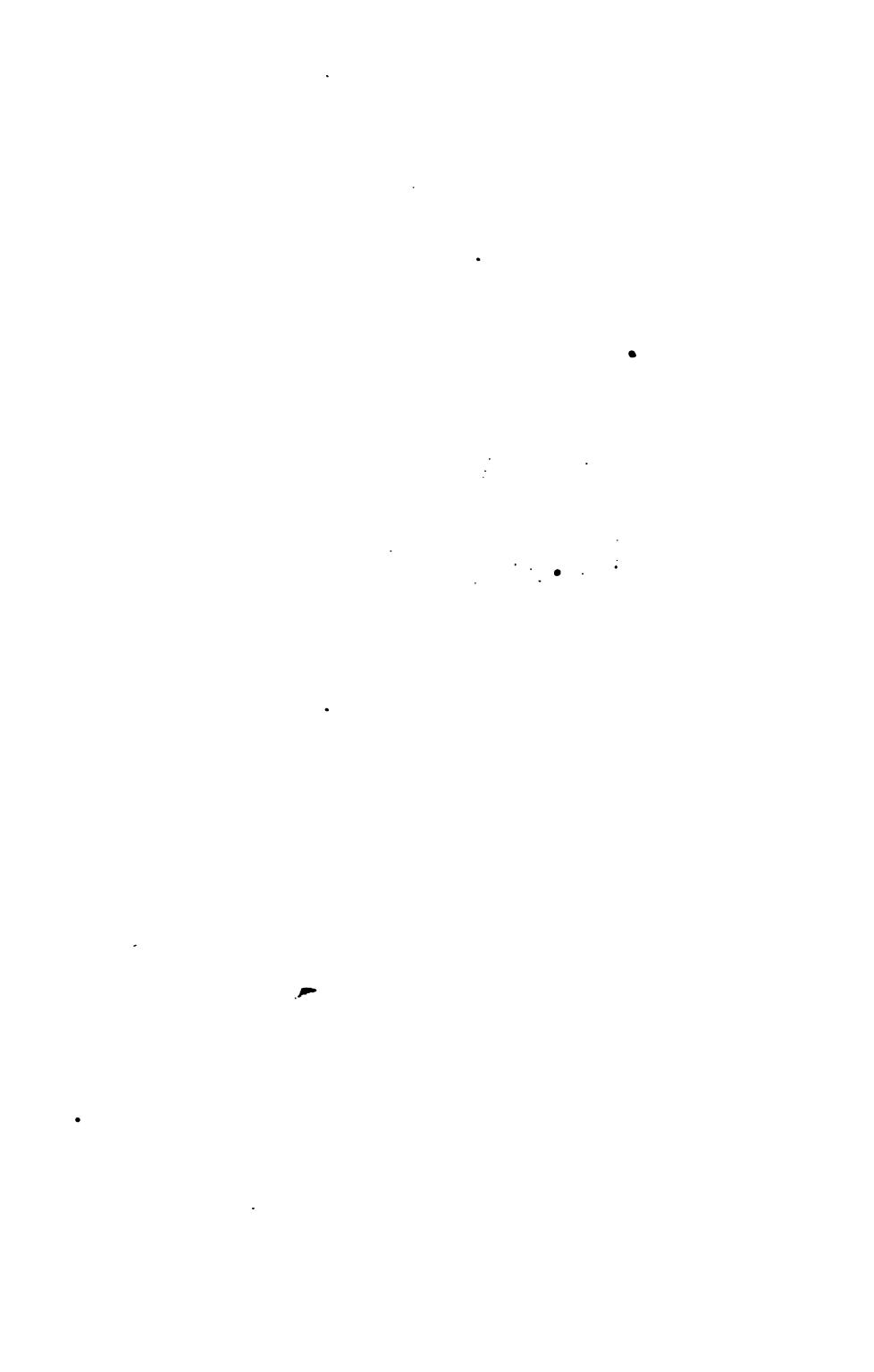








Washerwomen—Falaise.



FRANCE
HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC

BY

JOEL COOK

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA : PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE "

"ENGLAND : PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE "

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWO VOLUMES

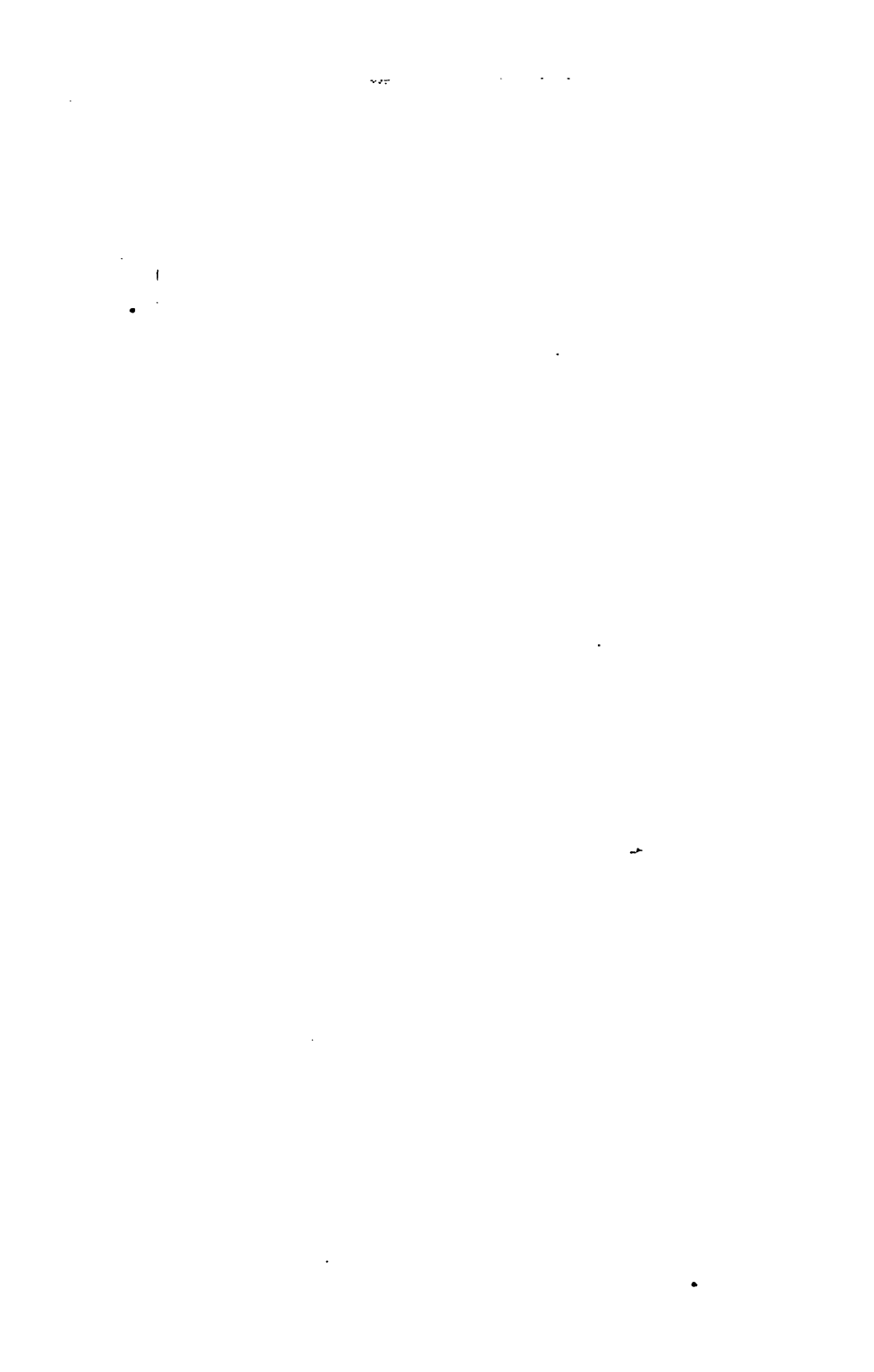
VOL. I

PHILADELPHIA
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1904

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THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



INTRODUCTION.

THERE is always a fascination for the American visitor, in France and its attractive capital, Paris. Few of our tourists go to Europe without visiting Paris, and taking flying trips in French territory, and they are amply repaid by the splendid display these make. This work is intended to give a general outline and description of much that is to be seen in France, and is prepared upon a comprehensive method adapted to furnishing an account of the scenic and historical attractions of the country.

The book begins by describing the visitor's journey into the English Channel, with the ports and places upon both shores, to which tourists usually go, and the routes by which nearly every American traveller first enters the land of the "sun-loving Gauls." The routes to Paris from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe and Havre are then followed, and the capital city and its suburban attractions are described. The remaining portion of the work is arranged upon routes of travel taken in all directions from Paris: southward through Champagne to Provence and the Rhône valley, to the Mediterranean and the Riviera; westward into quaint and charming Brittany and the region of the Loire; south-

westward to the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenees; and northeastward into Flanders. In the latter is included Belgium which is so closely allied to France in geography, language and history. The description closes with the eastern frontier of France, the German boundary, the scene of so many conflicts during the centuries, and the story ends with the Alps of Savoy and Mont Blanc.

France has been accumulating monuments and making history since before the Christian era, all of it most interesting to the visitor, and the description is supplemented by appropriate pictorial illustrations. The book is presented to the public in the belief that whatever may be its shortcomings, the great popular interest taken in the attractive subject may excuse them.

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FRANCE,

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC.

I.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Entering the Channel—Scilly Islands—The Lizard—The Land's End—St. Michael's Mount—Penzance—Cornwall—Falmouth—Pendennis Castle—Holston—Brown Willy—Tintagel—King Arthur—Dozmare Pool—Fowey—Edystone—Plymouth—Devonport—The Channel Islands—The Caskets—Jersey—Guernsey—Alderney—Cherbourg—Devonshire—Dartmoor—Totnes—Dartmouth—Brixham—Torquay—Teignmouth—Dawlish—Exmouth—Sidmouth—Axminster—Lyme Regis—Portland Isle—The Chesil Bank—Portland Breakwater—Weymouth—Dorsetshire—St. Alban's Head—Isle of Purbeck—Castle Corfe—Christ Church—The Needles—Hurst Castle—The Solent—Isle of Wight—Cowes—Hampshire—Southampton—Netley Abbey—Spithead—Portsmouth—The Dockyard—Chichester—Goodwood—Arundel Castle—Sussex—The South Downs—Brighton—Beechy Head—Dungeness—Pevensey—William the Norman—Hastings—Battle Abbey—Winchelsea—Rye—The Cinque Ports—Romney—Hythe—Folkstone—Sandwich—Richborough—The Downs—Goodwin Sands—Deal—Walmer—The South Foreland—Dover—Shakespeare's Cliff.

THE LAND'S END.

THE American tourist bound to France usually crosses the Atlantic to the ports on the English Channel. This great inland sea, called by the French *La*

Manche, or "the sleeve," from its shape, is at the western entrance, a hundred miles wide between the Lizard, the southernmost extremity of England, and the peninsula of Finistère, enclosing the noted naval station of Brest, in northwestern France. Many transatlantic liners make their ports of call and arrival in the Channel, at Falmouth, Plymouth, Southampton or Dover in England, and Cherbourg or Havre in France. The earliest view of Old Albion is at the Land's End in Cornwall, its southwestern extremity. Thirty miles to the westward, land is first sighted, in the Scilly Islands, guided by the Bishop's Rock lighthouse, the most western point. These were the ancient Cassiterides or Tin Islands of the Phœnicians and Romans, though no tin is found upon them, while plenty of it is mined in Cornwall. In fact the first name of Britain, given by the Phœnicians long before the Christian era, was "Barat Anae," or "the land of tin." There are about fifty of these Scilly Islands and twice as many accompanying islets and rocks, with shallow waters between. Five islands are inhabited, their rocky shores being bold and picturesque. The people are fishermen and florists, sending copious supplies of narcissus every spring to London. Between these islands and the mainland is the "shadowy domain of Lyonesse," once connecting them, but long ago sunken into the sea, and according to the ancient chronicle, it "lies submerged with all the one hundred and forty parishes."

Passing southward of the group, guided by the light

of St. Agnes, the steamer heads for the projecting promontory of the Lizard, stretching far south from the English coast. The great mountain backbone of Cornwall running down to the ocean, is divided by Mount's Bay into two spurs, the Land's End prolonged westward, and the Lizard to the south. In the latter there are three separate headlands jutting into the sea, the westernmost being the Old Lizard Head. Upon the middle headland are the double towers of the lighthouse, the black reefs distributed profusely all about giving it a forbidding look. Upon the other is the telegraph signal station, and from it a submarine cable goes down into the sea, landing on the distant shore of Portugal. The steamer's flags announce her name and thus the arrival is signalled speedily throughout England and America. Nestling under the middle headland is the little port of Polpeor, the fishermen's harbor of the Lizard, and their villages are round about. Here is the noted little public house with the double signboard, bearing on one side "The Last Inn in England," and on the other, "The First Inn in England." Weird caves with legendary history are numerous among the fantastically hewn cliffs of this rock-bound coast.

Across Mount's Bay stretches out westward, the Land's End, while prominent on the bay shore and giving it the name is the most remarkable crag in all this rocky region,—St. Michael's Mount—the Ictis of the ancient geographers. This is a mass of granite, rising from the sands, covering about twenty-five acres,

and having a church on top, elevated about two hundred and forty feet. We are told in Cornish tradition that the giant Cormoran built the first fortress here. This it is averred was the same unfortunate giant under the name of Corincus, who was slain by the redoubtable Cornish champion, Jack the giant-killer. The archangel St. Michael afterward appeared to some hermits living among these crags, and this gave the place its name and religious character. It became a Benedictine monastery and fortress, and was frequently besieged. The crowning square church-tower now rises high on top, while on the battlements is St. Michael's Chair, a stone beacon of importance to all newly-married couples in this region, for it bestows the ascendancy on the husband or wife first seated there. Of this chair wrote Southey in his ballad about the adventurous Rebecca, and he tells that just when she was installed:

"Merrily, merrily rang the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown."

Penzance, the chief town of the peninsula, is on the "Holy Headland" jutting out into Mount's Bay, and is a headquarters of the prolific pilchard fishery. Upon the southward of the granite mass forming the extremity of the peninsula, rises the famous "Logan Stone," a granite block of seventy tons, so nicely balanced that it will oscillate, while another moving stone near by is the "Logan Lady." At the extremity is the

Land's End itself, the most westerly point of England, with the Longships Rocks out in the water beyond. The extreme point of the Land's End is about sixty feet high, and pierced by a natural tunnel made by the water, but some of the cliffs on each side are higher. There are sentinel rocks rising from the sea on either hand, the "Armed Knight" to the southward, and the "Irish Lady" to the north. The actual "Land's End" the ancient Bolerium, is a huge aggregation of granite, which Sir Humphry Davy, the Cornish philosopher and poet, who was a native of Penzance, thus describes :

"On the sea

The sunbeams tremble, and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium: seat of storms;
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
There sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
Wild, dreary, are the schistine rocks around,
Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and far beyond,
Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands gray in mists."

ENTERING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

As we pass beyond the Lizard and enter the English Channel, there looms to the northward the outline of the Cornish Mountains forming the backbone of the peninsula, whose spurs of granite and serpentine are wrought by the waters and the weather into such fantastic shapes along these picturesque coasts. Down

out of the hills flows the river Fal, terminating in a broad estuary on the east side of the Lizard, making the magnificent anchorage of the Carrick Roads, and the port of Falmouth. Out at sea, off the entrance is the dangerous reef known as the Manacles, the scene of many wrecks. Cornwall is noted for its mild climate and fine scenery, its fisheries and mines, and the Prince of Wales is also Duke of Cornwall having valuable estates there. Vigorous American competition, however, has interfered with the prosperity of the Cornish mining of copper, tin and lead. The Phœnicians originally worked these mines and the highest prosperity was in 1861, when the output of copper was one hundred and eighty thousand tons. Now they say one has to go to America to find genuine Cornish miners, so great has been the emigration. Cornwall is also famed for its squab and other pies, which are made up of almost everything, and often of such varied ingredients that it has become a local proverb that the devil will not enter Cornwall, for fear of being put into a pie. The pleasant shores of Falmouth harbor, where it is said that five hundred vessels may anchor, are guarded by bold headlands, and Leland in his day described it as "the principal haven of all Britain." Raleigh first pointed out its advantages, and it grew into importance as a packet station and calling port for the transatlantic and Mediterranean ships. Lord Byron said it contained "many Quakers and much salt fish." Its Cornish name of Pen-combick, meaning "the village in the hollow of the headland" was corrupted by

the mariner into "penny-come-quick," because the landlady at the inn once sold the liquors engaged for a party of visitors, to a crew of thirsty Dutch sailors just landed, explaining that the "penny come so quick" she could not deny them.

The attraction of Falmouth is Pendennis Castle, guarding the entrance to Carrick Roads, and built by King Henry VIII., being enlarged by Queen Elizabeth. This was one of the last castles holding out for King Charles. Lightning has injured the walls, but it is still maintained as a coast defense fortress, and from the ramparts one sees an extremely beautiful landscape. St. Mawe's Castle guards the opposite eastern verge of the harbor. On the narrow neck uniting the Lizard to the mainland stands Helston, once having a castle that long ago disappeared. It was named, we are told, from the great block of granite once forming the portal of the infernal regions. The ruler of those dominions going abroad, on one occasion carried the great door with him, and being confronted in this neighborhood by St. Michael, there soon was a fight. His Satanic Majesty was worsted and fled, dropping his front door. The great boulder, thus naming the town, is built into a wall back of the inn, where all can see it, and every May there is a festival commemorating the momentous event.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.

As the steamer skirts along these attractive shores passing from headland to headland, the Cornish Moun-

tains rise into bolder outline, the most elevated summit of the dark moorland being Brown Willy, rising nearly fourteen hundred feet. The name is a corruption of Bryn Uhella, meaning the "highest hill." Nearby is Liskeard, noted for numerous Roman remains in the neighborhood, and also for the Dozmare pool, the lake into which King Arthur is said to have thrown his sword Excalibur. Over on the northern coast of Cornwall are the ruins of Tintagel Castle, the "Dundagil by the Cornish Sea," where King Arthur is supposed to have been born. Tennyson sings the Arthurian legend in the *Idylls of the King*. The tradition is that Pendragon, king of Britain, falling in love with Ygrayne, wife of the Duke of Cornwall, besieged them in Tintagel, slew the husband and the same day married the widow. A son was born and by advice of the wizard Merlin, he was carried off from the shore beneath Tintagel, and confided to the care of a good knight to be brought up as his son and christened Arthur. On Pendragon's death, Merlin produced the youth, who was recognized by his mother and proclaimed the successor. Arthur instituted the order of "Knights of the Round Table," who were "to go everywhere, punishing vice and rescuing oppressed virtue, for the love of God and of some noble lady." Arthur married Guinevere, daughter of King Leodegrance, who forsook him for love of Sir Launcelot, his bravest knight and dearest friend. One after another his best knights fell away into sin, and his nephew Mordred raised a rebellion, and fought, wounded and conquered

him at Camelford, near Tintagel. Seeing his end was near, Arthur bade his last faithful knight, Sir Bedevere, to carry him to the shore of Dozmare pool and throw in there his sword, Excalibur, when, lo! there appeared a boat with three fairy queens, who lifted him in, mourning over him, and sailed away with him to heal his grievous wound. According to the legend, he still lives in fairy land, and will reappear to restore the order of Knights of the Round Table and rule his beloved Britain.

The local tradition is that Dozmare pool is the lake which the Cornish man-demon Tregeagle is condemned to empty with a limpet-shell, as a penalty for unjust stewardship when in human form. From under the edge of the adjacent hills, there flows out southward the little Fowey river, having at its mouth the picturesque harbor and pier of Fowey. This port, sheltered by high acclivities richly clothed in green, is the Cornish balladist's "haven under the hill," and the quaint old pier has had in times past a rich naval flavor. It was the "gallants of Fowey" in the fourteenth century, who helped found England's primitive navy, before the days of Drake and the other "sea-dogs of Devon."

EDDYSTONE.

Ahead of the steamer as we sail eastward is the lonely and famous Eddystone Lighthouse, far out on the sea, keeping its sentinel vigil in solitude and danger. This is the outpost of Plymouth Sound, being about ten miles south of Rame Head at the harbor en-

trance. The Eddystone Rocks, on which it stands, are a series of twenty-two reefs of gneiss, stretching about eight hundred feet and practically covered at high water. They obstruct the path of commerce along the Channel, and also the route of vessels making the important harbor of Plymouth. Here was built in 1697, one of the earliest lighthouses on the English coast, by Winstanley, who perished in it when the terrible storm of 1703 swept it away. This was succeeded by a wooden tower burnt in 1755, and then Smeaton built his noted lighthouse in 1759, a tower of masonry, ninety-five feet high, which becoming insecure, had to be removed and is now preserved in Plymouth. It was superseded by the present modern lighthouse in 1882. Smeaton's tower was modeled after the trunk of a sturdy oak in Windsor Park, and became a guide for all subsequent constructions. When taken down, it was as firm as when originally built, but the reef on which it stood had been shattered and undermined by the joint action of the waves and winds, and the long leverage of the tall stone column, against which the sea struck with prodigious force, causing it to vibrate like the trunk of a tree in a storm. The foundation-stone of the new lighthouse was laid in 1878, on a reef one hundred and twenty-seven feet south of the old one. It is built of granite, rises one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the rock, was first lighted May 18, 1882, and its double flash light is visible for seventeen miles. The construction took four years and cost \$400,000.

PLYMOUTH.

We enter the famous harbor of Plymouth, having the hills of Cornwall to the left and those of Devon to the right, and a granite breakwater in front, protecting it. This enormous sea wall is a mile long, took twenty-eight years to build and cost \$8,000,000. It and the adjacent shores are well defended by fortifications and the haven within is one of the great naval dockyards of England. The river Tamar (the "Great Water") flows down from the dark moorland hills to the northward forming the boundary between Cornwall and Devon, and the river Plym comes out of the royal forest of Dartmoor to the northeast. They form Plymouth Sound, an estuary of the English Channel, and a magnificent harbor three miles square receiving the Tamar at its northwestern border and the Plym, at its northeastern verge. This is the port of Plymouth, or the "Three Towns"—Plymouth proper, Stonehouse, and Devonport, where the English dockyard and naval shipbuilding establishment is located. Up the Plym is Plympton St. Mary, near the head of the estuary, where are the ruins of the Augustinian priory, once the wealthiest monastic house in Devon, this having been the nursery of Plymouth, the fostering care of these monks having developed the fishing-town that became the powerful fortress-port. The old rhyme says that Plympton was "a borough-town," when Plymouth was "a furzy-down." Near here begins the broad estuary

of the Cattewater, at the mouth of which stands Plymouth covering the surface between the Cattewater and the Hamoaze, the estuary of the Tamar, with its adjoining suburbs of Stonehouse and Devonport. Along the southern bank of the estuary extend the woods of Saltram, the seat of the Earl of Morley. Then comes Cattewater Haven, the merchant shipping port and the older harbor of Sutton Pool, with Mount Batton and Citadel Point guarding the entrances to the haven. Here was gathered the primitive English fleet under Lord Howard of Effingham which awaited the Spanish Armada in 1588; here the Earl of Essex assembled his expedition in 1596 to conquer Cadiz; and the "Mayflower," with the Pilgrim Fathers, sailed hence, September 6, 1620. The naval and maritime history of Plymouth is that of England, and this was the port of departure for Drake, Hawkins, Cook and other navigators on their famous expeditions.

The Plymouth forts and barracks will accommodate a garrison of five thousand men. The Cattewater and Sutton Pool can enclose a thousand merchant ships. The Hamoaze, the naval harbor, is four miles long and spacious enough for the entire British navy to be anchored. The adjacent shores are rocky and abrupt and forts guard all the entrances. The naval dockyard at Devonport is flanked by heavy batteries, and has ninety-six acres of surface and thirty-five hundred feet of water-front. Here are built huge ironclads, and at Point Keyham, another enclosure of seventy-two acres, is an extensive naval repairing establish-

ment. The battleship King Edward VII., the largest down to that time in the British navy, was launched at Devonport in July, 1903; she is of 16,350 tonnage displacement and cost \$7,500,000. Between Devonport and Plymouth is Stonehouse, where are the marine barracks, naval hospital and enormous storehouses. Four thousand men are employed here and the marine barracks has the finest mess-room in England, accommodating fifteen hundred men. In front, between the Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound, rises the magnificent estate of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, its splendid gardens and beautifully wooded park being more than three miles in circumference, one of the finest rural homes of England. This is the place that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia the commander of the Spanish Armada is said to have selected for his home, when he had conquered England. In the Sound, beyond, is the Isle of St. Nicholas, or Drake's Island, which is a formidable fort, while facing the Sound is Plymouth's pretty park, the sea-front of the town, called the Hoe, commanding an admirable view. Sir Francis Drake is the man in whom Plymouth has most pride, and his statue adorns the middle of the Hoe. It is said he was playing bowls here when the news came that the Armada was in sight, and he forthwith went to his ship. Nearby is the Ter-centenary Memorial of the Armada. Also on the Hoe is the upper portion of Smeaton's old Eddystone Lighthouse, having an extensive view from its top. The spot in front of the Custom House adjoining Sutton Pool is marked by a slab, showing

where the Pilgrims embarked on the *Mayflower*, to found the Plymouth of Massachusetts Bay. This event is commemorated by a stained-glass window in the Guild-Hall. It also contains a portrait of Drake, with a quaint inscription describing him as "Fellow traveller of the Sunn." Up the Tamar above the Hamoaze is the Albert Bridge carrying the Great Western railway, at one hundred feet elevation, over from Devon to Cornwall, one of Brunel's masterpieces, a tubular bridge having the railway suspended below. The quaint little fishing-town of Saltash is at its western end, where the women are famed for their skill in using the oars, often beating the men in regattas. Further up flows in through a deep ravine, the little tributary, the Tavy. Here are the scanty ruins of Tavistock Abbey, and near it in a modest cottage on the river bank at Buckland Abbey, Drake was born about the year 1539.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Eastward of Plymouth Sound, the English coast protrudes a long peninsula into the Channel terminating in Prawle Point, and beyond, on its eastern verge are the green pasture lands of Start ending in Start Point surmounted by a lighthouse. This region is a noted grazing country of Devonshire, raising much sheep and cattle, and having a mild and equable climate. Having called at Plymouth and had her English mails and passengers taken off by a tender, our great liner now makes a long course from the Devon

coast towards the east-south-east across the Channel to Cherbourg, the French port of call. Upon the shores of Normandy the square-shaped peninsula of the Cotentin, in the Department of La Manche, is thrust far out northward, and its termination at Cherbourg has been made by the French, at enormous expense, an artificial harbor, fortress and naval station. The Channel islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark are in the deep bay to the west of this peninsula, thus being physically adjacent to France, though belonging to England. These islands, whose people are devoted mainly to dairying and fishing, were known to the Romans, and their position is of such strategic importance to England that she expends large sums in maintaining their fortifications. The course the steamer takes is just north of Alderney and the deadly Caskets to the westward, the triple-flashing light upon the latter, being first sighted. It was upon this dangerous cluster of seven serrated rocks that Henry I.'s only son Prince William perished in the twelfth century, and here the man-of-war "Victory" was lost in 1744. The steamer "Stella," of the regular passenger service of the London and Southwestern Railway from Southampton, in March, 1899, ran at full speed on these rocks in a dense fog and a dozen lives were lost. Algernon Swinburne has made the Caskets the theme of a poem. Jersey far to the southward is the most remarkable of these Channel islands for its castles and forts and numerous fights, and here both Henry VII. and Charles II., when in exile,

found refuge. Immense forts defend it, part of the works dating from Cæsar's incursion into Gaul, the Romans then calling it in honor of their leader Cæsarea (from which Jersey is derived) and describing it as a stronghold of the Druids. The Norman Conquest attached it to the British crown, and though the French in many wars since attacked it, they were never able to hold it. The fantastic outline of the Corbière promontory, on the western side of Jersey, when first seen through the morning haze, resembles a huge elephant supporting an embattled tower, but the apparition vanishes on closer approach. Jersey is known popularly as the "grass isle," while Guernsey was the Latin Sarnia or "the green isle." It too is strongly fortified, and has upon a rocky islet a mile to seaward of St. Peter's Port, the famous Castle Cornet, originally built by the Romans. The Governor of Guernsey, Viscount Hatton, in 1672, was blown up with his family in Castle Cornet, the powder-magazine being struck by lightning at midnight. He was in bed, was blown out of a window, and lay some time unhurt on the ramparts. Most of the family and attendants perished, but his infant daughter Anne was found next day alive and sleeping in her cradle under a beam in the ruins, uninjured by the explosion. She lived to marry the Earl of Winchelsea and have thirty children. In Guernsey, upon her estate of Rouge Huis, April 4, 1903, died the oldest woman in Great Britain, Mrs. Margaret Neve, at the age of 110. She was married in 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, and

shortly afterward entertained Marshal Blucher. She was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and they always exchanged complimentary telegrams on their birthdays. Alderney is the nearest of the Channel Islands to the French coast, only seven miles away, and has an extensive harbor of refuge. It is soon passed, and then the steamer approaches Cape La Hague, the northwestern corner of the peninsula of the Cotentin.

THE FORTRESS OF CHERBOURG.

It is a curious fact that while the English shore of the Channel abounds in fine harbors, the French coast has only a few poor ones. The streams there bring down silt and sands, filling up their mouths, and the ports are only secured by artificial means and maintained by great labor. It was necessary for France, being in such close proximity to the two great English naval stations, Plymouth to the west, and Portsmouth only eighty miles to the north, to establish a fortress and port. Louis XIV. first realized this and the renowned engineer Vauban made the earliest plan for Cherbourg. It was however hardly developed until Napoleon's time, and not completed until the reign of Napoleon III. Cherbourg is at the northern termination of the Cotentin peninsula, at the mouth of the little Divette river, in the centre of a small bay, with the harbor bounded on either hand by Cape La Hague on the west and Cape Levi on the east. The light colored shores bristle with forts, behind

which slope up the green hills, and an immense breakwater out in front forms the roadstead, and stretches for two miles across the harbor entrance, having at each end a passage for vessels about a half mile wide. Four forts and twelve batteries are built on the breakwater, and others are on the shores and islets at each side. The commercial port is made by docks to the southward along the little river, while the naval port and docks are on the western side of the harbor, where much of them has been hewn out of the solid rock. It is estimated that France has expended \$100,000,000 at various times on this famous fortress and port. Yet the roadstead is poor. It covers about four square miles, but is so full of shallows that the anchorage available for deep-draught ships is less than five hundred acres. The harbor is filled with danger buoys marking the shoals, and the great liner coming in, turning and going out again, has to move with carefulness. The breakwater, one of the famous dykes of the world, was begun in 1832, and cost \$15,000,000, and it was regarded as almost flying in the face of nature to thus construct an artificial wall to oppose the fierce northern gales; but France had to do something to guard against English invasion. Lord Howe had attacked and destroyed the fortifications and burnt the shipping here in 1758, and in 1858, Napoleon III. celebrated the completion of the fortress and opened the port to commerce, having Queen Victoria as his guest. The event is commemorated by a bronze statue of Napoleon I. in the city, bearing the inscrip-

tion, "I have resolved to reproduce at Cherbourg the marvels of Egypt," the Emperor Napoleon III. comparing the construction of the famous breakwater to building the Egyptian pyramids.

The Cotentin peninsula was early occupied by the Romans, and the site of Cherbourg was long a baronial castle, the Count of Cherbourg accompanying the Norman invasion of England. The peninsula itself is mostly a pasture land, with green hedgerows and famous for its cattle. When William le Bastard, the son of Robert le Diable, made the Norman Conquest of England, many of his followers came from this part of Normandy, and some of the most conspicuous names in the English aristocracy are derived from small villages in the Cotentin. The English repeatedly attacked the town and long held it, so that it became the favorite landing place for English expeditions against France. Now, while its harbor has many naval vessels, and it is one of the chief French dockyards, it is known mainly as a port of call for Americans bound by a short route to Paris, and it returns the centuries of English opposition, by liberally shipping across the Channel butter, eggs and poultry to feed the descendants of its former foes. The chief event of modern times connected with Cherbourg was the naval engagement nine miles out at sea on June 19, 1864, in which the Kearsarge defeated and sunk the Confederate privateer Alabama. The history, position and defences of the fortress, so magnificently constructed and garrisoned remind the visitor of

Longfellow's lines written of the British forts on the opposite shore :

"Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon through the night
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea-coast opposite."

FROM THE DART TO THE EXE.

The English coast of Devon to the eastward of Start Point recedes far to the northward, making a broad bay, and here comes in the estuary of the Dart, which like nearly all the Devonshire streams rises in Dartmoor. This famous moor and forest is about twenty-five miles long and twelve miles broad, its elevation averaging fifteen hundred feet, with some of its tors—the huge granite rocks crowning the hills—rising higher, the Yes Tor, the loftiest being two thousand and fifty feet high. There are vast stretches of bog and stunted heather, with pretty wooded valleys along the streams which are well stocked with trout. It has been well described as "a monstrous lump of granite covered with a sponge of peaty soil." Tradition tells of all manner of wood and water spirits frequenting it, and in the head fountains both of the Plym and the Dart there dwelt many "pixies" and "kelpies," and Spenser in the *Faerie Queene* says that both Dart and Plym attended the great feast of the rivers that celebrated the wedding of the Thames and Medway. The famous Dartmoor convict prison is at

Princetown, near the centre of the moor. Here were confined many French and American prisoners taken in the wars of the early nineteenth century. The river Dart, after flowing out of the moor, passes the antique town of Totnes, which Camden described as "hanging from east to west on the side of a hill," and which has the precious relic the "Brutus Stone," in the pavement of the steep Main street, this being the very stone, according to tradition, "on which Brutus of Troy first set foot on landing in Britain." Below Totnes the Dart is navigable, and flows through beautiful scenery twelve miles to Dartmouth, finally broadening into an estuary like an inland lake. The old houses of Dartmouth are built in tiers up a steep hillside, while at the extreme point of the promontory guarding the entrance to the estuary from the sea are the little church of St. Petrox, and the castle built by Henry VII., consisting of a square and a round tower, and still used as a coast-battery. Dartmouth was in early times a post of importance, Edward III. first giving it a charter as Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness. Hence sailed Cœur de Lion's crusaders in 1190. The French repeatedly came over the Channel, attacked and once destroyed it, and there still remain fragments of the land-fastenings of the iron chain stretched across the harbor in the olden times to keep them out. The English Royal Naval College is now established at Dartmouth, King Edward VII. having laid the foundation stone in 1902.

To the northeast of Dartmouth protrudes the bold

promontory of Berry Head, with the deeply recessed cave of Torbay beyond. Alongside Berry Head is the old fishing-port of Brixham, having Church Brixham built on the cliffs and Brixham Quay down at the waterside. Here landed William the Prince of Orange, in 1688, and a statue and monument commemorate the event, while the rock upon which he stepped is on the pier. The coast beyond trends northward to the estuary of the Exe and has several famous watering places nurtured by the balmy climate. Torquay clusters along the beaches of Tor Bay, its name derived from the adjacent hill of Mohun's Tor where are the ruins of an abbey. Its villas rise in terraces from the sea, fronted by a fine park, and protected from cold winds by the highlands behind them. The promontory of Hope's Nose is thrust out north of Torquay, having the pretty Anstis Cove hollowed out of its eastern face, and Babbicombe Bay beyond, a grand sweep of smooth sand-beach, backed by steep cliffs having villas on the plateau above. To the northward rise the towering hills of the Little Haldon and the Great Haldon, eight hundred feet high. The river Teign flows out along the base of the Little Haldon in a broad valley and here is Teignmouth, having the grassy promenade of the Den along the sea-front, with a projecting pier. Under the lee of the Great Haldon is Dawlish, fronted by villas and flower gardens, and adjoined by strange pinnacles of red rock rising from the edge of the sea, two of them, from fancied resemblance to the human form, being named

the Parson and the Clerk, a storm however having unfortunately knocked off a considerable portion of the Parson's head. Beyond, is the broad estuary of the river Exe, and Exmouth another favorite watering place over which the lofty Haldon Hills keep guard, and having a broad esplanade fronted by a sea-wall. This famous coast of Devon dotted with villas and seashore houses has become one of the most popular seaside resorts of England.

PORTLAND AND PURBECK.

Eastward from the Exe, the coast sweeps around the extensive Lyme Bay into which several small streams flow out through the cliffs. The little Sid comes down past Sidbury and Sidford, entering the sea at the charming watering place of Sidmouth, noted for its pebbles found among the green sands and having Salcombe Hill and High Peak, elevated five hundred feet, guarding the valley entrance. An esplanade with a sea-wall fronts the town. Here died the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, in 1820, she having placed a window in his memory in St. Nicholas church. Nearby at Hayes Barton, Sir Walter Raleigh was born, and at Ottery St. Mary, Coleridge was born. To the eastward comes out the pretty river Axe from the Mendip hills, and on an eminence overlooking the stream is the former Saxon stronghold of Axminster, more lately noted for its carpet manufactures. The minster was founded by Æthelstan, the Normans re-

constructing it. Near here is also Honiton, and the lace is made in all the villages roundabout, a handicraft first introduced by Dutch refugees. Next comes in the little river Lym amid broken wood-crowned crags, and having in a deep valley the romantic town of Lyme Regis. This miniature harbor is a bathing place protected by a semi-circular breakwater about twelve hundred feet long, called the Cobb. The cliffs of the Golden Cap and Rhodehorn, rise high above the valley. Here landed the Duke of Monmouth, on his unfortunate expedition in 1685, and the Dowlands landslip occurred three miles to the westward on Christmas, 1839, forty acres sliding down the cliff to a lower level and roughly carrying along an orchard and two cottages.

The coast extends far southeast from Lyme Regis past Abbotsbury to the far protruding landmark, the Isle of Portland, which the estuary of the Fleet divides from the mainland, but they are practically linked together by the long Chesil Bank, a huge mound of shingle and pebbles forming a natural breakwater. At the southern end this is an embankment forty feet high made of large pebbles, but stretching far toward the northwest its height becomes less, the pebbles decrease in size and it finally changes to a low shingle beach. To this protecting embankment is due much of the value of Portland harbor. The Isle thus strangely connected with the mainland is an elevated limestone plateau about nine miles in circumference and guarded all around by steep cliffs. Near the end of the Chesil

Bank is Portland Castle, one of Henry VIII's coast defences. Verne Hill, the highest land of the Isle rising almost five hundred feet, has a strong fort with barracks for three thousand men. There are other formidable defences and the Isle is one of the most important strategic points on the English coast. Here are the noted quarries whence the famous Portland stone has been taken for over two centuries, the hard cream-colored oolite first introduced to London by the architect Inigo Jones and used for many celebrated buildings there, including St. Paul's Cathedral, Whitehall and the towers of Westminster Abbey. Here also were quarried the materials for the great Portland breakwater, completed in 1872 and making the largest artificial harbor of refuge in the world located on the east side of the island, convicts having done the work, their prison adjoining the quarries. The ruins of Bow and Arrow Castle are on a cliff overhanging the sea, and adjacent has been built by William Penn's grandson, a house called the Pennsylvania Castle. The views over the Channel from the Isle are of great beauty, and its lights are prominent landmarks for passing vessels. At the southern end is a castellated mass of rocks protruding far into the sea and known as the "Portland Bill," surmounted by two light-houses, one much higher than the other, and seen from afar. Below, the tide flows with unusual swiftness through the "Race of Portland," past the beetling crags. On the eastern side of Portland is the deeply indented Weymouth Bay, the great breakwater enclos-

ing it and making the magnificent harbor, while far over to the northward extends the precipitous headland of the White Nore. At Weymouth, was George III.'s favorite seaside resort and it is still a populous watering place. On the cliffs behind the town, an ingenious soldier by cutting away the turf and exposing the white chalk beneath made a gigantic figure of the king on horseback, said to be a good likeness. We are now in Dorset among its chalk cliffs and Portland marble quarries, and far to the eastward the gracefully curving cliffs of the coast display vast walls of the cream-colored limestone, running off to the next lofty promontory projected into the Channel, the stately St. Alban's Head, rising nearly five hundred feet and crowned by an ancient chapel named for Bishop St. Aldhelm, where in the olden time a priest trimmed the beacon-light and prayed for the mariner's safety.

This protruding peninsula is the so-called Isle of Purbeck, and its ruined Castle Corfe stands in a narrow gap of the hills guarding the road to the outer part of the island. This place has a most antique flavor. It was a hunting lodge for Queen Ælfrida in the tenth century, and according to the legend, her stepson, King Edward the martyr, hunting in the neighborhood, called and asked for a drink of water. It was brought and as he raised the cup to his lips he was stabbed in the back, it is said, by the queen herself. Edward galloped his horse a little way, fell and was dragged along the road and died. This murder

was done by the queen for the benefit of her youngest son and hearing him bewail his brother's death, she became enraged and belabored him with the first weapon at hand, a large wax candle. He could never afterward bear the sight of one. King Edward's corpse was temporarily buried at Wareham nearby, but was translated to Shaftesbury, miracles being wrought, and the queen repenting, founded two nunneries in expiation, to one of which she retired. This began the fame of Purbeck Isle and in the twelfth century Castle Corfe was built. King John used it as a residence, prison, and treasure house and in it starved to death twenty-two French knights, partisans of his nephew Arthur. It was a great stronghold in the Civil War, being held for King Charles, by Sir John Banks. In 1643 while he was absent, it was attacked, and his lady summoning the tenantry made a stout defense. The besiegers melted the leaden roof of the village church for bullets, and approached the castle walls under cover of pent houses called "the Boar" and "the Sow," but were driven off by a galling fire. They were rallied for a second attack but hot cinders, stones and other missiles were rained down upon them, and the King's forces coming up, they fled. The fortunes of King Charles waned, he was defeated at Naseby, Sir John Banks died, and Corfe was the only castle left him in all that country. It was again attacked and by treachery captured, was dismantled and blown up, the heroic Lady Banks being deprived by Parliament of her dowry, for "malignity."

She had the satisfaction of living until after the restoration of Charles II., however, and received it again. The picturesque ruins of this grim relic, are shattered towers, rended walls, an insecure dilapidated gateway, and a keep which is little more than a broken shell, but it is the most famous place on all this coast. Swanage bay is indented on the eastern shore of Purbeck, a quiet watering place, landlocked from every wind. The promontory of the Foreland projects beyond with Studland bay to the northward, and the singular rock of the Agglestone alongside its shore. They tell us that the Devil was one day sitting upon the Needles off the neighboring coast of the Isle of Wight, looking about to see what was going on, when he espied the tower of Castle Corfe just rising toward completion. He seized a huge rock, hurled it at the Castle, but it fell short, and remains to this day where it descended.

CHRISTCHURCH.

North of Purbeck Isle, indented among the chalk hills, is the broad harbor of Poole, having upon its shore the old-fashioned town that was once a nursery of privateersmen and smugglers. Now, it is outshone by the favorite modern seaside resort of Bournemouth spreading grandly around the harbor. In the region to the northward is the New Forest and along its western verge coming down from Salisbury, flows the Avon river, through the moorland, to join the Stour and make Christchurch bay, with fashionable

watering places along all this sea-border. Between the rivers stands the ancient town of Christchurch, of Roman origin, the remains of an antique British castle crowning the bold promontory of Hengistbury Head fronting the sea. The magnificent Priory Church which is the attraction of the town was founded by the Saxons in the days of Edward the Confessor, but it was afterwards rebuilt and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The old town was called Twynham from the two rivers, and then became Christchurch-at-Twynham, but the original name was dropped. Edward III. granted the demesne to the Earl of Salisbury, whose Countess was the heroine of the institution of the Order of the Garter. The square church-tower rises high above the town, a landmark seen from afar over the sea in its mass of gray masonry. The church is very large, cruciform with short transepts, and having a Lady Chapel with an upper story which is unusual. Flambard, Bishop of Durham, built the older part of the church, and when he fell into disfavor, it became an Augustinian house. Only the nave and transepts remain of his Norman church. The north porch, with an extremely rich Decorated doorway, has an upper chamber, is of very large dimensions, and dates from the thirteenth century. The nave is of great beauty, and one of the finest in England; the clerestory is of Pointed Gothic, and with the aisles is more modern. In the northern aisle is a beam, having the legend, that the timber was drawn out, as if an elastic material "by the touch of a strange

workman who wrought without wages, and never spoke a word with his fellows." The great western tower is of perpendicular architecture, added by later builders, and having beneath it the marble monument in memory of the poet Shelley, drowned near Spezzia in 1822, whose family resided here. From the belfry there is a noble view over the river valleys, the distant moors and woods of the New Forest, the harbor winding seaward, and the houses and gardens of the town spread all about.

This famous church has many monuments. Among them the most noted is that to Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, last of the line who possessed the priory, and the closing heiress of the Plantagenets. She was the mother of Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic archbishop of Canterbury, who upheld the Pope against Henry VIII., and she was held hostage in the Tower of London for his good behavior. She was ordered out for execution at the age of seventy, but refused to lay her head upon the block, saying, "So should traitors do and I am none." Then, says the historian, "turning her gray head in every way, she bade the executioner, if he would have her head, to get it as he could, so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly." She was too near the throne in kinship to be allowed to live, and was beheaded in May, 1541. The ruins of the old Norman gateway are the chief remains of the ancient priory buildings, and the Castle has almost entirely disappeared. The best relic remaining at Christchurch is the ruin of an an-

cient Norman house covered with ivy, alongside the Stour which is said to have been the home in the twelfth century, of Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon.

THE SOLENT.

From all this coast, the view seaward includes the Needles, rising to the southeastward at the western extremity of the Isle of Wight. The powerful light, displayed there, occulting every minute, is the guide for the mariner into the Needles Passage leading to the Solent and Southampton Water. As the steamer approaches, her route is to the northward of the Needles, and she avoids the dangerous shoals of the Shingles marked by a light on the left-hand. The Needles are the termination of the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight, a row of wedge-like masses of hard chalk, running out to sea. At present they do not much resemble their name, but in former times there was a conspicuous pinnacle, a veritable needle, one hundred and twenty feet high, which fell in 1764. The lighthouse at the seaward end of the outer cliff is now the nearest approach to a needle. There were originally five pyramidal rocks, but the waves are undermining and changing their forms, and now only three stand prominently out of the water. The promontory behind them is crowned by a fort several hundred feet high, and there are formidable batteries on every headland defending the entrance to the Solent. Ahead, the Hampshire shore line closely ap-

proaches, and here are a high and a low lighthouse, making the range in through the Needles Passage. Upon the cliffs, is the famous Hurst Castle, guarding the Solent entrance, built by King Henry VIII. for its defence. For a time this grim relic was the prison of King Charles I., from which he was taken to Whitehall, London, and his execution.

We sail along the sandy coves and green hills of the Isle of Wight into the Solent Passage separating it from the English shore. This island was originally "Ynys-gwyth," among the Britons, meaning the "Channel Island," and the Romans called it "Vectis." The English Saxons took it in the sixth century, the Danes devastated it, the Normans captured it, and King Edward I. attached it to the English crown, while Henry VI. made Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, "King of the Isle of Wight." Then the title reverted to the crown. The French often invaded it, and the immediate object of the Spanish Armada was to capture the island as a base for operations against England, but the English fleet harrassed them so badly they had to sail by without making a landing, and going out into the North Sea to avoid their tormentors, were sadly demoralized by storms. The island is lozenge-shaped, twenty-two miles long and thirteen broad, and lies from three to six miles south of the English coast. High Down rises with its fine chalk-cliffs beyond the Needles and under it is Scratchall's Bay, a recess accessible only by boat, where the water has washed out the lower strata of chalk, forming a

grand natural arch with an entrance two hundred feet high. Sheltered behind this bold headland is Alum Bay with its sands tinted in vertical stripes of gray, buff, green and red. The coast then stretches off to the little town of Yarmouth, where the Yar flows out, having another of Henry VIII.'s defensive blockhouses in ruins near the water. The shore trends northeast, and opposite are Lymington and the shelving beaches of Hampshire. At the northern point of the Isle of Wight is its chief river, the Medina, coming through an estuary about five hundred yards wide and here is Cowes, divided by the stream into the West Cow and the East Cow. It is a favorite bathing place, but its enduring fame comes from the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Club, their house being an old castle built by Henry VIII. Yachts usually dot the waters and fill the harbor, the fleet being large and employing thousands of sailors. Guided by many beacons, the route now turns at right angles from north-east to north-west, around the old coast-defense Calshot Castle, leaving the Isle of Wight and going up the placid Southampton Water, to the crescent-shaped city of Southampton with its spacious docks, the chief modern harbor of the English Channel, and famous for its double tides. The situation of the Isle of Wight across the entrance to Southampton Water, causes part of the Channel tidal wave to become separated from the main volume. Flowing through the Solent, this portion reaches Southampton first and begins to ebb, but is soon arrested and forced to return

by the main current coming around the eastern side of the island via Spithead. The second tide is usually several inches higher than the first and it makes practically an almost stationary high water in the harbor for two hours giving the shipping ample opportunity to enter and leave the docks.

SOUTHAMPTON.

The river Itchen, coming from the east, and the river Test from the northwest make a peninsula near the head of Southampton Water, where the city is located. The place comes down from the Romans, there being in the suburbs at Bitterne Manor, remains of their camp Clausentum, and parts of the Saxon walls and two old gates are preserved. In the tenth century, the Danes sacked it, and afterwards Canute lived here, his palace standing at the foot of the High Street, while the adjoining beach is said to have been the scene of the rebuke to his courtiers, when he commanded the tide to cease advancing and it disobeyed. Commerce began with the Norman conquest, chiefly with France and the Mediterranean, and here embarked the English division of the Crusaders for the Holy Land under Richard Cœur de Lion. Edward III.'s army sailed from Southampton in the fourteenth century to conquer France, and fortune changing, invaders afterwards came and almost destroyed it. Richard II. rebuilt and fortified it. The English under Henry V. in 1415 again sailed hence to conquer

France, and the memorial is kept of the great conspiracy of the nobles at that time for his assassination. Near the water-side, in Winkle street—the name that suggested to Dickens one of his famous characters—is the remnant of the ancient hospital *Domus Dei*, a small dark oblong structure of Norman and early English build. It was an almshouse in Henry's time, and afterward became a chapel being assigned by Queen Elizabeth for fugitive Protestants from Alva's tyranny. The French merchants still have services in it. Under the chancel floor are interred the remains of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Gray who conspired to take his life. Philip of Spain, consort of Queen Mary, landed here in 1554. The Pilgrims from Delfthaven in Holland, came to Southampton in the "Speedwell" in July, 1620, and here found the "Mayflower," the two ships proceeding with them to Plymouth, where the "Speedwell" being found unseaworthy was left behind. Commerce languished subsequently, but the advent of steam in the nineteenth century, and close proximity to London, made a great revival, especially in the American and East Indian trades. so that now Southampton has an enormous traffic, and is the port of call or arrival for many of the great transatlantic liners.

There is an ancient red-tiled house, built of timber and brick in St. Michael's Square, in which Queen Anne Boleyn lived with King Henry VIII., and it still bears her name. It is an antique two-story building, with four ample gables, the front having four

large diamond-paned windows. Fragments of the old town-walls, carefully preserved, include the Bar Gate crossing the High Street and lately restored, still showing the ancient Norman arch. Here is the Guild Hall where are kept the rude paintings formerly on the buttresses of the gate representing the redoubtable hero of remote antiquity, Sir Bevis of Southampton, and the giant Ascupart whom he defied and overcame. Upon the gate is a statue of King George III., attired as a Roman Emperor. In the old west wall of the city is preserved an Arcade of nineteen fine Norman arches, and there are carefully kept the antique Arundel Tower and Catch-Cold Tower, early defences, and also one of the oldest houses in England, known as King John's Palace. Upon the Southampton Parade is the Saluting Battery, with old guns, one dating from 1542. In the parks are monuments to Lord Palmerston, General Gordon, and the pious poet, Dr. Isaac Watts, who was born in Southampton in 1674. The dwelling where he saw the light is near St. Michael's Square. Sir John Millais was a native of Southampton, and the noted actor Edward A. Soth-ern, who died in 1881, is buried in the cemetery, a simple cross of white marble under a sturdy oak, marking his resting place. On the northern verge of the city is Southampton Common, an attractive park of three hundred and sixty acres. To the westward is Millbrook village where in the church-yard is buried the poet Pollock, author of "The Course of Time." About three miles southeast of the city, near South-

ampton Water, are the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey, in a spot of exquisite loveliness, there being interesting remains of the church and other buildings. This was a Cistercian monastery founded in the thirteenth century by Henry III. Near by is the spacious Netley Military Hospital built just after the Crimean War.

THE PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

The placid Southampton Water extends southeast from the city of Southampton to Calshot Castle, where it divides into the two broad channels bounding the Isle of Wight,—the Solent going west, and Spithead southeast. About twenty miles from Southampton on the northeastern shore of Spithead is the deeply indented Portsmouth harbor and Gosport, and east of it Portsea Island on which Portsmouth is located, with its suburbs of Portsea, Landport, and Southsea—the chief naval station of England. All about, the shores and approaches are fortified, making a grand fortress requiring thirteen thousand men to fully man, though the garrison in time of peace is about twenty-five hundred. At Portsea is the royal dockyard covering three hundred acres, having the storehouses at Gosport, opposite, the channel between them extending several miles inland and gradually widening until at the northern extremity it is three miles broad. It affords an extensive anchorage, and at the Spithead entrance is defended on the eastern side

by Henry VIII.'s Southsea Castle, and on the western bank by Moncton Fort, there being also a spacious roadstead in Spithead protected from storms by the Isle of Wight. Portsmouth was a port of the Saxons and in the sixth century called by them, Portsmuthe. It sent ships to aid King Alfred defeat the Danes, and its fleet tried unsuccessfully to prevent the Normans landing at Hastings. The French burnt Portsmouth in the fourteenth century, but afterward in another attack were badly beaten. Since then the fortifications have been steadily improved. The Duke of Buckingham was murdered at Portsmouth in 1628, in the Spotted Dog Inn, and part of the building still remains. Admiral Byng was executed here in 1757, and in 1782, the ship "Royal George" was sunk just outside, with Admiral Kempenfelt and "twice four hundred men," a red buoy marking the spot off Southsea. It is noteworthy that the American frigate *Chesapeake* commanded by the immortal Lawrence, who was killed in the fight, after her capture by the *Shannon* in 1813, was brought over here and in 1820 sold. A miller bought her timbers and built himself a flour mill still standing at Wickham in Hampshire. Many of the timbers have the cannon ball marks and grape shot imbedded in them, sad memorials of the combat.

In the Portsmouth garrison chapel, originally the hospital of St. Nicholas founded by Henry III., was solemnized the marriage of King Charles II. with Queen Catharine of Braganza in 1662. The record of

head. Porchester was the earliest seaport on its shore, the *Portus Castra* of the Romans, who founded a castle, parts of which yet exist, the keep being afterwards built by the Normans. This great roadstead of the British navy has seen many pageants, of which the grandest were the assemblages of naval vessels at the late Queen's Jubilee and King Edward's Coronation, while the most solemn was the display of long lines of ships between which Victoria's remains were brought in 1901 across from Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, where she died, to England for her funeral in London. The *London Times* contrasting these great fleets with those of Nelson's time and the remarkable changes of a century in the methods of naval warfare, said that the heaviest shot used in Nelson's ship the "Victory" was sixty-eight pounds, now it is eighteen hundred pounds; the famous broadside fire consumed three hundred and twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, now the ship Victoria's broadside requires three thousand pounds; then a warship required one man for every four tons, now the steel armor and hydraulic power has reduced it to one man for about seventeen tons; so that "it may roughly be said that an aggregate of twenty thousand men at the present day corresponds to an aggregate of eighty thousand men in the days of Nelson."

CHICHESTER, ARUNDEL AND BRIGHTON.

The English coast of the Channel east of Spithead projects into the sea as the long low peninsula known

as the Selsea Bill. To the northward a few miles inland is Chichester, the ancient Regnum of the Romans and the Cissa Ceaster of the Saxons whence the present name is derived. It is noted for its cathedral and its market-cross, the latter standing at the intersection of the four principal streets in the centre of the old Roman town plan, and being more than four centuries old. Chichester Cathedral originally begun in the latter part of the eleventh century, but burnt, was rebuilt in the twelfth century and again burnt. A third time it was reconstructed, the various portions dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, and the spire which collapsed in 1861 being afterward restored. This is said to be the only spire of an English cathedral, visible from the sea. It is peculiar in having a detached bell-tower, a campanile, on the northwestern side, which was built in the fifteenth century; and it is also unique in having five aisles with a long narrow choir. The northwestern tower having fallen in 1634, the western façade appears lopsided. Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel in the fourteenth century is buried here. Three miles out of town is Goodwood, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, where the races are held. To the eastward flows out the little river Arun into the Channel, having upon its banks the noted Arundel Castle, dating from the tenth century, standing upon a steep hill above the village and the home of a long line of noble owners, the Fitzalans and the Howards. The ponderous keep is surrounded by extensive ramparts giving

fine views in all directions. Here lives the Duke of Norfolk, and the tombs of his ancestors are in the old parish church of St. Nicholas, alongside of which he has built the magnificent Roman Catholic church of St. Philip de Neri in Decorated Gothic, its architect having been Mr. Hansom, the designer of the Hansom cab.

Spreading far across the country to the northward, like a veritable backbone, rising grandly at the horizon, are the famous South Downs, the Sussex chalk-hills, stretching over fifty miles parallel to the coast. They have four or five miles breadth, and an average elevation of five hundred feet, their highest point being the Ditchling Beacon, north of Brighton, rising eight hundred and thirty feet, the most elevated summit in Sussex. All the railways from London to the coast wind through their defiles and dart into tunnels under their hills and they send down numerous little rivers to the sea. The hill-tops disclose the gyrating sails of many curious windmills, and over their slopes roam the great flocks of sheep that provide the much prized South Down mutton. The chalk-cliffs in front slope toward the Channel and there have grown up all along the shore a galaxy of watering places. From the Selsea Bill these resorts cover the shores of a wide sweeping and shallow bay, stretching many miles around toward the east, where the great chalk promontory extends far into the sea, its extremity rising into the bold landmark of Beachy Head elevated nearly six hundred feet. The most noted of these re-

sorts, situated about midway on the shore between the two headlands is the Londoner's favorite watering place, Brighton, built on a hill slope and low terraces spreading broadly along the beach. It was originally a Roman settlement, but was named by the Saxons Brighthelmston, from the Bishop Brighthelm who founded it in the tenth century. In the next century the lord of the manor was the powerful Earl Godwin, the father of the last Saxon King Harold. For eight hundred years it was a quiet fishing village, its name gradually changing into Brighton. In 1753 a fashionable London physician, Dr. Russell, visited the place and his commendation of the beneficial effect of sea-bathing gave it patronage and a start. George IV., then Prince of Wales, became its great patron in 1782, and it grew in fortune and fame. It is now regarded as the principal sea-coast watering place in Europe, its large size, fine situation, splendid buildings and decorations making it very attractive. The city spreads over four miles along the shore, and the greater part of the front is protected by a strong sea-wall averaging sixty feet in height, which supports a succession of terraces on which are the promenades and roadway. The surf rolls in upon a rather steep pebbly beach, where are the boats and bathing machines. Immediately behind this wall is the grand drive on the terrace—the Marine Parade and King's Road sixty feet wide, extending four miles along the shore and in front of the buildings. There are broad promenades on the seaside, ornamented with flower-

gardens and lawns, and on the other side are the buildings of such grand construction that they are literally rows of palaces built of the cream-colored Portland stone. The town spreads far back on the hill-sides and into the valleys, and is greatly crowded during the season, which is at its height in the autumn and early winter.

The construction and decoration of Brighton cost enormous sums, and the Marine Parade rivals "Rotten Row" in its displays of wealth and fashion during the season. From the Parade, piers extend out into the water—the Chain Pier, built in 1823 and the West Pier, built in 1866, each nearly twelve hundred feet long, having been the chief of these, until in December, 1896, the Chain Pier was destroyed by a terrific gale. George IV. built at Brighton a royal pagoda imitating the palaces of the Indies, costing \$1,250,000, for a residence, but his successors rarely used it, and the city ultimately bought it for \$265,000 for a public assembly room. The Brighton Aquarium, constructed in 1872, is one of the chief attractions. It stretches fourteen hundred feet along the shore, sunken below the level of the Marine Parade which it adjoins, and is one hundred feet wide, the top being covered with gardens. The low-level facilitates the movement of the sea waters, the fish and marine animals being represented as nearly as possible in their native haunts and habits, the visitors walking through vaulted passages among the tanks. From this was taken the general plan of aquarium construction in

many other places. They have also a "Seashore Electric Railway" laid along the beach just above low-water mark, the sea covering the tracks when the tide rises. The huge car is a steel structure running on sixteen wheels, carrying the passengers at a height of twenty-four feet above the rails, and nine feet above high-water. In the Brighton parish church-yard of St. Nicholas is the tomb of Captain Nicholas Tetter-sell, who took Charles II. in his vessel over to France, when he escaped after the battle of Worcester.

HASTINGS AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

Northeast from Beachy Head, the coast stretches far away to the headland of Dungeness, and upon this shore is one of the great historic localities of England, which has become like all the rest of the Southern English shore, a range of watering places. At Pevensey, landed William the Norman when he came over from France, for the conquest of England, his ships debarking their troops all along this coast, while St. Valéry harbor, from which he sailed, is visible in clear weather, far across the Channel. Pevensey preserves its ancient walls with an old fortress of Roman origin and the Norman castle of the Eagle Honour, named from the house of Aquila, once possessing it. The noted Bayeux Tapestry depicts the landing of William at Pevensey, its Roman name having been Anderida. Just beyond is Hastings, its castle ruins being an attraction, while the town is become transformed into a

modern watering place, known chiefly by the name of its growing suburb of St. Leonard's. A fine esplanade extends in front for three miles along the sea, and there is also an impressive promenade pier. There still remain in older Hastings however, many antique black-timbered houses of the fishermen. The great battle of Hastings, where the Saxon King Harold was killed, was fought about seven miles inland, October 14, 1066, and the control of England passed to the Normans. The field is known as Battle, and there remain an ancient village and the ruins of Battle Abbey one of the most interesting historical monuments. While the battle was being fought, the tradition is, that King William made a vow that if he was the victor he would found an abbey there and it was built on the spot where Harold fell. Having landed and concentrated his forces, William, on his march inland, encountered the Saxons intrenched on a hill just southeast of the village. The Abbey was Benedictine and consecrated in 1095. At the Reformation the monks were turned out, Henry VIII. giving Battle Abbey to his Master of Horse, Sir Anthony Browne, for a residence, and Browne's tomb is in the parish churchyard. The Abbey gatehouse, by which visitors enter, was built in 1338, and Nathaniel Hawthorne has described it as "the perfect reality of a Gothic battlement and gateway, just as solid and massive as when it was first built, though hoary and venerable with the many intervening centuries." There are elaborate remains of the monastic buildings, the high altar having

been located where King Harold's body was found. The Battle Abbey estate of six thousand acres descended to the late Duchess of Cleveland and after her death recently was sold for \$1,000,000. The noted "Roll of Battle Abbey" of so much interest to genealogists, is a so-called list of Norman nobles who came over with William. This document was burnt in the seventeenth century, and is now described as a forgery, having been manufactured at a time when Norman lineage was fashionable among people hunting for a pedigree.

Hastings was a Cinque Port, and on the coast to the northeast are its "limbs" as they were called—Winchelsea and Rye. They stand on either side of a marshy lowland, having between them and nearer the sea, Comber Castle, one of Henry VIII.'s coast defences. The original Winchelsea, the chronicler says, was on lower ground, and after frequent overflows was destroyed by an inundation in 1287, when King Edward I. founded the new town on a higher level. The retirement of the sea long ago spoiled its trade, and it fell into decay. Three ancient gates remain, the Land Gate, the Pipe Wall Gate, and the Strand Gate where King Edward nearly lost his life, through his horse getting frightened at a windmill and leaping over the town-wall. The King was given up for dead, but luckily he managed to keep the saddle, and the horse, after sliding down an incline, was checked, Edward in safety, riding back through the gate. Winchelsea has the fine church of St. Thomas of Canter-

bury, containing the tombs of Gervase Alard and his grandson Stephen, famous sailors in their time, Gervase being Admiral of the fleet of the Cinque Ports in 1300 and Stephen in 1324, the earliest admirals known in England, the title being imported from Sicily and originally derived from the Arabic *Amir*. Gervase was paid the munificent salary of two shillings a day. Winchelsea also has a house called the "Friars" where lived the noted highwaymen of the eighteenth century, George and Joseph Weston, plundering everywhere and atoning for it by extensive charity to the townsfolk who admired them so much that one was actually made a church-warden. Rye stretches along a line of steep and broken rocks, now two miles away from the sea, and is said to have about the narrowest and crookedest streets in England. There still remains a sort of harbor formed by the junction of three little rivers, the Rother, Brede and Tillingham, so that Rye has a considerable fishing fleet. The ancient Ypres Tower is at a corner of the town, built for a watch-tower in the twelfth century and named for the Earl of Kent, William de Ypres. The antique character of this old place, its smuggling, fishing, and French coloring imported from across the Channel, are well reproduced by Thackeray in *Denis Duval*.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

The famous "Cinque Ports" of ancient England, the guardians of the coast against French and other

Continental invaders began at Hastings. They were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover and Sandwich, each having "limbs," or minor ports,—among these, in addition to Pevensey, Winchelsea and Rye, being Deal, Walmer and Folkestone. From Hastings, past Dover and around to Pegwell Bay was the narrowest part of the Strait dividing England from France, and a region constantly subject to invasion. Hence it was always closely guarded. The Romans fortified the entire line from Beachy Head around to the Goodwin Sands. The cliff castles and ancient earthworks still remaining, show how well it was watched, nine fortresses along this coast being in later times placed in charge of the "Count of the Saxon Shore." They commanded the harbors and landings which after the Norman Conquest were named the "Cinque Ports," of which John de Fiennes then appeared as the first Warden, thus beginning a long and famous line. The fleet of the Cinque Ports, was the germ of the British Navy, They undertook to furnish fifty-seven ships to the king, he supplying parts of the crews. These ports in consideration of their service, were given great freedom and various privileges; they were represented in Parliament; their people were known as "barons;" and at coronations they carried the canopy over the sovereign, borne on silver staves with small silver bells attached. The canopy bearers after the ceremonial dined in Westminster Hall at the king's right hand; and subsequently the canopy was usually presented to Canterbury Cathedral. All this glory however long

ago departed, owing to the silting up of the harbors, Dover being the only port yet in active service. Sandwich, Hythe and Romney are no longer ports, Hastings is little better, and Winchelsea and Pevensey are inland towns, the sea having retired from them. The coast line near and along the Strait has greatly changed, the silting up having begun at a very remote era.

The river Rother originally flowed into the Channel beyond Hythe, but a great storm in the reign of Edward I., closed up the outlet and changed its course, thus destroying the port of Romney, now far inland upon an almost treeless plain of rich pasture land. Farther along originally was the Romney marsh now a fertile district reclaimed from the sea, and having its green fields protruding far in front of the old coast line shown by a range of chalk cliffs running off inland to the westward. This recovery of the Romney marsh made the sea retreat three miles from Hythe, though its name means the "harbor." Hythe still has the church of St. Leonard's, dedicated to this deliverer of captives, its crypt containing a collection of skulls and bones, many bearing weapon scars, showing them to be relics of the wars. Hythe now is an important military station, having the leading British army school of musketry. This attractive coast has usually a gentle climate, and all along the outlook is over toward the distant hazy shores of France.

At the northeastern corner of Romney marsh is Folkestone, the ancient "limb" of Dover, and a leading

port of departure for travellers from England to France. Its most famous citizen was Dr. William Harvey, born in 1578, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the town has erected an impressive monument to his memory. The visitor who does not rush too soon aboard the Channel steamer may stop long enough to be taken by a lift from the town up to the Lees on top of the chalk cliff, and enjoy the enchanting view over land and sea. Beyond, it is six miles to Dover, the railway route between them running at the edge of the Strait, terraced on walls, and going through repeated tunnels bored under the Abbot's Cliff, and other ponderous masses of chalk protruding far out into the water, the great tunnel being three-quarters of a mile long through the famous Shakespeare Cliff.

The Cinque Port of Sandwich, in the days of Canute was described as the most famous harbor in England, and it existed as a busy haven until about 1500, when it began to shoal, being quite closed during the sixteenth century, the traffic passing away and the town falling into a fossilized condition. The sea is now two miles away from Sandwich and only small craft get to it along the river Stour. Time has mouldered this quaint relic of the Plantagenet era, trees growing from the tops of the old walls and intruding upon the deep ditch with the round towers at the angles. The ancient water gateway thus environed leads to a bridge across the sleepy Stour, this being the entrance to the busy harbor which centuries ago was the resort

of ships from all parts of the then known world, and yielded \$100,000 annually to the government at the small rate of customs imposed. The once famous harbor is now a broad stretch of green meadow land dotted with venerable trees. The old walls and buildings in many places display the ancient and singular mark of the Cinque Ports—a half-lion and half-boat. The streets are irregular, narrow and winding, grown up from paths to the shore. The old churches testify to the original wealth and importance of the place, the most ancient being St. Clement's, the sailor's patron saint. This is a large building having a central tower, and the pavement has memorials of the rich Sandwich merchants of years gone by. St. Peter's church, whose tower has fallen, destroying the south aisle, contains a beautiful tomb of a former Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Guestling Brook meanders into the Stour, and in it convicted female criminals were drowned, while others were buried alive in "thief-duns" near the river. The Sandwich code of laws, still surviving, was patterned after that of the Hanseatic League on the Baltic. From the Barbican at the water-gate a view across the flats and marshes, embraces Richborough on the Stour, which was the Roman town of Rutupiæ alongside the sea, and the closed up port of Ebbsfleet. Here were the extensive oyster grounds of the Romans, and great numbers of Roman coins are constantly found, including hundreds of thousands coined in the latter part of the third century. Off the coast to the southward is the

natural harbor of the Downs, covering twenty square miles of safe anchorage to the westward of the fringe of breakers marking the Goodwin Sands. Deal and Walmer are below Sandwich, and the low-lying shore here is believed to have been Julius Cæsar's landing place when he first came to Britain. Walmer Castle is the official residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, and here the Duke of Wellington died in 1852, he having been among the famous men holding that office. To the westward the coast rises from the level of sands into the range of chalk cliffs, and rounds the South Foreland crowned with a fine electric light-house of modern construction. Longfellow wrote his noted poem, *The Warden of the Cinque Ports*, upon the death of Wellington :

"A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

"It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships:
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

"Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

"Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

"And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

"And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

"Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

"No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

"For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

"He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

"He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

"Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead."

DOVER AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The railroad from London through Canterbury to Dover traverses the hop gardens and pasture fields of Kent, with their flocks of sheep and cattle; penetrates hill after hill by long tunnels; and finally comes out alongside the sea in full view of the noble range of dazzlingly white chalk-cliffs of this bold coast, having the dark towers of ancient Dover Castle crowning the special hill overhanging the town and elevated fully four hundred feet above the sea. This frowning cliff is almost honeycombed with casemates and military storehouses and the extensive works can accommodate a garrison of two thousand men. Deeply cut into the chalk alongside is the narrow valley of the Dour river which gives the place its name. The Britons called it as they did so many other streams from the Celtic Dwr or "water," and the Romans changed this to Dubræ. The great keep of Dover comes down from the time of William Rufus, but there are remnants of earlier protective earthworks built by Romans and Britons, this being regarded as the special key to the crossing of Dover Strait at its narrowest part. Nowhere else on these shores is there such a ponderous Norman work, its walls being ninety-two feet high and twenty-three feet thick, and its fame was spread all over Europe. A Bohemian, travelling in the fifteenth century wrote: "It was built by evil spirits, and is so strong that in no other part of Christendom can any-

thing be found like it." It is a type of a perfect Norman fortress showing the military architecture of that sturdy invading race, who are said to have built their castles as they framed their laws for the conquered Saxons, "strong and sure, on a firm and ample base," and giving an impressive sense of power. The effect of the massive masonry rising from the cliff, crowned by the dark-walled keep and frowning towers, is grand. The topmost turret is elevated nearly five hundred feet. It is no wonder that the early observers, in their superstitious awe, believed that evil spirits had placed the castle on the rock. Yet in the progress of methods of modern warfare all this great work has become obsolete, for a new and comprehensive system of defensive forts has been constructed, the chief one being Fort Burgoyne, on the landward side. Within Dover Castle are the remains of the Roman Pharos, or watch-tower from which they formerly overlooked the coasts and gave the alarm, the English and French shores being visible in clear weather for many miles.

Dover is both a watering place, and the chief port of transit across the Channel, and in recent years has been making great improvements in the harbor, which will not be completed for some time. These are expected to increase its deep sea commerce, and it is a popular port of call for the German and Dutch transatlantic liners, passing through the Strait. Dover harbor is almost entirely artificial, and that it exists at all is due mainly to Sir Walter Raleigh's ad-

vice. There is a well protected Harbor of Refuge, and the landing place of the Channel crossing steamers is the elaborate Admiralty Pier, extending nearly a half-mile into the sea, with a fort on the outer end, where are mounted two of the modern formidable eighty-one ton guns. The railway trains run out on the pier alongside the steamers. The new harbor works now constructing, are sea-walls, breakwaters, and an extension and enlargement of the Admiralty Pier, which will make a much more spacious harbor, and provide a safe anchorage ground of at least a square mile, the estimated cost being over six millions. From far aloft, the Saluting Battery Gate of the old Castle looks down upon the Pier, and within it as a precious relic is kept the curious old cannon known as "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol." This is a brass gun, twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in 1544, and given to Henry VIII. by the Emperor Charles V. The French made a long siege of Dover Castle in 1216, but it offered an obstinate and successful resistance. Richard I. embarked from Dover on his expedition to the Holy Land. The formidable Spanish Armada received its earliest serious check off Dover in 1588, and this suggested to Raleigh the strategic importance of the place, the older harbor having been designed almost wholly for a naval rendezvous. The nearest portion of the French coast is eighteen miles across the Strait, and there has long been projected a tunnel under the sea by the railways, to facilitate the Channel crossing, though in neither

England nor France, has the government, for obvious military reasons, encouraged the project. Work, however, was some time ago actually begun, to the westward of Dover, where a vertical shaft is sunk, and borings are extended some distance under the water.

It has been from Dover to the French shore near Calais, that repeated attempts were made by adventurous athletes to swim across the Channel, most of them failing. Captain Webb, on August 13, 1875, was the first who succeeded and drifting with the tide he landed on the French coast, nearly forty miles from the starting point. Holbein made several unsuccessful attempts, in one of which, in August, 1902, while failing, he accomplished the finest Channel swim on record, being in the water twenty-two hours and swimming fifty-three miles. The Channel tidal currents are too strong usually for success, as they soon carry the swimmer away from the Dover Strait. It was at Dover in 1899 at the meeting of the British Association, that was given the first exhibition of wireless telegraphy, messages being sent across the Channel to Boulogne and answers received. Upon the steep chalk cliffs around Dover grow the precious sea salad herb, praised by Shakespeare, the samphire or St. Peter's grass prized by epicureans on account of its rich flavor given by the salt spray rising from the breakers beating against the rocks. The men who gathered it had to hang over the cliffs and ran great risks, thus making it costly and the more prized.

Across from Dover Castle, and upon the opposite

side of the rather narrow harbor rises the famous chalk headland, Shakespeare's Cliff, three hundred and fifty feet almost perpendicularly from the water, with the railway tunnel pierced through its broad base. This most noted rock, looking out upon the Channel and the coast of France, has been named from the reference in *King Lear*, Act IV., scene 1, in which the Earl of Gloucester says:

"There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need."

GOING TO PARIS.

II.

GOING TO PARIS.

Crossing the Channel — Calais — Boulogne—St. Valéry—Crécy—Agincourt—Balingham—The Field of the Cloth of Gold — Abbeville — Amiens — Clermont — Criel — Beauvais — Jeanne Hachette—Chantilly—Anne de Montmorency—The Grande Condé — Dieppe—Arques—Normandy—The Seine — Havre—Norman Watering Places—Fécamp—Benedictine—Etretat — Honfleur — Trouville—Dives — Calvados — Caen — Falaise — Bayeux — The Cotentin Peninsula—Harfleur — Lillibonne—Tancarville Castle — Yvetot — Candebeac — Jumièges — Agnes Sorel — Rouen—Joan of Arc— St. Romain—St. Ouen—Bonsecours—Ivry—Gaillard Castle—Chateau Gaillon—Rosny—Mantes — Poissy— St. Louis — St. Germain— Maisons Lafitte—Clichy—Courbevoie— Arrival at Paris.

CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

THERE are many routes across the Channel from England to France, the chief being from Dover to Calais, and from Folkestone to Boulogne. Most American visitors first enter France by crossing from Dover or Folkestone. The Dover route is preferred because it is the shortest water passage—usually an uncomfortable journey on account of the variable and choppy sea. The Folkestone route, however, is by railway and steamer, the shortest distance between London and Paris. The great fall of the tide and the

shallowness of the harbors prevent the employment of large steamers of deep draught on these Channel ferries, and they continue rather primitive. From Calais, the French coast trends southwest for about six miles to Cape Gris Nez, the extremity of which is the nearest point to the English shore, and is the proposed terminus in France of the projected tunnel under the English Channel. Then the coast line is laid southward, past Boulogne, to the mouth of the river Somme, and turning southwest again, stretches off to Dieppe, and then to Havre, at the mouth of the Seine, all these being ports of arrival of visitors to Paris. Popular watering places with many villas, are dotted along these pleasant shores of Picardy and Normandy, and they present a considerable contrast, both in scenery and buildings, when compared with the English towns and landscapes.

Leaving the distant chalk cliffs and surmounting castle of Dover far behind, the steamer, after a swift passage, enters the harbor of Calais through a narrow channel between jetties projecting nearly a half-mile into the sea, to secure a crossing over the bar, accessible at all tidal stages. Almost the whole harbor is artificial, having been recently improved and enlarged by an expenditure of over \$12,000,000, to provide sufficient room for an anchorage for large vessels sheltered behind extensive and ponderous breakwaters. Originally a fishing village at the embouchure of a little stream, Calais has been built up gradually into one of the strongest defended ports of France, its

ample fortifications surmounting all the adjacent hills. Close proximity to England and centuries of fighting produced this and have made the elaboration of the defensive works a necessity; and Calais is now a French fortress of the first class. It was long a Norman stronghold after the Conquest of England; was held against King John, being the rendezvous of the discontented barons who opposed him; and after the victory of Crécy, a short distance to the southward, was besieged by Edward III. and resisted for eleven months until famine compelled surrender. That sturdy king then spared the town from destruction on condition that six noble citizens, clad in their shirts and with halters about their necks placed themselves at his absolute disposal. The patriotic Eustache de St. Pierre led the band of hostages who expected death, but Edward's Queen Philippa successfully pleaded for their lives. The king was very proud of the town and introduced the manufacture of woollen cloth, building a picturesque English Tudor house as a guildhall for the woolstaplers which is still standing.

For two centuries the English held Calais though the French often attempted its recapture, and it became a profitable mart for English trade. In 1558, however, when the garrison through incompetency in London were neglected, and abandoned to their fate, the Duc de Guise, with thirty thousand men, retook it from the defenders, who numbered only eight hundred, though they gallantly resisted in a seven days'

siege. Queen Mary of England, who was then ill and thoroughly disheartened, was so affected by this loss, that she said the name of "Calais" would be found engraven on her heart after her death, and the disaster hastened her demise which came soon afterward. The woolstaplers' guildhall was given to the Duc for this victory and it is now known as the Hotel de Guise. There was a brief Spanish occupancy for three years in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but the French have since always held Calais. Queen Mary Stuart sailed from Calais in 1560 to assume the Scottish crown, and Louis XVIII. landed here in 1814 to return to the throne after Napoleon's defeat. The chief present manufacture of Calais is tulle or bobbinet, introduced from Nottingham in England, early in the nineteenth century, and conducted chiefly by English people, in the newer part of the town known as St. Pierre. There is a monument of recent erection in the Jardin Richelieu to Eustache de St. Pierre and his companions; also a museum in a building which was formerly the Hotel de Dessin, immortalized by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*; several fine churches and the usual Hotel de Ville of a French town; though the traveller rarely stops to view them, moving quickly from the steamer to the railway train alongside at the station on the quay, and soon starting on a rapid journey to Paris. But the poet Wordsworth did have time to wander on the beach near Calais with his companion Dorothy, and compose his famous sonnet:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! Dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

Boulogne is at the mouth of the river Liane about twenty-five miles southwest. The train from Calais passes many seacoast watering places and runs inland some distance behind Cape Blanc Nez and Cape Gris Nez, for these chalk promontories are all "noses"; crosses the "Happy Valley," a favorite resort for excursion parties, and rushes through the tunnelled hills encircling Boulogne. The prominent object in the view is the grand Doric Column de la Grande Armée, rising high on an eminence to the eastward of the city and surmounted by the statue of Napoleon I. This column recalls the projected French invasion of England which gave John Bull such a fright in the early years of the nineteenth century. Admiral Bruix, commanding the French fleet, issued a proclamation against the English, declaring "they shall be conquered by terror before they experience the fate of arms, and sink beneath the blows of the French he-

roes." Napoleon in 1804 gathered on the high table lands northeast of Boulogne an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men led by Soult, Ney and other Marshals, and he excavated a shallow harbor in front of the city where nearly twenty-five hundred boats of various sizes were moored, preparatory to crossing the Channel. The troops were well drilled, everything necessary was provided, and the gigantic undertaking only awaited the concentration of French and allied fleets from the Mediterranean, Spain and French ports, under cover of which the army was to make a landing on the shores of Kent, thus following the examples of Julius Cæsar and William of Normandy, excepting that a Republic was to be founded by Napoleon in Britain. To commemorate this bold enterprise, the column was conceived and the first stone laid in the most prominent part of the encampment in the presence of the whole army by Marshal Soult in 1804. The proceedings were closely watched from the English shores, and the skillful manœuvres of the British fleets for over a year prevented the French warships from uniting in the Channel and getting into position to successfully cover the landing in Kent. Finally Nelson chased the French and Spanish squadrons off the Mediterranean entrance and though he lost his own life, in the great victory of Trafalgar, October 22, 1805, he almost annihilated the French sea power, and the invasion of England was then abandoned. The French troops were taken elsewhere in Napoleon's subsequent wars and the column was left unfinished.

Louis XVIII. did something toward it, but it was not completed until 1841, when Bosio's fine statue of Napoleon was elevated to the top to be seen from afar.

The city of Boulogne is a combined fortress, watering place and port, its harbor being one of the busiest in France. The Haute Ville is the older town up on the heights eastward from the river, while the larger and more modern lower town, the Basse Ville, adjoins the river and harbor. A great deal of money has been expended to deepen and enlarge the harbor and further improvements are contemplated when more funds can be got. The entrance as at Calais is between artificial jetties protruding over the bar into the sea to deepen the channel, while forts frown from all the surrounding hills. The Channel steamers land their passengers at the railway station on the quay, and alongside the river just within there is very appropriately placed a bronze statue of Frederic Sauvage, who was among the first users, if not the inventor, of the steamer's screw propeller. The wharves are largely devoted to fish, and the fishermen's families who are about a tenth part of the population occupy a separate quarter, known as "La Beurrière." The sandy beaches fronting the sea are skirted by bathing establishments, and at night the brilliant red and white revolving light on Cape Gris Nez is in full view. The ancient Haute Ville on the higher eminence is about a quarter of a mile square and still enclosed by the thirteenth century ramparts, flanked with round turrets about fifty feet high, and having four gates, one on each side,

which are well preserved. The Hotel de Ville near its centre is built on the site of the old castle where the famous crusader Godfrey de Bouillon was born in 1065. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is modern, having replaced an ancient church, and its lantern crowned with a colossal statue of the Virgin is the most conspicuous point in the city and gives an extended view, of which the white chalk cliffs of England in clear weather form the distant northern horizon across the Channel. The Chateau in the corner of the Haute Ville is the ancient citadel of Boulogne, now used for a barracks. When Louis Napoleon was captured in the attempted insurrection of 1840, he was confined here. Various streets in Boulogne are named for noted Frenchmen—among them St. Beuve, Thiers, Gambetta, Hugo, and Mariette—the latter having a bronze statue of the eminent Egyptologist who was a native of Boulogne.

CRECY AND AGINCOURT.

The railway follows up the Liane a short distance and then proceeds southward to the Somme, a broader stream with a deeper valley flowing out from Amiens northwest through a wide bay to the sea. A short distance down this river on the left bank near its mouth is St. Valéry, the little town from which William the Conqueror is said to have sailed September 27, 1066, on his fateful expedition to England and the victory at Hastings. The place is about as large now as it was then, and like all the others on this coast

is a sea-bathing resort, there being still visible remains of the ancient fortifications. William's great successor, Edward III., crossed the Somme at a ford not far above in August, 1346 and fought the famous battle of Crécy, near the railway route on which we are travelling. Edward had been threatening Paris, but was forced to fall back before a superior force of the French, and escaped them by crossing the Somme. The French followed and Edward selected the place to give battle on the edges of the Crécy forest along the defiles of a tributary of the Somme, the first division being commanded by his son Edward, the Black Prince, then Prince of Wales. There were thirty thousand men in Edward's army, largely Irish and Welsh and it was estimated that a hundred thousand Frenchmen and their allies attacked, the battle being fought on August 26th, 1346, and resulting in a complete English victory, the tradition says, largely through using cannon, then first employed in warfare. The Black Prince conducted the battle, Edward III. remaining with the reserves, and the rout of the French was complete, their king Philip riding with but five barons off the field to Labroye and thence to Amiens. The slaughter of the French reached thirty-two thousand, including eleven princes, one of whom was the blind King John of Bohemia, whose spurs and crest, now the well known "Prince of Wales feathers," and motto "Ich dien," were assumed by the Black Prince and have been heraldic emblems of the Princes of Wales ever since. It is said of this blind king that

he was anxious to "strike one more good blow," and several of his knights, fastening his horse's bridle to their own, led him into the fight, and all were killed, their horses being found tied together after the battle. A cross marks the spot where John's body was found. After this great victory which for the time stunned the French, Edward continued his march northward for the long siege and capture of Calais.

Sixty-nine years later at Agincourt, a short distance northeast of Crécy, the English won another famous victory over the French on October 25, 1415, the numbers engaged however being smaller. It seems to have been the custom of the English kings in those days, in search of adventure, to lead military expeditions through Northern France. Henry V. had landed at Havre, captured the fortress of Harfleur near by, but being opposed by a superior French force retreated northward to Calais, and at the head of about nine thousand weary and half starved men, had crossed the Somme. Here he found the line of march obstructed by fifty thousand Frenchmen on the field at Agincourt, drawn up in a narrow open space flanked on either side by dense woods. The French formation was massed closely and fully thirty men deep as they awaited the English attack. The English archers shouted defiance at them, which excited the French so that disregarding their leaders' advice to await an onslaught, the dense masses of men-at-arms rushed forward over miry ground against the English. A cloud of arrows was poured into them with terrible

carnage, and while the charge drove the archers into the neighboring woods yet their fatal arrows were thence poured into the enemy's flanks, and King Henry with his body of men-at-arms quickly attacked the centre of the French line. The victory was soon won, the French reserves routed, and over eleven thousand Frenchmen were slain, including more than a hundred princes and great lords. A treaty of peace followed, signed at Arras, near by. These victories of Crécy and Agincourt on the route between Calais and the Somme are among the proudest records of the English arms at the time when their monarchs styled themselves Lords of Normandy and Kings of France.

To the northward and nearer Calais at Balinghem was the scene subsequently of the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Cardinal Wolsey's political movements in the earlier years of Henry VIII.'s reign were directed to promoting an alliance between England and France. The French king Louis XII. had married Henry's sister in 1514, and in 1520 this famous meeting was arranged between his successor, Francis I. and Henry, though the actual alliance between the two kings against Charles V. was not signed until 1527, at Abbeville. The "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was so styled from the lavish magnificence with which the two kings entertained each other at the meeting. Henry was located at Guines and Francis at Ardres, about five miles apart, the interview at Balinghem being nearly midway. Henry was lodged in a timber building three hundred and twenty-eight feet

square, constructed in England and erected alongside the Castle of Guines, the furnishings being most sumptuous. The house for Francis was as large but less costly, having been hastily erected, the historian recording that his first intention was "to lodge in a rich pavilion of cloth of gold until the wind threw it down." Jean Ingelow has thus prettily compared this famous meeting place with a field of buttercups in the full glow of early spring:

"And O the buttercups! that field
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam—
Where France set up his liliated shield,
His oriflamb,
And Henry's lion-standard rolled;
What was it to their matchless sheen,
Their million, million drops of gold
Among the green!"

AMIENS AND BEAUVAIS.

The river Somme is canalized to promote navigation, and our railway route is now southeastward up the stream towards Amiens. At the ancient fortress of Abbeville, the ramparts were first constructed by Hugh Capet, the founder of the Capetian dynasty, and here gathered the leaders of the first two crusades. England held it for two centuries after Edward I. married Eleanor of Castile, and when it became French territory again, within its church, Louis XII. married Mary Tudor. For twenty-eight miles the train proceeds up the valley of the Somme to Amiens,

the ancient capital of Picardy, where there is now a population of nearly one hundred thousand, mostly engaged in the manufacturing establishments at the junction of the Somme with its affluents, the Arve and the Selle, making textiles, silks, cashmeres and velvets. Here lived anciently the Ambiani, who called this their chief town Samarobriva, when Cæsar captured it. Many wars battered it, the last being the German war of 1870, when the Prussians fought the Battle of Amiens and captured the city. The old citadel, however, is the only relic of the ancient fortifications, the original city walls being now replaced by handsome boulevards. Amiens is famous for its Cathedral, one of the most imposing Gothic churches in Europe, erected in the thirteenth century, four hundred and seventy feet long, and its lofty and very slender spire rising three hundred and sixty feet for a landmark. There are two incomplete towers on the western front, about two hundred feet high. This Cathedral is highly adorned with statuary and decoration in the French style. One of its porches commemorates St. Firmin, the apostle of Picardy, while the "Beau Dieu d'Amiens," an admirable figure of the Saviour stands between the doors of the western porch, the finest front. The nave (exceeded only by the choir of Beauvais Cathedral in height) rises nearly one hundred and fifty feet, its loftiness being very impressive, and the vaulting supported by one hundred and twenty-six very bold columns tapering toward the top, thus making the vaulting above seem wider

than the pavement. Among the many statues within, are marble colossal figures of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Carlo Borromeo. The most noted native of Amiens was Peter the Hermit, whose preaching started the first crusade, of which he became a leader, and his bronze statue stands in a space at the back of the Cathedral. The tradition is that the crusaders brought back from the Holy Land the skull of John the Baptist, which was committed to the care of the Cathedral. The city has the usual Museum, Jardin des Plantes and Hotel de Ville seen in most of the larger French towns. The façade of the latter is adorned with statues, prominent among them being King Louis the Fat who gave Amiens its city charter in the twelfth century.

From Amiens the railway extends eighty-one miles southward to Paris, through a highly cultivated country, and the route crosses the watershed from the basin of the Somme to that of the Seine, which it reaches in the valley of the Oise coming from the northeast. At Clermont de l'Oise, finely situated on a hill-slope, the Hotel de Ville, built in the fourteenth century and lately restored, is said to be the oldest town hall in Northern France. At Criel on the Oise, where the Therain, coming from the northwest flows in, is the junction point of five diverging lines of the Great Chemin de Fer du Nord, the railway upon which we are travelling. About twenty miles up the Therain is the town of Beauvais, famous for its Cathedral, its branch of the noted Gobelins manufactory of tapestry,

and for its gallant resistance to the attack of Charles the Bold of Burgundy with eighty thousand men in 1472, when the women took such a courageous part in the defence, one of them, Jeanne Laine, or the "Hachette," capturing his banner which is now preserved in the Hotel de Ville, this event being still annually celebrated on the Sunday nearest St. Peter's day, June 29th. Her bronze statue adorns the square in front.

The Beauvais tapestry is chiefly for furniture, being adorned with flowers, animals, landscapes, pastoral scenes and other ornamental designs, differing from the regular Gobelins by being woven on low warp looms with horizontal threads, while the other is made on high warp looms with vertical warp threads. It is mainly of wool, though silk is sometimes used in certain colors, and the delicacy of tint attained is shown by each distinct hue having twenty-four different shades. The work is usually a copy of a picture, and so intricate and minute is it, that the average day's task of a good workman is an area of slightly more than four square inches. The Beauvais Cathedral is still unfinished, and consists only of a choir and transepts, there being no nave, but it is one of the famous churches of France. Begun in the thirteenth century, it was continued at intervals for over three hundred years and met with various mishaps. Its proportions have been described as "gigantic to the verge of temerity." It is Gothic, the exterior height to the ridge of the roof being two hundred and twenty-five feet, the interior vaulting one hundred and fifty-two

feet high, and having twice fallen in because the supporting pillars and buttresses were too few and too weak. An open-work spire which rose five hundred feet fell in 1573 because there was no nave to stay it on the western side. The portals are grand, and the ornamentation profuse and greatly admired. The choir, over one hundred feet long with windows fifty feet high is the gem of this Cathedral, and John Ruskin wrote of it: "There are few rocks even among the Alps, that have a clear vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais;" and there is also a well-known saying that "the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims, and the towers of Chartres, would together make the finest church in the world." In one of the chapels is a modern fresco representing Jeanne Hachette capturing the banner, and the interior is adorned with numerous tapestries. Among the curiosities is a famous astronomical clock about forty feet high, twenty feet broad and ten feet deep, having fifty-two dials that furnish eighty separate indications, and said to be composed of ninety thousand different pieces. Adjoining the Cathedral is a portion of the original church, a Romano-Byzantine building which is said to date from the sixth century, the interior containing some old tapestries.

CHANTILLY.

Southward from Criel, the railway crosses on a high viaduct the beautiful valley of the Nonette, flowing

toward the Oise, giving a fine view, and the route skirts the extensive forest of Chantilly, a public domain covering about twelve square miles. We reach the town of Chantilly twenty-five miles from Paris, the location of the famous race-course of the French Jockey Club; the home of many of the leading English jockeys and horse-trainers resident in France, their families and dependents composing a large part of the small population. Chantilly was the ancestral estate of that famous French statesman and general, Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, who directed the magnificent displays made by King Francis I. on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," as Cardinal Wolsey also managed the English demonstration of pomp for King Henry VIII. The Chantilly castle, dating from the ninth century, came into the Montmorency family by inheritance in 1495. This family, which gave France more statesmen and military leaders than any other, was described by King Henry IV., as next to the Bourbons, the chief family of Europe, its title coming from Montmorency, near Paris. The famous Constable Anne, who was so powerful in the reign of Francis I., got his name from his godmother Anne of Brittany, and he replaced the Chantilly Castle by a chateau. Subsequently the estate came to Prince Henry II., of Bourbon Condé, and thence to Louis, the "Grand Condé," who was born in 1621 and was such a conspicuous figure in the reign of Louis XIV. He was a great general as well as Minister, conducted many campaigns, and Voltaire wrote that

"the art of war seemed to him a natural instinct." He made Chantilly the scene of magnificent fêtes, of which one of the most splendid was that given to Louis XIV. in 1671, an incident of which often quoted, was the suicide of his steward Vatel, who was vexed beyond endurance at an unexpected misfit in the arrangements. Chantilly was surrounded by a fine park and exceeded most of the royal palaces of the time in its sumptuous embellishments, and the greatest literary, musical and social leaders of France were its guests.

Here lived later, Louis Henry of Bourbon-Condé the Minister of Louis XV., and he built the great stables still existing that have accommodation for nearly three hundred horses. His son built the Chateau d'Enghein. The last of the famous line of Condés died in 1830, his heir being the Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe of Orleans, who lived until 1897. The estate was taken away from him during Louis Napoleon's Second Empire, but restored afterwards, and he built the Grand Chateau, presenting it in 1886, with its magnificent art and other collections to the Institute of France for the use of the public. It is a most extensive gallery and is visited by many tourists. Within the entrance gate on a raised terrace is a bronze equestrian statue of the famous Constable Anne de Montmorency, and in the collections are numerous portraits and memorials of the Montmorency, Condé, Bourbon and Orleans families. The park was laid out by the designer of the

gardens of Versailles, which are patterned after it, and ornamental water surfaces add to its beauties, among them being the Canal de la Manche, formed by the little river Nonette. Within the adjacent Maison de Silvie, a Duchess of Montmorency concealed and saved the poet Théophile de Viau in 1623 when condemned to death, and he afterwards celebrated her virtues in a poem under the title of Silvie. This house was restored in 1684 by the Grand Condé. There is an equestrian statue of the Duc d'Aumale, west of the stables, erected in 1899, and in the Chantilly church is the memorial of Admiral Coligny the Huguenot leader who was killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Chantilly is a restful place, excepting when the crowds throng it at the race meetings in May and October. The Chantilly silk laces are no longer made here, having been removed to Calvados, and the chief local business is the breeding of race horses, mostly by English jockeys.

Southward from Chantilly, the pretty valley of the Thève is crossed by a viaduct elevated one hundred and thirty feet, the extensive Forest of Coye is passed, and as Paris is approached, to the eastward is seen the fortified Butte Pinçon, which the Germans held during their siege of Paris in 1870-71. Then the route passes the great outlying defensive works on the hills north of Paris, the Fort du Nord, Fort de l'Est and the Fort de la Briche and, going through the town of St. Denis, enters the inner line of fortifications, and finally the train lands its passengers at the Gare du

Nord opening upon the Place de Roubais, leading to the great Parisian boulevards.

DIEPPE AND NORMANDY.

The traveller from England crossing the Channel from New Haven gives several hours to the usually unpleasant sea passage, but enjoys, after landing at Dieppe, the shortest and most picturesque of the railway routes to Paris. The entrance to Dieppe is made through the usual enclosed channel across the bar at the mouth of the river Arques, formed by artificial jetties, so that vessels of considerable draft can pass. The estuary at the bottom of a valley coming out between two somewhat lofty ranges of chalk cliffs, was known as the "Diep" or gap by the Normans, and from this came the name of the city, and the origin of the port, for they made it their chief harbor, and its trade expanded so greatly that in the sixteenth century it was the proudest and wealthiest seaport of France, and had more than three times its present population. Its navigators were the great sea warriors and explorers of the Gallic race at that time and made most of the French expeditions of the period to the Orient and America, for colonization, conquest and booty. Angot, the most famous merchant of Dieppe, who died in 1551, was so bold that he attacked the Portuguese nation single handed, and with his ships blockaded them in their own river, the Tagus, until they came to terms. At the entrance to Dieppe, the first

sight greeting the eye is the colossal representation of the Saviour on the Cross upon the right bank, overlooking the harbor, and as the vessel passes within, under shadow of the Crucifixion, the faithful kneel in adoration. This is the last comforting sight the sailor sees on leaving port, and the earliest glad greeting on arrival.

Dieppe is built on a tongue of land, within the gap in the chalk hills, and has an enclosed tidal harbor, from which it conducts considerable trade in coal and timber, brought from England and the Baltic ports. There is a rivalry between it and Havre, which has the advantage of communication with the interior of France by the Seine. Dieppe, however, is the principal port supplying fish to Paris, its fishing fleets being extensive and there being, as at Boulogne, a special Faubourg Le Pollet east of the river inhabited by the fishermen and their families. The origin of this settlement is attributed to the Venetians, and these people yet exhibit their quaint peculiarities of mediæval costume. It is also a great sea-bathing resort, the noted Duchesse de Berri having set the fashion for this, and it has some of the finest bathing establishments on the Normandy coast. The principal hotels front northward toward the sea and there is an elaborate park between the buildings and the shore. On a precipitous cliff rising to the westward of this park are the imposing towers and bastions of Dieppe Castle, a fifteenth century fortress erected for defence against the English which was battered

almost into ruins by the British fleet in 1694 and since modernized for a military barrack. It still, however, presents an attractive picture of the antique, with its quaint conical-topped towers, its drawbridge spanning a chasm running down to the sea, and its bold position on top of the rock. The town suffered severely in the repeated conflicts between the English and French and the protracted religious wars, but this bombardment by the British fleet, whose commanders had been angered by a repulse at Brest, almost annihilated it. The destruction, however, accounts for the greater regularity of the streets when compared with the older French towns, but it is regretted that the ordeal removed most of the traces of Dieppe's antiquity. The church of Dieppe is St. Jacques, and it contains the tomb of Angot, the famous sea-roving merchant. This church was building from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, and its architecture is florid Gothic developed to such high degree, that it led the architectural critic Fergusson to write that it possesses the "lace-like beauty of detail and elaborate finish which charms in spite of soberer reason that tells us it is not in stone that such vagaries should be attempted." The interior of the church is attractive and there is a particularly fine Lady Chapel. Admiral Duquesne, who defeated the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter in 1676, was a native of Dieppe, and his statue adorns the Place Nationale adjoining the church. Near the coast to the westward of Dieppe is the manor of Angot where the merchant repeatedly entertained

King Francis I. in grand style. It is now a farmhouse. Three miles up the river Arques is the imposing ruin of the Castle of Arques, one of the border castles of Normandy founded in the eleventh century, and now a favorite resort of visitors from Dieppe. This was the scene of Henry IV.'s famous victory in 1589, which he won with four thousand men over the Duc de Mayenne who had an army, it was said, of thirty thousand.

From Dieppe the railway on the route to Paris runs about thirty-eight miles southward to Rouen on the Seine and then follows that valley up to the French capital. Piercing the chalk hills by a long tunnel, the route proceeds up the winding valley of the diminutive but picturesque Scie, the train crossing the little stream a score of times. The ride to Rouen discloses a succession of attractive landscapes, peculiarly French in the chateaux and cottages, the highly cultivated fields and orchards separated by hedges, and the long rows of slim Lombardy poplars traversing the country as far as eye can see along the borders of the roads. The women go about in white caps and wooden shoes and the men in blue smock frocks. The herds of cattle can find but scant shade under the attenuated poplars, but every foot of available land is cultivated in the highest degree, and the surfaces of the roads are perfection, the ideal highway for the cyclist. There are some stretches of woodland, and the farm houses are enclosed usually by a square of trees. We are in Normandy, a land of apples, and the cider is

served at the rustic inns, more than the wines of central and Southern France. Occasional windmills gyrate on the hill-tops, and tapering spires rise boldly from the tall village churches. But curiously enough, although the opera of "Les Cloches de Corneville," has been sung for a half-century in America as the "Chimes of Normandy," it is said that Corneville itself never really had any bells in the village until recently they were bought by a subscription fund, and then a belfry had to be put upon the church, in which to hang them, to provide the means for which the opera was sung as an open air performance not long ago, the villagers providing the chorus.

THE RIVER SEINE AND HAVRE.

The tourist who crosses the Channel from Southampton, and the visitor coming on the French transatlantic line from New York, enter the broad estuary of the Seine, guided by the double lighthouses of the Phares de la Hève at Cap de la Hève on the cliffs of Sainte Adresse, about three miles northwest of the entrance, and soon land at Havre. The Seine is probably the best known river of France, and one of the largest, all of its extensive basin being within French and Belgian territory. It rises on the eastern side of France on the slope of the plateau of Longres, in the rugged highlands of a province of ancient Burgundy, which has been called from the excellence of the vineyards on its hill-slopes, the Côté d'Or. The river flows northwest to the English Channel, its num-

erous and at times tortuous windings making its length almost five hundred miles, although a straight line from the source to the mouth is barely half that distance. At the source, which is upon an elevation about fifteen hundred feet above the sea and eighteen miles northwest of Dijon, the city of Paris has erected to mark the fountain spring, a monument bearing the statue of the nymph Sequana, the river-deity of the Romans, whence was derived the name of the Seine. For a long distance it is an insignificant stream, often entirely dry in summer as far as Chatillon; and at Bar its waters feed the Haute Seine canal, thus making a continuous navigation thence to the sea, about four hundred miles. Below it receives the Aube, and then the river itself is navigable. It receives other tributaries, the Yonne and Marne being the chief, and passes through Paris, below which the channel has been improved so that vessels of ten feet draft can get up to the capital. The river then winds tortuously through a champaign country, with pleasant views and the most complete rural development, receives the Oise from the north and becomes a tidal stream at Poses, while it is navigable for sea-going vessels below the mouth of the Eure, and from Rouen to the bay, is dyked to deepen the channel so that vessels of twenty feet draft can come up to the quays. By the complete system of dykes on the banks of the lower Seine, large areas of lowlands along the winding shores have been reclaimed for cultivation. It has many bends below Rouen, the same as at Paris, and

below Candebec, the estuary begins to broaden, and the river flows into the English Channel through a wide bay between Honfleur on the south and Havre on the northern side. The Seine navigation is connected by means of a most complete system of canals from both its upper and lower waters, with the interior of France, and with all the great rivers, the Loire, Rhone, Meuse, Scheldt, Sambre and others.

Havre is the port at the entrance to the Seine, and the seaport of Paris, and is second in rank only to Marseilles as a French port and war harbor, its docks being among the finest in the world. King Louis XII., in 1503, built in this little seashore village a chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de Grace and from this is derived the city's name, Le Havre (or harbor) de Grace. In 1516, Francis I. fortified it and named the place Franciscopolis, endeavoring to make it a harbor of the first rank to carry out his naval schemes against England, so long delayed subsequently by Wolsey's diplomacy. He assembled a powerful fleet here, after Wolsey's downfall, embracing nearly two hundred vessels, attacking the Isle of Wight and being repulsed in 1545, while seventeen years later the English retaliating captured the town and held it awhile. The port expanded greatly under the development of commerce by Richelieu and Colbert in the seventeenth century, and in 1694 a British fleet unsuccessfully attacked it. A century later Admiral Sidney Smith was taken prisoner, while attempting the capture of a French vessel close under the guns of the

citadel. Havre, by railway, is fifty-five miles west of Rouen, and one hundred and forty-three miles northwest of Paris. The broadened lowlands along the Seine estuary in front of the northern background of hills enclosing the city, are taken advantage of to make the harbor, Napoleon recognizing its importance and developing the port, but it was in the latter part of the nineteenth century that the greatest harbor expansion came, over \$25,000,000 having been expended upon the docks since 1831. In the course of the improvements the tower that Francis I. erected at the harbor entrance as the guiding beacon for the mariner, ceased to be used in 1862. The harbor, entered through the usual jetty-enclosed channel, embraces over one hundred and fifty acres of basins giving accommodation to the largest steamers while a canal to Tancarville on the Seine fifteen miles long and fourteen feet deep provides for the still water navigation by smaller vessels going up the river, protecting them from the rough seas and tidal waves of the exposed estuary. From the lowlands a cable railway is constructed up the hill to the northward, the Côte d' Ingouville, an elevation from which a fine view is obtained over the city, harbor, and the broad estuary, to the villa-lined distant shores beyond on its southern verge.

Havre has extensive shipbuilding yards, building the finest vessels of France and among its manufacturing industries has recently developed sugar refining to a large amount, being well located for that

purpose. Its chief business street, the Rue de Paris begins at the Grand Quai where the passengers from abroad are landed and stretches northward through the Place Gambetta and public gardens to the Hotel de Ville. Fronting upon it are the Museum and Library, and the old church of Notre Dame built in the sixteenth century. The Place Gambetta is adorned with statues of two natives of Havre, of whom the people are very proud, Casimir Delavigne, the dramatist, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*. The Hotel de Ville, a fine Renaissance structure is modern. The sea-front of Havre is skirted with bathing establishments and hotels, this being a popular summer resort.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HAVRE.

The coast of Normandy extending from Dieppe southwest to and beyond the mouth of the Seine is dotted with popular French watering places, reached by diverging lines of railway centering usually at Rouen. Here are St. Valery en Caux surrounding a small harbor between the chalk cliffs; Veules with a diminutive beach fronting a pleasant valley, and a limpid stream rising from a spring among the village houses pouring out enough water to turn several mills, and having a profusion of water-cresses around its pleasant source; Veulettes in the broad valley of the Durdent river with its shingle-strewn beach; Fécamp, and Etretat, the last two places being nearer Havre, and the most pretentious resorts. We are

told by the ancient chronicler, that the sea once washed upon the shore of a small harbor at the extremity of the valley, back in which the town of Fécamp is now extensively scattered, the miraculously preserved trunk of the fig tree in which Joseph of Arimathea had placed the "Precious Blood" of the Saviour, and hence the locality came to be known as Ficus Campus, or the "field of the fig-tree," from which by a gradual development was derived the name of the town. In the Abbey Church, dating from the eleventh century, which has an attractive interior, among the other relics, there is a marble ciborium behind the high altar, which is reputed to contain some of this precious blood, and it has been always a mecca for pilgrims, who still come in numbers on the festival days. Fécamp had an ancient Benedictine Abbey founded by Duke Richard the Fearless in the tenth century, and possessing a fair harbor it became a place of some importance in the early days of Normandy. Here is distilled the well known liqueur, the Bénédictine, its name coming from the first makers, the monks of this Abbey. The original distillery was burnt, but was replaced by a handsome building in 1892, where the manufacture of the seductive cordial is now conducted. Etretat, a few miles farther down the coast, spreads in front of high and picturesque cliffs, is surrounded by pleasant villas and is a fashionable resort largely patronized by artists and literary men on account of its charming situation. Alphonse Karr, the author and satirist, who was a pas-

sionate admirer of the place having contributed much during the first half of the last century to bring it to public notice. The picturesque cliffs present unending beauties, being pierced by chasms and *portes* worn by the waters and having curious pyramidal and needle-like pinnacles. These cliffs rise into the bold promontory of Cape Anifer, seen from afar, having a revolving light, visible thirty-two miles at sea.

Upon the southern verge of the Seine estuary, across from but rather farther inland than Havre, is Honfleur, formerly a good harbor which however has lost much trade taken away by the growth of Havre, but it still exports largely of food products collected from the extensive farming country inland. Westward and opposite Havre, at the *embouchure* of the Seine estuary, for which it is the southern portal, is the famous watering place of Trouville at the mouth of the little river Touques, having Deauville over on its southern bank. This noted resort, the chief on the Normandy coast, has been all the growth of the last half-century, being probably the most fashionable as it certainly is the most expensive during the seaside season, which is at its height in August. The Trouville beach, while less than a mile long, is one of the finest in France, bordered inland by a broad promenade which has been significantly called the "Summer Boulevard of Paris." Behind it are a row of handsome villas. Here throng the holiday-makers and bathers in their attractive costumes, being generally watched by a crowd of sight-seers. They have

an elaborate Casino for their amusement, many large hotels, and there are also an antique fish market, the inevitable Hotel de Ville, built in the Louis XIII. renaissance, and two beautiful churches of modern construction, bearing the customary Norman-French titles of *Notre Dame des Victoires* and *Notre Dame de Bons Secours*. Over at Deauville is the race-course. To secure easy railway access to these popular resorts, the Seine is being tunnelled from Havre to the southern shore, a distance of nearly two miles, at a cost of over \$6,000,000. It was from Trouville after the catastrophe at Sedan when the Empress Eugenie fled from Paris, that Sir John Burgoyne took her aboard his yacht to Ryde on the Isle of Wight for an English asylum. Farther along the coast are other watering places—Villers-sur-Mer, Beuzeval, Houlgate, Dives and Cabourg, all of which are in a process of development, being rather overshadowed, however, by their more pretentious neighbor. Dives has a little harbor which contests with St. Valéry the honor of having been the real spot from which William the Conqueror first set sail for England in 1066, and the better to establish this disputed fact has erected a commemorative column, and inscribed the names of his ship's company so far as known, upon the inside of the church porch, built more than three centuries after he sailed away.

TO CAEN AND BEYOND.

All these latter places are in the Department of

Calvados, of which the chief town is Caen, a short distance to the southwest of Trouville upon the river Orne and nine miles back from the coast. When the elements played havoc with the great Spanish Armada in 1588, one of the chief ships, the Calvados, was wrecked on a ledge of rocks near the mouth of the Orne, and from this came the name of the Department. Caen is one of the most ancient and interesting cities of old Normandy situated in an expansive valley, and its fame is closely interwoven with that of William the Conqueror. It was known as early as the ninth century as an important post, and the Dukes made it their capital of Lower Normandy, so that it rose in commercial and maritime rank under their development, William building the castle and two abbey churches which still exist as its chief ornaments. When Edward III. captured the place in 1346, it was described as "a city greater than any in England, save London." It suffered severely in the subsequent wars, but peace has since helped Caen, and it now carries on a large trade, chiefly in timber, being connected with the sea by a ship canal as well as by the river. It is also famed for its quarries of Caen stone on the outskirts, the material so extensively used for church building both in France and England. Caen, in 1793, was the centre of the Girondist movement against the French Convention, and Charlotte Corday, born near the city, set out from here for Paris, to assassinate Marat.

The remains of the old Castle of Caen, built by

William are still used for a barrack, but do not present much of interest. The chief attractions are the two abbey churches. William founded the Abbaye aux Hommes, and its church of St. Stephen, and his Queen Matilda built the Abbaye aux Dames, and its church of the Trinity. These foundations are in expiation of the sin committed by their having married within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. Trinity church, which has been restored, is now devoted to the pious uses of the nuns of the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu, who occupy the adjacent buildings, and care for the helpless poor. St. Stephen is larger than the Trinity, but is built in the same Norman-Romanesque architecture though with modernizations in some parts. The western façade rises nearly three hundred feet having two fine towers; and originally there was a central spire four hundred feet high, but this was replaced in the seventeenth century by a lantern-tower. The grave of William the Conqueror was in this church, a black marble slab in front of the high-altar now marking where he was buried in 1087, but his remains were scattered at the destruction of the tomb in 1562 during the religious wars, and again in the French Revolution in 1793. Caen is pre-eminently a city of churches, and has many fine ones of later construction, displaying exquisite architecture, while some of its old houses of the early Norman period are quaint and interesting. In the city are statues of several distinguished townsmen—Malherbe, the poet, Laplace,

the mathematician, Beaumont, the geologist, and Auber, the composer. The latter fronts the Hotel de Ville which occupies the building of an ancient seminary, and contains a fine museum. There is also a handsome Soldiers' Monument fronting the river Orne in the Place Alexandre III., commemorating the "Sons of Calvados" serving in the German war of 1870-71.

Falaise Castle, now a picturesque ruin on a height rising from the little river Ante, southeast from Caen, was the birthplace of William the Conqueror in 1027, and his bronze equestrian statue, surrounded by figures of his six predecessors, Dukes of Normandy, adorns the village. This old castle was a strong fortress in the middle ages, the huge donjon keep still surviving in which is the chamber where William was born. The English during their possession in the fifteenth century, added a round tower one hundred and thirty feet high known as Talbot's tower. Henry IV. captured the castle from them and the breach through which he gained entrance is visible in the walls. This was the stronghold of the gay Robert, sixth duke of Normandy, who was known as Robert the Magnificent, and also as Robert le Diable. From one of the windows he is said to have first caught sight of William's mother Arlette, the daughter of a tanner in the village, while she was washing linen in the stream at the foot of the castle rock, and he fell in love with her.

About eight miles westward from Caen is the an-

cient town of Bayeux famous for its tapestry. It has an attractive Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame, from the front portal of which a street leads to the Place du Château, where is located the Public Library. In the museum within this building, and carefully preserved under glass is the celebrated "Bayeux Tapestry." This is a strip of linen cloth, browned with age, eighteen inches wide and two hundred and thirty feet long, upon which are embroidered in colored woollen threads, scenes illustrating the events leading to the Conquest of England by William. Latin inscriptions, also stitched in the cloth describe the scenes, and above and below are ornamental borders, representing various objects. There are eight colors in the worsteds used. In the figures, the English Saxons are uniformly represented with moustaches, and the Normans without, while the repeated portraits of William and Harold, the rival chiefs, retain throughout a general resemblance. The history of the tapestry is involved in some obscurity, but it is generally attributed to Queen Matilda, and her death is said to have prevented the final scene of William's coronation as the English king appearing upon it. There are fifty-eight separate scenes depicted. It was long known as the "Toilette of the Duke William," and in 1803, when Napoleon was planning his invasion of England, it was exhibited in the Louvre at Paris, to excite the French for another conquest, but was afterwards restored to Bayeux.

Beyond Bayeux, the land projects into the Eng-

lish Channel in the peninsula of Cotentin, on the extremity of which is the fortress and port of Cherbourg. On this peninsula are many queer and sleepy little villages with their antique houses and churches; and the broad fields and meadows are divided by hedgerows, but save the long lines of tall poplars stretching at intervals across the country, the surface is practically treeless, for these sun-loving Gauls seem to abhor the shade, because it interferes with their thorough cultivation of the land. Cattle wander over the meadows, and bathe in the little streams. All the coasts are frequented by fishing boats. The women go about in their picturesque head-gear and broad collars, black dresses and wooden shoes, and the men are also wooden-shod and blue-bloused, and surmounted by ample straw hats. On high days, the blouse gives place to cloth jackets bedizened with buttons and the hats have streamers, while velvet trimmings then adorn both sexes, and their holiday making is often punctuated with ample libations of the native cider. The old houses, the old churches, the ruined chateaux, and the bits of scenery disclosed in this remote but interesting region, have charms that the architect, the artist and the photographer find most attractive.

ROUEN AND ITS CHURCHES.

The railway from Havre via Rouen to Paris follows up the interesting valley of the winding Seine, but

at times the tortuous channel of the famous river goes very far away from the rails which are laid on the hill-slopes to the northward. A few miles from Havre is Harfleur, which in the middle ages was the great seaport of the Seine, but since the growth of Havre in modern times and the improvement of commercial methods it has greatly declined, and now the old harbor is shoaled by silt deposits. At Lillebonne, some distance eastward are the ruins of the ancient castle, where William of Normandy is said to have summoned a conclave of his nobles and proposed to them the conquest of England; and at Quillebœuf to the southward on the opposite bank of the Seine, upon a rock rising high above the river are the imposing remains of the ancient Norman Castle of Tancarville its towers rising more than two hundred feet above the river, and its ponderous walls twenty feet thick. Yvetot, now a quiet manufacturing town, was the capital once ruled by the "soi-disant kings," its ancient counts so amusingly described by Béranger. Candebeac, which has a beautiful Gothic church combined with later Renaissance in its impressive tower, is quaintly mediæval, and its bold position on the Seine was so vividly recalled to the French emigrants who went thence to explore the St. Lawrence wilderness in Canada, when they saw the great rock on that river at the narrow pass of Quebec, that they gave the latter place its name. Jumièges, on a protruding peninsula around which the Seine pleasantly winds, has the picturesque ruins of the ancient abbey where was inter-

red the heart of Agnes Sorel, who died in 1449, the beloved of Charles VII., who called her "La Belle des Belles," and whom she patriotically inspired to carry on his memorable struggle against the English. And thus past ruins of castles and abbeys, and modern cotton factories, and among the fertile fields, the orchards and meadows, the winding Seine, and the straighter railway lead eastward to the venerable city of Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy.

The Seine flows westward in a grand semicircular sweep through Rouen, with the older part of the town on the northern bank. Its extensive cotton mills, which have given it the popular name of the "Manchester of France," are dotted about on both sides of the river, and while the ancient walls have given place to modern boulevards, and the recent opening of handsome streets in imitation of the modernizing processes that beautified Paris, have removed many ancient houses, Rouen is still rich in mediæval architecture. The Romans crossed the Seine here in the misty past and called the place Rotomagus. Then came along the Norsemen, and the result was the establishment under Rollo, the first Duke, of the early Norman duchy in the tenth century, which was the nucleus of the great subsequent Norman power. The castle of Rouen was built by these Dukes, in which King John of England, the last Duke of Normandy, after imprisoning him in Falaise Castle murdered his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. John was finally dispossessed by Philip Augustus early in the thirteenth

century. The English held the place again during the first half of the fifteenth century, and in 1431 occurred what is probably its greatest historical event, the condemnation and burning on May 30th of Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," whose memory is preserved in every possible way, in the names of streets and buildings, while on the spot where it was supposed she was burnt, the Place de la Pucelle, there stands surmounting a small fountain a statue of the martyred maid, for whom such undying affection is held, that though nearly five centuries have elapsed it is still daily adorned by tributes of fresh flowers. Subsequent investigation however developed that the real locality of the burning was on the Place Vieux-Marché, a short distance to the north. Joan was condemned for sorcery and witchcraft, but her spirit still lived, and after her death, the English were driven out, her case retried in 1456 and her patriotic and virtuous character vindicated. In the subsequent religious wars Rouen suffered severely, but during the past century its history has been generally peaceful and prosperous.

From the high hill on its southern outskirts many an admirer has looked down upon the winding river and the ancient city and received from the view an inspiration. Poets have sung its praises and artists have depicted its glories. Wherever the view is taken, prominently seen are its Gothic masterpieces, the high towers and spires of the great Cathedral and the equally famous church of St. Ouen. Wherever the

visitor may wander through the city he sees the memorials of its heroine, the unfortunate Joan. From the railway station of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, the line from Havre to Paris, the fine street, la Rue de Jeanne d'Arc, leads southward to the Seine. Near the station it crosses the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc, a broad highway going off towards the southwest through the heart of the city. The street soon passes the site of the ancient castle built in 1204 by Philip Augustus and its donjon still stands, a quaint conical-topped tower, known as the Tour de Jeanne d'Arc, within which she was tried, though another tower near by wherein she was imprisoned was pulled down in Napoleon's time. The spacious Palais de Justice, in florid Gothic near this street, dates from the fifteenth century, and farther down is the Belfry a great clock tower, the Tour de la Grosse Horloge, erected in 1389, and recently fully restored. The clock is built over a street, has two large sculptured dials, and from it there leads eastward this street, the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, to the Rouen Cathedral, which is one of the most famous Gothic churches of France.

The chief parts of this Cathedral of Notre Dame, were erected in the thirteenth century, though it was extended and elaborated afterwards, much of it in the beginning of the sixteenth century by Cardinal d'Amboise, who was then the powerful minister of Louis XII. He built the central portal of the western façade which is profusely decorated. Rising above this façade are the famous towers of Rouen, both, however,

unfinished; the Tour St. Romain, two hundred and fifty-five feet high, being, excepting its topmost story, part of the oldest original structure. The other tower, which is much finer, and is seven feet higher is the noted Butter Tower, getting its name from the fact that the money to build it came from the sale to the faithful of indulgences to eat butter during Lent. The Central Tower over the transept was partly burnt in 1822, and there has since been erected upon it a modern tapering spire of iron, rising four hundred and sixty-five feet and said to be exceeded in height only by the spires of Cologne Cathedral. This great Cathedral of Rouen is nearly four hundred and fifty feet long. The interior of the nave is built up in double stories of columns and arches, above which are two galleries, and higher yet the clere-story—making five horizontal divisions in the walls, which is unlike anything seen elsewhere. Within a chapel of the nave is the tomb of Rollo the first duke of Normandy who died in 927, and in an opposite chapel the tomb of his son William Long Sword, who died 943. The heart of the English king Richard Cœur de Lion is buried here, and his ancient limestone effigy lies recumbent in the ambulatory. Henry II. is also buried here and there is a corresponding effigy of him, though it was made in modern days. Among other tombs are the Dukes de Biéze, Pierre and his grandson Louis, that of the latter erected by his widow, the famous Diana of Poitiers, who had been the mistress of Henri II. The finest monument is

that of Cardinal d'Amboise, dying in 1510, which later included also the monument of his nephew, who was a Cardinal. Both Cardinals are kneeling, and they are surrounded by other statues representing Christ, the Virgin, the Apostles, Saints, and various virtues, and there is a bas-relief of St. George and the Dragon. This elaborate monumental work exquisitely designed and finished, is considered one of the most artistic triumphs of the sixteenth century renaissance. Among the relics in this great Cathedral is the leaden coffin of King Richard, and the "Fierte de St. Romain." This latter reliquary in ancient times was famous for the ceremony performed in the old vaulted Chapelle St. Romaine, down near the river, where a condemned prisoner on Ascension Day would profess faith and raise the reliquary of the Saint, thus obtaining pardon. St. Romain, the Apostle of Normandy who established the Christian religion in the province, is the patron Saint of Rouen. The legend is that the Seine overflowed its banks and threatened to destroy Rouen, when the Saint commanded the waters to recede. No sooner had they subsided when out of the mud there came a dragon, terrifying the people. By the help of a condemned murderer the Saint vanquished it, and hence came the privilege given of once a year pardoning a criminal condemned to death. This continued until the French Revolution, and the legend is illustrated in one of the Cathedral windows.

In the seventh century, the venerable St. Ouen

was the first Archbishop of Rouen, appointed in 640, and in his memory has been erected the magnificent Gothic church of St. Ouen, built in the fourteenth century and even surpassing the Cathedral in its extent and grandeur. It stands in the Place de la Hotel de Ville, that structure which is on its northern side, being a building formerly part of the monastery of St. Ouen. This prelate was one of the greatest men of the early Frankish empire. He was the Chancellor of the first Merovingian King under whom the various provinces composing that empire were united, Dagobert I., and after founding the Abbey of Rebai, he entered the church, dying in 689 and being afterwards canonized. This church is four hundred and fifty-three feet long, with a transept of one hundred and forty feet, the height being one hundred and six feet. The western portal is flanked by two magnificent towers, their spires rising two hundred and eighty-two feet, while the central and more solid tower over the transept rising two hundred and seventy feet and flanked by turrets of graceful proportions, is topped by a capacious octagonal lantern of open work commanding a fine prospect from its surmounting gallery, which is appropriately called the "Crown of Normandy." Over the chief portal, on the south, is a splendid rose window having above it an arcade with six statues, and on top the pediment is crowned with St. Ouen's statue. The interior of the church is most pleasing, the walls of the nave appearing to be composed almost entirely of large

windows, there being one hundred and thirty-five of them, and the stained glass among the best work of the middle ages. The effect of the interior thus becomes graceful and impressive, there being little attempt at excessive ornamentation outside of the method of structure. There is a gorgeous high altar of modern Gothic construction. Southward from St. Ouen is the Church of St. Maclou, a reproduction of the greater church in miniature in the rich and florid Gothic of the fifteenth century, its spire built in the nineteenth century rising two hundred and fifty feet. These three churches give Rouen great fame, but it also has several others, replete with old stained glass and elaborate architecture. Among the many curious buildings of the city, is the Hotel du Bourgthéroulde, on the side of the Place de la Pucelle, erected in the fifteenth century and now occupied by a bank. The exterior is covered with *bas-reliefs*, among them being scenes at the meeting of the two kings on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

The Seine at Rouen is about a thousand feet wide, and though eighty miles from the sea by the windings of the stream, it is affected by the tide, so that an artificial harbor and docks are constructed which conduct an important traffic. Three bridges cross, one being a moving structure which is lifted to pass masted vessels. Corneille, the dramatist, was a native of Rouen, and the most elaborate of these, a stone bridge, is named for him, and his statue is upon the Ile Lacroix which it crosses in midstream, while

buildings, paintings, busts and statues recall his memory in various other places. The house where he was born is shown in a street now named Rue Corneille, while his dwelling, at Petite Couronne, five miles out of town is a public museum. From the harbor and bridges there is a fine view of the high hill of Bonsecours overlooking the river above the city and surmounted by its church and an elaborate monument to Joan of Arc, both of modern construction. This hill is ascended from the river shore by a cable railway and it commands a magnificent prospect over the valley, the city and the winding Seine, which can be traced for many miles. To the southeast of Rouen on the railway route to Chartres, and not far away from the Seine, is the battlefield of Ivry, where Henry IV., in 1590, gained the famous victory which Macaulay has celebrated in his stirring lay; the conflict being commemorated by a pyramid on the battleground.

APPROACHING PARIS.

The railway from Rouen to Paris follows up the valley of the Seine southeastward, now on one side of the river and anon on the other, darting into tunnels through the projecting hills, and presenting a succession of beautiful views, as it passes a region of great historical interest. It was in this district that the chivalrous troubadour English king and Norman Duke, Richard Coeur de Lion performed so many valorous and romantic exploits, at the same time also

doing penances for his religious shortcomings. The river Eure flows into the Seine and not far from the junction are the remains of the Abbey of Bonport, which Richard founded. Upon a high rock washed by and commanding the river, some distance above are the ruins of the famous castle of Gaillard, which Richard built in 1197 to command the navigation of the Seine and protect the eastern Norman border from French invasion. This was one of the greatest castles of the Norman era, and is considered to be the chief architectural monument of Coeur de Lion. It was known as the "Gay Château de Gaillard," and was regarded in his day as practically impregnable, having walls from eight to fifteen feet thick in the various parts according to their exposure, there being seventeen towers and triple lines of outworks. Yet in 1204 the French king Philip Augustus captured it after five months' siege, and it was subsequently made a state prison, being the scene of the murder of Queen Margaret of Burgundy, wife of Louis X., in 1314. In the seventeenth century, when Henri IV. got possession of Normandy and carried out his policy of destroying the castles of the proud and ambitious Norman barons, its ramparts were ruined, and in 1663 it had ceased to be habitable, the ponderous donjon-keep being now, however, in partial preservation. At the town of Gaillon near by was formerly the home of the Archbishops of Rouen, and here stood the noted Château of Gaillon, which was the favorite residence of Francis I. When it was torn down to make way

for a prison the beautiful façade in Renaissance erected by Cardinal Amboise in 1500, was removed to Paris and rebuilt in the Court of the School of the Fine Arts. At Rosny, Henri IV.'s noted minister Sully was born in 1559, and a few miles beyond is the busy manufacturing town of Mantes. William the Conqueror besieged and captured Mantes in 1087, and it was here that he had the fall from his horse which caused his death. During the siege the church of Mantes was burnt, and the dying William in expiation bequeathed a large sum for the erection of the present Gothic Church of Notre Dame, which has been recently restored and is regarded as a good example of twelfth century work, though altered afterward, its towers being conspicuous in the view.

Fifteen miles southeastward, and about seventeen miles from Paris is Poissy the birthplace of Louis IX. in 1215, the famous king of France who was afterwards canonized as St. Louis, and who often styled himself "Louis of Poissy." The old church, dating from the twelfth century, but since repeatedly altered and restored, contains his baptismal font. He was one of the greatest of the early kings of France, noted for his exemplary piety, and he went on two crusades to the Holy Land, falling ill of a fever while on the second one, and dying in 1270, the Pope making him a Saint in the latter part of that century. In front of the church is a bronze statue of the famous painter Meissonier, who was born in Poissy in 1815, his former home being within a stone's throw. The an-

cient bridge crossing the Seine at Poissy is said to have been built by St. Louis, and with its approaches, has thirty-seven different sized arches. The three central arches were recently restored, having been blown up in 1815 to prevent the English and their allies crossing the river on their way to Paris. The Seine to the eastward makes a series of several great winding double loops spreading far to the north and south, so that the railway approaching the capital repeatedly crosses it. In this way the route goes through the northern verge of the extensive forest of St. Germain, well stocked with deer and covering some twenty square miles, occupying one of the broad peninsulas formed by the graceful curves of the river, this forest and park being among the great popular resorts of Paris. Here for ten days at the end of August is celebrated the Fête des Loges, named from a Château erected by Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII. St. Germain originally was the Abbey of St. Germain, founded in 1010 in honor of the Bishop of Paris by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet, and for centuries was a favorite summer residence of the French kings, who were attracted by its lofty and healthy site and the far-seeing views of Paris and the country all about. Originally a fort commanded the Seine, but it was destroyed in the Norman-English conflicts, being afterwards partly restored. There is now a populous town surrounding the Château which was built by Francis I., while Henri II. built the adjacent Château Neuf, in which Louis XIV. was born

in 1638. That king, however, ultimately changed the court to Versailles, which he developed greatly, and the Château Neuf was for twelve years the home of the exiled English king James II., who died here in 1701, the building having been subsequently almost entirely taken down. There has been made in the latter part of the nineteenth century an elaborate restoration of the historical buildings of St. Germain, and the Château contains a valuable collection of French antiquities. In the church of St. Germain is a monument to James II., who was originally interred there. Adjoining the Château is a monument to M. Thiers, who died at St. Germain in 1877. The St. Germain Terrace, famous for its view, is constructed upon the verge of the vine-clad hill which slopes down to the Seine two hundred feet below. Finely shaded by lofty chestnut trees and ornamented with flower gardens, this promenade one hundred feet wide and extending for a half-mile at this prominent elevation gives an enchanting view eastward over the valley, the winding reaches of the river, the extensive and well peopled plain spreading like a broad park dotted with many houses off to the heights of Montmartre and Mont Valerien, the Eiffel Tower and distant Paris stretching across the horizon.

The route beyond St. Germain forest passes the noted Maisons-Lafitte and again crosses the Seine. Here lived the great banker Lafitte in the Château which was originally built in the seventeenth century for the French Finance Minister, René de Lon-

gueil. There is a popular race course here. Again the Seine is crossed at Clichy, northeast of Courbevoie, the heights of Montmorency are to the northward, the formidable Fort Mont Valerien to the south, and the river makes a wide southern semicircular sweep around the Bois de Boulogne, the fashionable park and famous drive for the Parisians. The route into Paris goes through the region which was a hotly-contested battleground between Germany and France in the siege of 1870-71, and afterwards during the terrible epoch of the Commune. The railway makes a long detour around the northwestern suburbs, with all the great Parisian structures in full view. There rise up against the southern sky in the varied and picturesque landscape, the objects that are most prominent from whatever direction the French capital may be approached—the imposing Arch of Triumph of the Star; the dome of the Invalides where Napoleon is entombed; the bold Eiffel tower, elevated nearly a thousand feet down by the Seine; and far away beyond it to the southeast the dome of the Pantheon. On the other side, over towards the northeast is the highest land in Paris, the Butte of Montmartre, crowned with its unfinished church; while all along, through the enchanting scene, the valley of the river, with its quays and bridges, winds among gardens, villas, châteaux and palaces. Then the train crosses the moat and passes within the formidable line of fortifications, the journey ending at the Gare St. Lazare, almost in the heart of the city. The traveller

soon undergoes the brief examination of the "Douane," or French customs, and encounters the municipal officials who conduct the "Octroi" which levies special taxes upon all food products entering the city, this providing the larger portion of the Parisian revenues. Then he is quickly out of the railway station, and mingling among the crowds upon the grand boulevards; and possibly musing with Cowper, in *The Task*:

" 'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

III.

THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Lutetia—Paris Topography, Defences and History—The Old Cité—Notre Dame—Palais de Justice—Sainte Chapelle—Pont Neuf—Parisian Streets—The Bastille—Column of July—The Grand Boulevards—Place de la Republique—Porte St. Martin—Porte St. Denis—Montmartre—The Bourse—Opera Comique—Grand Opera House—The Madeleine—Corps Legislatif—Faubourg St. Germain—Sainte Clothilde—Ecole des Beaux Arts—The Hémicycle—St. Germain des Prés—St. Sulpice—Latin Quarter—Place Michel—Ecole de Médecine—Hotel de Cluny—The Luxembourg—The Observatory—The Val de Grâce—The Catacombs—The Sorbonne—The Pantheon—Sainte Geneviève—St. Etienne du Mont—Jardin des Plantes—The Hospital—The Gobelins—The Roquette—The Buttes Chaumont—Père Lachaise—Place de la Nation—Picpus—Vincennes—Place des Vosges—Prison de la Force—St. Gervais—Hotel de Ville—The National Archives—Mont de Piété—Imprimerie Nationale — Musée Carnavalet — Tour St. Jacques— Pont au Change—Place du Châtelet—The Sewers of Paris—St. Germain d' Auxerrois—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Night—The Louvre—Venus of Milo—Palais Royal—Fontaine Molière—Bibliothèque Nationale—Bank of France—Place des Victoires—The Tuileries—Place du Carrousel—Gambetta Monument—Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel—Tuileries Gardens — St. Roch—Place de la Concorde—The Guillotine—Obelisk of Luxor—Column Vendôme — Champs Elysées — Palais de l' Elysée — Palais des Beaux Arts — Rond Point — Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile—Neully—Pont Alexander III.—Hotel des Invalides — Napoleon's Tomb — Trocadero Palace — Pont d'Iena — Champ de Mars — Ecole Mili-

taire — Eiffel Tower — Bois de Boulogne — Hippodrome de Longchamp—Jardin d'Acclimatation—Mont Valerien—Malmaison—St. Cloud—Sevres—Mendon — Montmorency—St. Denis—The Oriflamme—Tombs of the French Kings.

LUTETIA.

THE river Seine on the winding way from its headwaters in the moderately elevated and rugged region of the Coté d'Or to the sea, passes for about seven miles through Paris. It unites with the river Marne just before passing the fortifications; comes into Paris from the southeast towards the northwest, and sweeping around a grand semicircle toward the northward goes out of the city to the southwest. Then the river suddenly turns upon itself and makes another wide semicircular sweep around the Bois de Boulogne, flowing back northeast almost to St. Denis. Finally it turns again and with repeated double bends and long reaches that are almost parallel to each other, gradually makes its way northwestward toward the sea. In its course through the city of Paris the shores are embanked and walled by elaborate stone quays, and the river is crossed by thirty-one bridges. Paris spreads broadly over the valley through which the Seine winds, and on the bordering hills, which rise to about two hundred feet elevation on the southern side, and considerably higher on the northern, Belleville being elevated three hundred and thirty feet, and the highest land, the Butte at Montmartre, four hundred and twenty feet. The great city

embraces about thirty square miles, one-half being covered with buildings; and it practically lies in a basin, surrounded by a rim of hills. The population in 1901 was 2,660,559 and is now believed to approximate three millions.

Paris is a walled city defended by an elaborate system of fortifications. The Enceinte completely encircling the city, has ninety-four bastions and is twenty-one miles in length. The ramparts are thirty-two feet high, the parapet nineteen feet wide, the outer moat forty-eight feet wide and there is a glacis all around. Seventeen detached forts located at various distances beyond the Enceinte, the farthest being about two miles, command all the approaches to Paris, and there is also a second and outer line of formidable forts commanding the valleys of the Seine and Marne, so that the whole defensive system protects a surface of about four hundred square miles and makes Paris one of the greatest fortress-cities in the world. Much of these forts and ramparts were pounded to pieces during the German siege of 1870-71 and the subsequent Commune, but they have since been thoroughly rebuilt, and the defensive system is regarded as one of the best in Europe.

In its winding course through Paris, the Seine passes two islands close together, each originally composed of several islets which have been joined—the Ile de la Cité and the Ile St. Louis. Upon the islets now forming the Ile de la Cité away back in the dim past, Paris began. When Julius Cæsar came

along with his Roman legions, and conquered Gaul, he found the river which he called Sequana, and the tribe of Parisii located upon its banks, their chief village of Lutetia—the “dwelling of the waters”—being upon this collection of islets, having bridges connecting them with the shores. Lutetia grew, and in the subsequent centuries was a favorite residence of various Roman Emperors, among them Julian, who liked it so well that he called the place his “dear Lutetia.” Near it in the year 383 was fought the battle in which Gratian was defeated and slain by Maximus. St. Denis introduced Christianity in the third century, and was the first bishop of Lutetia, suffering martyrdom on the heights of Montmartre, with his companions in 270, his name and shrine thus becoming indissolubly connected with Paris, and he being the patron saint of France. The legend is that he was beheaded, and rising, carried his head off in his hand to the summit of Montmartre, with angels singing hymns by the way. Thus the patron saint is usually represented carrying his head in his hand, and occasionally his picture has a mitred head on his shoulders and another bared head in his hand.

The present name was not given the town on the Ile de la Cité, however, until after 360, this naming then coming from a grand council of the tribe, which was convened here, under the title of “Parisea Civitas,” whence the word Paris is derived. In the fifth century the Huns invaded Gaul, attacking Paris in 451, but at the intercession of Sainte Geneviève they

erected it, and she was afterwards adorned in the city of
 Paris with many fine edifices. Paris was made the capital of the
 French by Charle II in the early sixth century. After the
 dark ages it began showing signs of prosperity, and
 the successive dynasties extended and embellished it.
 In the twelfth century, the names of Lombard and
 Abbeard gave it fame as a school of learning; Notre
 Dame was founded and the fortifications elaborated.
 Philip Augustus building the castle of the Louvre.
 The plague decimated it in 1437, but Francis
 I in the next century, gave it great prosperity,
 pulling down the Castle and beginning the con-
 struction of the palace of the Louvre, the
 population then being three hundred thousand.
 Louis XIV. greatly embellished the city and
 in 1675 it had five hundred and forty thousand
 inhabitants. Paris then became very attractive to
 the artists and literary men of Europe, and to the
 fashionable people of the kingdom, the great nobles
 coming into the city from the provinces and building
 themselves town-houses or "hotels." Thus Paris
 gradually came to set the fashion for the fine arts,
 literature, society and dress, and the development of
 the decorative styles for the world, and it advanced
 to the front rank in these, a place the great city has
 occupied ever since. The "Grand Monarque" set the
 pace which has continued, and his plan of mak-
 ing Paris most attractive to visitors has been fol-
 lowed by all his successors. He took down the old
 city walls beyond which the buildings had then far

extended, and converted the ground on which they stood into the wide promenades known as the Grand Boulevards. These were then adorned at the great highways leading out of the city with four triumphal arches, two now remaining, the Porte St. Martin and the Porte St. Denis.

The chief Parisian public square, the Place de la Concorde was laid out by Louis XV. in the eighteenth century, but Paris had a set-back in its period of embellishment during the Revolution which followed in the reign of his unfortunate successor, Louis XVI., who was guillotined in 1793. This revolution, by sweeping away the overgrown conventual enclosures, which had occupied one-third of Paris and the best localities, was advantageous however to the plan of its subsequent adornment. Napoleon made great strides in Parisian embellishment, his aim being to advance the city to the exalted position of the first capital of Europe. Many of its greatest buildings and improvements date from the First Empire. There was another pause after the Restoration, and then renewed vigor in the reign of Louis Philippe, followed by an almost complete transformation by Napoleon III., during the Second Empire. He constructed palatial buildings, wide boulevards, and expansive squares and parks, tearing down many acres of old buildings and obliterating tortuous streets in the reconstruction. When at the height of his career in 1861, the city approximated 1,700,000 population. Then came the fall of the Second Empire, the Ger-

man siege and capture, and the terrible Commune in 1870-71, when a wave of destruction passed over the doomed capital. The city was reduced by famine and capitulated to the Germans in January, 1871, and the Communist insurrection in April and May ruined many buildings and did vast damage. But Paris has since recovered completely from these disasters, and is now again in the front rank of great European attractions for American visitors.

NOTRE DAME.

The most ancient part of Paris is the Ile de la Cité, or the "Cité" as it is popularly called, and its special attraction and probably the most famous of the Parisian buildings is the venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame. When the Lutetia of the Romans embraced Christianity, the Church early established headquarters here, and under the subsequent Frankish kings, there rose upon the island an ancient cathedral and the Royal Palace. As the inhabitants increased, the predominant element of population on the island, outside of the Palace, became ecclesiastical, while the business men and burgesses went to the northern side of the Seine, and the literary and artistic classes to the southern bank. Then as Paris grew, the old "Cité" long ago ceased to be the centre, the Royal Palace disappeared, and its site is now occupied by the Palais de Justice, but the ancient island still possesses the two finest religious buildings of the cap-

ital, Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. To the southward, enfolded within the semi-circular sweep of the Seine, are now the learned institutions, led by the Sorbonne or University in the Latin Quarter; the aristocratic region of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the foreign legations and houses of the nobility; and farther westward, the Senate and Deputies' Chambers and large military establishments; with also the fine galleries of the Luxembourg Palace, the Cluny Museum and the Pantheon. These, like almost everything else in Paris are developed thoroughly for the attraction of visitors.

As early as the fourth century, a church dedicated to St. Stephen stood upon the site of Notre Dame, the present Cathedral being founded in 1163, but the nave not completed until two centuries later, there having been frequent subsequent alterations and a general restoration made since 1845. This famous Cathedral does not show well, however, as it stands upon very low ground, is surrounded by tall buildings and has no spires. The façade is the finest portion, and has been repeated in many French churches. This façade is constructed in three stories, surmounted by towers, and is divided vertically into three sections. There are three large recessed portals, adorned by sculptures that suffered severely during the French Revolution. The right portal is dedicated to St. Anne, and the left to the Virgin, both having appropriate adornments. The sculptures of the central portal dedicated to the



sists of a nave and double aisles crossed by a transept, beyond which the aisles are continued around the choir which is almost a semicircle. The vaulting of the nave is borne by seventy-five round pillars and is one hundred and ten feet high. The triforium above the inner aisles is supported by over one hundred small columns, and thirty-seven large windows pierce the clerestory. The exterior of the choir is very pleasing, having bold flying buttresses and imposing windows surmounted by pediments. There are fine displays of stained glass in the Cathedral, much of it ancient; and it has a magnificent pulpit, regarded as a masterpiece of modern wood-carving. The feature of the interior, however, is the ancient statue of the Virgin, standing in the transept on the south side of the choir, this being held in highest veneration by Parisians, as the veritable Notre Dame de Paris. There are many memorials, including statues of Louis XIII. and XIV., monuments of archbishops, *bas reliefs*, fine paintings, busts of St. Denis and St. Louis, and other relics. In the treasury are the bloodstained clothes and mementoes of Archbishop Affre, killed in the revolution of 1848, and Archbishop Darboy, killed by the Commune, both also having monuments; the coronation robes of Napoleon I. and the communion vessels in mediæval style presented by Napoleon III. The great organ, among the most famous in the world, was built in 1750 and enlarged and restored in 1858; it has six thousand pipes, the largest thirty-two feet high, and eighty-six stops.

Notre Dame was often in danger during the vicissitudes of Paris, but never more so than in the French Revolution of 1793, when it was greatly desecrated. In August, a decree was passed dooming it to destruction, but afterward this was modified and only the statues and sculptures mutilated. In November, the church was made the "Temple of Reason," the ancient statue of the Virgin replaced by one of Liberty, and patriotic songs were sung instead of sacred hymns. A mound was piled up in the choir, upon which burned the "Torch of Truth," having erected over it a Grecian "Temple of Philosophy" adorned with various busts, including Voltaire and Rousseau. Within the temple, Reason was enthroned, represented by the notorious ballet dancer Maillard, who there sat in state, receiving the adoration of her votaries. Surrounding the temple were damsels in white robes, holding torches, and in the side-chapels were conducted various kindred orgies. This went on until May, 1794, when the church was closed, and it thus remained for several years. When Napoleon came into full power, he reopened Notre Dame for divine worship in 1802. Napoleon was crowned as Emperor of the French in Notre Dame with great pomp on December 2, 1804, the Pope Pius VII. coming to Paris to preside at the ceremonies, but not to do the crowning, for after the Pope had blessed the crown, Napoleon placed it on his own head. The Communists in 1871 desecrated the venerable Cathedral, robbing the Treasury, and using the church for a mili-

tary storehouse. When they were driven out, they set fire to the building, but fortunately with only small damage. Behind the Cathedral formerly stood the Archbishop's Palace, which was sacked by the populace in 1830, the site now being an open square, having the fine gothic fountain of Notre Dame built in 1845 in the centre. Beyond this is the noted Paris Morgue (the name meaning "to scrutinize") which fronts upon the narrow street dividing the old "Cité" from the Ile St. Louis above, there being a connecting bridge.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

The ancient Royal Palace originally stood within an ample enclosure in the northwestern part of the old "Cité," and the only survival of it is the ancient palace-chapel, the Sainte Chapelle, now the most interesting portion of the extensive modern Palais de Justice, occupying the site. This chapel was erected in the thirteenth century by St. Louis, to become the shrine of the sacred relics which he bought for \$600,000 from Jean de Brienne, king of Jerusalem and his son-in-law Baldwin, king of Constantinople, when on one of his crusades. These relics, afterward removed to Notre Dame, are said to have included the crown of thorns and a piece of the true cross. This building, regarded as a most perfect gem of mediæval Gothic architecture, is one hundred and fifteen feet long, about eighty feet wide, and proportionately very high, rising one hundred and forty feet. It was fully

restored in the nineteenth century, though it narrowly escaped destruction during the terrors of the close of the Commune in 1871, being surrounded by a complete cordon of burning houses. It is now partially concealed from view by the more imposing structures of the Palais de Justice. But one service is given in it annually, the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," when the courts reconvene after the autumn vacation. Within this sacred edifice the old French kings conducted their devotions when in the Parisian royal palace. There are two chapels, one above the other, the lower one—a nave and aisles—having been for the domestics. The upper chapel, where the court attended divine service, is light and elegant, sixty-six feet high, and having almost the whole of the walls occupied by large windows, measuring about fifty feet by thirteen feet, with magnificent stained glass, portions of it coming down from the reign of St. Louis. A fine rose window has glass dating from the fifteenth century. Statues of the Apostles are placed against the pillars, and behind the great altar is the Gothic canopy beneath which the sacred relics formerly rested.

The royal palace of the old French kings in 1431 was presented by Charles VII. to the supreme court of justice, then known as the Parlement, for its meeting place. It was partially burnt in 1618, again in 1776, and finally the greater portion of the buildings were destroyed by the Communists in 1871, so that very little of the original structure now remains. Upon the northern side adjoining the river is the

Quai de l'Horloge, and at the northeastern corner, the Tour de l'Horloge. This with the Tour de César on that front and one or two other towers and some small structures are about all that remains of the old palace. The clock in the Tour de l'Horloge is the oldest public clock in France, constructed in 1370, and several times repaired, the last time after its wanton destruction by the Commune. Two figures adorn it, representing Justice and Piety. The Palais de Justice is a great pile of buildings as we now see it, constructed around various interior quadrangles, and providing the halls and apartments, wherein the French Courts of Justice hold their sessions. They sit usually from eleven o'clock until four, and then the advocates appear numerously all about the Palais, enrobed in their sombre black gowns. The leading entrance is through the Cour du Mai or Court of Honor alongside Sainte Chapelle, this entrance having an elaborate façade with Doric pediment adorned by statues of Justice, Prudence, Plenty, and France. There are some fine interiors. The Salle des Pas Perdus, serving as a vestibule to various Civil Courts, constituting what is known in France as "The Court of First Instance," is a grand hall, two hundred and forty feet long and ninety feet wide, consisting of two vaulted galleries separated by arcades of Doric pillars. This was the great hall of the old Royal Palace, and within it the clergy of the royal establishment then gave moral plays. It contains various emblematic statues and *bas reliefs*, including monuments

to Malesherbes who defended the unfortunate Louis XVI. at his trial before the revolutionary tribunal in 1793, and was himself beheaded the next year, and also to the celebrated advocate Berryer, who died in 1868. From this great hall, there extend northwestward two grand parallel galleries, from either side, the Galerie des Prisonniers on the right, and the Galerie de la Sante Chapelle on the left, which give entrance to the chambers of other Courts and apartments. Beyond and uniting the two galleries at the western front of the building is the Vestibule de Harley, the façade on that side fronting the Place Dauphine. This vestibule has statues of four French monarchs noted as legislators—on the one side St. Louis and Philip Augustus, and on the other Charlemagne and Napoleon.

An interesting portion of this great Palais de Justice, is the Conciergerie occupying the lower part adjoining the Seine, a prison famous in French history. Here were confined many of the political prisoners of the revolution of 1793, before being sent to execution, and the most interesting cell (since made a small chapel) is that in which Queen Marie Antoinette was imprisoned. There adjoins this, connected by an archway, the cell where Robespierre was afterward confined, and beyond is the "Hall of the Girondists," now the chapel of the prison. To the southward of the Palais de Justice rises the great Tribunal of Commerce, built in the reign of Napoleon III. and surmounted by an octagonal dome, which be-

ing in the direct line of the Boulevard de Sebastopol, extending north of the Seine, is beheld from afar. The Parisian flower market is held behind the Tribunal twice a week, when the florists send in their extensive contributions; and here on Sunday mornings is also held the Bird Market, one of the Sunday attractions. A large part of the Palais de Justice was built in the nineteenth century, including the western façade, overlooking the Place Dauphine, a fine Doric colonnade supporting its rich entablature. Inclined slopes and stairways ascend to the entrance of the Vestibule de Harley, through this façade, which is ornamented under the windows with allegorical figures, representing Strength and Justice, Punishment and Protection, Prudence and Truth.

Beyond, at the western end of the island is the famous bridge crossing the Seine—the Pont Neuf—which is the oldest bridge now in Paris, despite its name, begun in 1578, and completely restored and remodeled during the last century. Upon the island midway of the bridge, known as the “Ile aux Vaches” is the bronze equestrian statue of Henri IV., erected in 1818 by Louis XVIII. A statue of Henri IV. was placed here in 1635, but in 1792, the revolutionists melted it down to make cannon. After the restoration, by way of a complete retaliation, Louis XVIII. took Napoleon’s statue from the Vendome Column, another statue of Napoleon which had been cast for the great Column at Boulogne over by the English Channel, and the statue of General Desaix

from the Place des Victoires, and melted them all to make this new statue of Henri IV. The bronze reliefs represent the king distributing bread to the Parisian poor, and causing peace to be proclaimed at Notre Dame. From the Pont Neuf there is an admirable view of both banks of the Seine, its quays and splendid adjoining buildings, including the Louvre, on the right bank just below, having the Pont des Arts crossing the river in front. The Pont Neuf is well known in the social annals of Paris, being formerly the resort of wits, jugglers, showmen, and all sorts of adventurers who plied their trades there, and upon it in the sixteenth century the satirist Tabarin made his pungent recitals to admiring crowds. Thus it came that a popular poetical witticism was long known as "un pont neuf." On the island of the Cité are also the famous and extensive Hospital of the Hotel Dieu, and the Parisian police headquarters, known as the Prefecture de Police.

THE PARISIAN STREETS.

The Ile de la Cité was the centre of ancient Paris so that the built-up portion spread on both banks of the Seine, though more on the northern than the southern side, and the old walls thus enclosed an ellipse of about five miles in circumference beyond which Paris expanded in all directions. When Louis XIV. took these old interior walls down, constructing the Grand Boulevards in their place, he opened around

this ellipse the first series of ornamental avenues which have become the city's pride. Through the center of the ellipse, near the northern bank of the Seine there were constructed a series of fine streets during that and subsequent reigns, stretching from the southeast toward the northwest, and another series of streets at right-angles bisected the ellipse from southwest to northeast. The former succession of highways beginning at the Bastille stretches through the Rue St. Antoine, Rue de Rivoli and Avenue of the Champs Elysées, to and beyond the Arc de Triumphe, making a magnificent avenue for several miles. The other line of streets at right angles crosses the Ile de la Cité in front of the Palais de Justice, goes southwest of the Seine as the Boulevard St. Michel, and extends northeast of the river as the Boulevard de Sebastopol and farther out, the Boulevard de Strasbourg, leading to the great railway stations in northern Paris. Around the central ellipse of older Paris, another encircling series of exterior boulevards has been opened and there are also many grand streets leading in various directions, between, much of this work having been done during the Second Empire by the Prefect Baron Haussmann, after whom one of these new boulevards is named. These great streets are all well paved, splendidly lighted, and generally adorned with rows of fine trees, while the almost universal light cream colored stone used in the bordering buildings gives them a most attractive appearance. Brilliant shops and cafés are numerous,

the whole effort of the population being seemingly directed to the attraction of visitors and the elaborate display of goods, so that people are drawn to Paris from all over the world. In fine weather almost everybody is out on the streets and the crowds, music and universal gaiety are exhilarating to the tourist, although the display is usually concentrated upon the common object of getting him to expend his money.

THE BASTILLE.

The Place Bastille is a short distance east of the Ile de la Cité and north of the Seine. This famous square is associated with some of the most terrible memories of the old despotic monarchies and the subsequent French Revolutions and Civil Wars. It is an expansive open space right in the line of the Grand Boulevards, which spread northward from it as the Boulevard Beaumarchais. To the eastward is the Faubourg St. Antoine, densely populated by the artisan classes, and to the westward goes off the Rue St. Antoine to join the Rue Rivoli beyond. In the ancient Paris walls there were various gates at the roads leading out into the country, and here stood the Gate St. Antoine surmounted by two ~~summit~~ and imposing towers. These gates were called ~~ma-~~tilles, and in the fourteenth century Charles V., ~~de-~~termining to build a castle for a citadel ~~for~~ *for* Huguenot ~~Antoine~~ to enlarge this gate, to a tall square fortification, ~~with high, ponderous towers, walls ten feet thick and~~

surrounded by a moat twenty-five feet wide. Thus the Bastille St. Antoine became the citadel of Paris, with cannon mounted to defend it against attack and keep under control the unruly populace of the adjacent faubourg. We are told that retributive justice made the first noted prisoner within its walls, the same Hugues Aubriot who built it. Strong, high and gloomy, this chief Parisian fortress was frequently besieged in the wars of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and once the English held it; here the Grand Condé fought Turenne in 1651.

Gradually, the Bastille became used for a State prison, in which were confined men of high rank who became victims of Court intrigue or were under treasonable charges, many of them held without trial, and at the caprice of the reigning monarch for long periods. Among these prisoners were that famous mystery, the "Man with the Iron Mask," the Duc de Nemours, Voltaire, Fouquet and Cardinal Ribon. Fouquet was Finance Minister for Louis XIV., who quarreled with him and ultimately sent him into exile. Voltaire was the famous writer whose ingenious and insidious literature did so much to foment the French Revolution. He searched out the mystery of the "Man with the Iron Mask," and in the middle of the eighteenth century set all Europe agog by his masterful romancing in which he told the interesting story, and indicated that this mysterious prisoner was in reality a great personage, hinted at as a twin

brother of Louis XIV., who had imprisoned him. The mystery has never been solved, though the subject of investigation by many writers since. It appears that the Chevalier de Saint Mar was governor of the island of St. Marguerite in the Mediterranean opposite Cannes, and the mysterious prisoner first appeared in his charge in the citadel there in 1686. Saint Mar in September, 1698, was made governor of the Bastille, and brought the prisoner here on arrival. He was most carefully guarded, no one being permitted to see his face, which on all occasions when he appeared in the prison yard or elsewhere was covered with a mask, apparently of black velvet. He ate his meals with Saint Mar alone, the latter always having a pair of pistols at his plate. This continued until November, 1703, when the masked man died after a brief illness. The matter did not attract much attention however, until Voltaire wrote about it, and the mystery has since been ineffectually probed for one hundred and fifty years. Louis XIV. lived until 1715.

The French Revolution, growing out of the abuses accumulated during the preceding century, was a natural rebuke to despotism, and began, as such movements usually come, with comparative suddenness, in a revolt of part of the French troops, following a collision in the street that occurred with loss of life July 11, 1789. These revolutionists first adopted the French tri-color, since so universally used—composed of the original Paris colors of red and blue, with

white added as an emblem, it was said, of constitutional purity which was then advocated. So rapidly did the feeling spread, that within a week Lafayette had been made commander of the French forces, and on July 17th, the king, Louis XVI., appeared in public at the Hotel de Ville with the tri-color cockade on his breast. It was quite natural in the excited condition of the public mind, that the hated prison of the Bastille St. Antoine should be detested as the symbol of despotism, and it was attacked on July 14th. It had a garrison of one hundred and thirty-eight, a considerable number being invalided soldiers, and Chevalier De Launay was in charge, and at the time, it is said to have contained only seven prisoners. A multitude of assailants, including several companies of French troops converged upon the Bastille from all sides. The food supply was small, the water cut off, the drawbridge chains were broken and thus the assailants got across the moat and took the outer court. The garrison, however, were able to beat off the attack upon the second court, which infuriated the mob. De Launay proposed blowing up the fortress and all it contained, but this was objected to, the invalided soldiers desiring to capitulate. After a parley, De Launay was promised a free retreat and thus persuaded to let down the inner drawbridge. Then the crowds poured in, most of them bent on rapine and pillage. With difficulty, the French troops succeeded in saving the lives of the common soldiers, but De Launay and his officers were executed. All the few

prisoners were released, and the building remained empty and idle until the next year, when the National Convention decreed its demolition, and much of the materials were used in building a new bridge over the Seine, the Pont de la Concorde. Lafayette got the key of the Bastille, and sent it to General Washington, it being still preserved at Mount Vernon on the Potomac in Virginia.

The Place Bastille has since been the scene of sanguinary conflicts. In the revolution of June, 1848, the insurgents erected a formidable barricade, defending the entrance to the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, and it was only carried after three days of bitter contest when it was battered down by heavy artillery. Here, on the third day, June 25th, the revered Archbishop of Paris, Denis Affre was shot. He had obtained permission from General Cavaignac, commanding the troops, to go in person and endeavor to stop the frightful carnage which had been going on. A young man walked before him, bearing an olive branch as the emblem of peace. As the Archbishop approached, the mob stopped firing for a few moments, and he exhorted them most earnestly to lay down their arms, but it was of no avail. The firing was recommenced, and seeing he could do no good he turned to withdraw when a musket ball struck him. He lingered two days, and his dying words were the expression of a hope that his blood would be the last spilled in civil war. The Archbishop's tomb is in Notre Dame. Again, in the Communist reign of ter-

ror in May, 1871, the Place Bastille became almost the last of their strongholds, they having barricaded every entrance to the square, but the French troops, advancing through Paris from Versailles, attacked and captured it after a prolonged and bloody conflict on May 25th.

There rises in the Place Bastille, the noted Column Juillet, erected in honor of the heroes who fell in the revolution of July, 1830. It was nine years in building and was inaugurated in 1840, when the remains of these heroes were deposited beneath. The Column is over one hundred and fifty feet high, being erected on a round substructure of white marble, originally built by Napoleon who intended to place a colossal fountain here. The column is of bronze, thirteen feet thick, fluted, divided by bands into five sections, on which the names of over six hundred of the fallen are inscribed in gilded letters. The capital is a lantern surmounted by a globe whereon stands a Mercury, spreading his pinions for flight. Medallions on the base bear emblematic inscriptions and figures, including the Parisian armorial bearings, the Gallic cock holding garlands, the bronze lion, astronomical symbol for July, and the dates of the conflicts in which these July victims fell. In the vaults beneath are sarcophagi containing their remains, and here were afterwards placed the corpses of some of the fallen in the Revolution of 1848. When the Communists held the Place Bastille in 1871, they filled these vaults with gunpowder and combustibles, in-

tending to blow up the column, but being attacked by the troops, they withdrew the gunpowder for defence, and thus the destruction was averted.

From the top of the column there is a magnificent view. Northward stretches the wide Boulevard Richard Lenoir, constructed by vaulting over the canal St. Martin for a long distance. Southward this canal extends as a basin to the Seine with a boulevard on either hand, being a peaceful adaptation of the old moat, and having as a closing view beyond the river, the extensive Jardin des Plantes. Northward but inclining toward the west is the grand Boulevard Beaumarchais following the line of the old interior city wall. Northwest leads the Rue St. Antoine to the Rue Rivoli, with the Louvre, the Tuileries gardens and Place de la Concorde in the distance and the Arc de Triomphe far away at the horizon. To the southwest extends the fine new boulevard Henri IV., crossing the Seine and the upper end of Ile St. Louis, by the Pont Sully, the view being closed by the magnificent dome of the Pantheon beyond the river, having the Luxembourg palace and gardens to the right, and close alongside, the towers of the churches of Ste. Geneviève and St. Etienne du Mont. To the eastward is the populous Faubourg while the river comes from the southeast where the confluence of Seine and Marne can be dimly traced beyond the fortifications.

ner boulevards continues west-northwest through the Boulevard St. Martin, and enters a region of dense population. Here are various theatres, and the chief adornment is the Porte St. Martin, on the northern side of the street, a triumphal arch nearly sixty feet high, built by the city in the later seventeenth century, in honor of Louis XIV., the *bas reliefs* reproducing his victories over the Germans, Spaniards and Dutch. This arch spans the entrance to the Rue du Faubourg St. Martin which extends northward, and through it the Allied German and Russian armies entered the city in 1814, when Napoleon was overthrown. Beyond to the westward, the series continues in the Boulevard St. Denis, and a short distance from the Porte, this is crossed at right angles by the magnificent new avenues stretching northward from the old Cité on the Seine, the Boulevard de Sebastopol on the left hand and the Boulevard de Strasbourg on the right. Fine views are given along these two avenues from the Gare da l'Est in the north, to the dome of the Tribunal of Commune down south in the Cité, and the Observatory beyond the Seine. Upon the northern side of the Boulevard St. Denis, at the entrance to the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis rises the Porte St. Denis, another triumphal arch erected in honor of Louis XIV., two years before the Porte St. Martin, to commemorate his victories on the lower Rhine and in Holland. It is much higher, rising eighty feet and spans the street with a single arch. The obelisks on the piers, sculptured

in relief are adorned with military trophies, and represent at their bases, the river-god of the Rhine, and vanquished Batavia, depicted by a dead lion. Above the arch are fine sculptures of the passage of the Rhine and capture of Maestricht in 1672, all having been lately completely restored. Under the arch passes an enormous stream of travel, this being the route from the heart of Paris out northward to St. Denis. These two Portes have been scenes of sanguinary conflicts in all the French revolutions and they were fiercely contested in the terrible Communist era of May, 1871.

PORTE ST. DENIS TO MONTMARTRE.

To the westward of Porte St. Denis, the grand series of avenues continues in the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, named from the ancient church to the southward, Notre Dame de Bonne Nouvelle. Then the route crosses another great line of travel northward out of the old city, through the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, continuing westward as the Boulevard Poissonnière. Near here is the Conservatory of Music and Declamation, founded as a training school for singers and actors for the national stage, the winners of the Grand Prix being sent to Germany and Italy at Government expense to complete their educations, and the distinguished graduates given engagements in the national theatres. Proceeding westward, the traffic becomes more crowded and the

stores are finer, and yet another great line of travel northward out of the old city is crossed, the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. The intersection is regarded as one of the busiest localities in all Paris, the Carrefour Montmartre. Southward are the Halles Centrales, the great Parisian market house, covering twenty-two acres and supplying the older portion of the city. The line of streets to the northward turning to the northwest leads to the heights of Montmartre, the most elevated land in Paris, mounted by flights of steps, the Butte rising three hundred and thirty feet above the Seine, and four hundred and twenty feet above the sea, and crowned by a water reservoir and the extensive and unfinished church of the Sacred Heart, on which over \$6,000,000 have been expended. The great bell, the "Savoyarde," presented by the Province of Savoy, weighing nineteen tons, and ten feet high, is alongside, awaiting completion of the tower. This is one of the famous historical localities of Paris. Its gypsum quarries were worked before the arrival of the Romans. Here St. Denis suffered martyrdom with his companions, and the name of the hill is said to come from that event, the Latin title having been Mons Martyrum, while a Temple of Mars originally stood on the spot. It was in the crypt of the old chapel of Notre Dame de Montmartre in August, 1534, that Ignatius Loyola, a young Spanish nobleman, born at Azpeitia, near San Sebastian, who had adopted a religious life, took the vows which began the Society of Jesuits. Loyola

Peter Faber, Francis Xavier and four others then solemnly made their vows, and subsequently six more were admitted to the order, making thirteen in all; and they afterward adopted the name of the "Company of Jesus" for their society, at Vicenza, Italy, in November, 1537, their services being offered to the Pope as a special militia for the church. John Calvin first used the popular title of J suits in referring to them.

The summit of Montmartre is now a public park, and much of the adjacent region a cemetery. Here was witnessed the final struggle between Napoleon's French troops and the Allies in March, 1814, and it was an important stronghold in the German siege of 1870-71. On March 18th, 1871, the Communists assassinated the French Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, and began their rebellion by taking possession of the cannon mounted on Montmartre, and they held the summit until May 24th, when the Government troops from Versailles dislodged them, and turned the Montmartre batteries upon the other Communist strongholds to the eastward, overcoming the rebellion a few days later.

THE BOURSE.

The Boulevard Montmartre extends a short distance westward, and then crossing the Rue de Richelieu the route turns west-southwest through the Boulevard des Italiens, the most fashionable of the series, getting its name from the old Theatre des Italiens.

To the eastward of the Rue Richelieu, and south of the line of boulevards, is the Paris Bourse or Stock Exchange. This fine building reproducing the Temple Vespasian at Rome, being surrounded by a colonnade of sixty-four Corinthian columns, was begun in 1808 and was eighteen years building. It is about two hundred and twenty-five feet long and a hundred feet high, with an elaborate flight of steps at each end. The site was originally occupied by a Convent. Appropriate allegorical statues adorn it, and the scene of the stock brokers' operations is the great hall within, which is over a hundred feet long, where they conduct their business between twelve and three o'clock with loud noise and much violent exercise at times. The public can view the animated spectacle from the gallery. Upon the Boulevard des Italiens are many of the finest stores and cafés, and on its southern side, the famous Opéra Comique, burnt in 1887, but since rebuilt, and farther along the imposing bank of the Credit Lyonnaise. On the northern side is the noted Café Riche, rebuilt in Louis XV. style in 1897-9, and here, where the Rue le Peletier intersects, Orsini attempted the assassination of Louis Napoleon in 1858. Beyond is the restaurant of the Maison Dorée, and then comes in the Rue de Lafitte, which some distance northward leads to the attractive Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, the latter a simple structure designed to reproduce an early Christian basilica, the interior sumptuously decorated, and behind it rises the lofty Butte Montmar-

tre. The Boulevard des Italiens extends into the Boulevard des Capucines, which intersects the extensive and attractive Place de l'Opera.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Place de l'Opera is one of the attractive squares, of which Paris has so many, that are availed of as the converging centre for fine streets. The magnificent Opera House, the greatest in the world, rises grandly on its northern verge, with streets on either hand that extend behind it to the northward. Fronting on the Boulevard des Capucines the square has on its eastern side, the imposing Vaudeville Theatre, and to the westward, the Grand Hotel. It was in this spacious Place de l'Opera that electric lights were first displayed in 1867, attracting the wonder of the world to the then novel method of public illumination. In front and southward from the square extends the handsome Avenue de l'Opera to the Place de la Theatre Français down by the Tuileries and the Seine. Southeast runs the Rue Quatre Septembre past the Bourse, and south-southwest the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendome. Magnificent stores, cafés, clubs and offices are all around and a more sumptuous square could hardly be devised. The Opera House, which is a national enterprise, covers nearly three acres, was begun in 1861, occupied thirteen years in building, and its cost with the decorations and furnishings was over \$10,000,000. When

it was projected, there were competitive plans submitted by 171 architects, out of which forty-three were selected by the jury of award. These were boiled down and consolidated at first into sixteen and afterward into seven plans. Then finally M. Charles Garnier proved the successful competitor, and was given charge of the building, this artist devoting himself so thoroughly to the task that he came to be called "Garnier de l'Opera."

The front of the building, while richly ornamented, is heavy and rather unimpressive, mainly because, unlike most structures, there is no principal entrance. It presents an elaborate display in varied colors, of groups, statues, busts, medallions and other decorations, all connected with the opera, drama, poetry and music. The approach is by a broad flight of steps, and the façade is constructed in three stories, the ground-floor being a portico of seven arches, surmounted by the Loggia with thirty Corinthian columns, sixteen being stone monoliths thirty-three feet high, with fourteen intermediate smaller columns of red marble having gilded bronze capitals; and over the Loggia is a richly sculptured attic, highly embellished. A moderate sized dome is on the centre of the building, but so low that it is only visible from a distance. This dome is over the auditorium, and behind it there rises above the stage a large triangular pediment decorated at the flanks with enormous groups of Pegasi, and surmounting the centre is a colossal Apollo raising aloft his golden lyre, this

animated statue seen against the sky, forming the culminating point of the great edifice.

In the centre of each lateral façade there is a large cylindrical pavilion with a spacious carriage entrance. That upon the eastern side is the entrance for regular subscribers to the Opera, while upon the western side, the Pavillon d'Honneur has a double carriage approach, this being the entrance for the officials of the Government on grand occasions. The interior is decorated with great splendour. Gilded gates lead into the vestibule, where statues of great musicians look down upon the ticket offices. Within is the grand staircase, regarded as the gem of the interior construction—the steps of white marble, the balustrades *rosso antico*, the handrail, Algerian onyx—thirty elaborate monolithic columns rising all around to the height of the third floor, the ceiling frescoes elaborate, and appropriate, with statuary and paintings scattered throughout. Below this staircase is a fountain. Over the vestibule and entrances, and approached through the Avant Foyer, is the Grand Foyer du Public, its windows and two doorways opening out upon the Loggia with a view over the square. This Public Foyer is one of the most impressive halls, sixty feet high and one hundred and seventy-five feet long, having huge mirrors opposite all the windows, and decorated with emblematic statuary and frescoes, while at either end are monumental chimney pieces. A spacious buffet adjoins. The Auditorium known as the “Salle,” while the most extensive, and

the most gaudily decorated in the world, has not as large seating capacity, being exceeded in numbers by Milan's La Scala, the Naples San Carlo, and the Vienna Opera House. There are seats for 2,156 persons, and it has five tiers of boxes. The capacious stage is nearly one hundred and eighty feet wide, one hundred feet high and seventy-five feet deep, and communicating with it is the ball room or "Foyer de la Danse," which has at its end the celebrated mirror said to be probably nowhere else exceeded in size, being thirty-three feet high and twenty-three feet wide. There is a museum of operatic curiosities in the building, and Garnier's monument and bust are in the Pavillon d'Honneur.

THE MADELEINE AND CORPS LEGISLATIF.

The Boulevard des Capucines passes Rue Scribe containing banking and steamship offices and is prolonged by the Boulevard de la Madeleine leading to the famous church, standing in a spacious square. This magnificent edifice, the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, known to Parisians as "La Madeleine," is a Greek temple which was nearly eighty years in building. Louis XV. began it in 1764, the Revolution suspended the work, and Napoleon conceived the idea of making it the "Temple of Glory," but his downfall again stopped construction. Louis XVIII., who succeeded, desired to make it an expiatory chapel with monuments to the unfortunate king Louis XVI.

and Marie Antoinette. Again, the Revolution of July interfered with this, but the church was finally completed by Louis Philippe in 1842. It is three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and forty feet wide and one hundred feet high, surrounded by an imposing colonnade of fifty-two Corinthian columns, each rising forty-nine feet. This colonnade, which is the most admired feature, is erected upon a basement twenty-three feet high, approached by elaborate flights of steps extending the whole length of the façade. There are no windows in the church, which has solid stone walls, but in the niches all around it are thirty-four statues of saints, and the entablature is enriched with elegant sculptures. The relief in the southern façade represents the Last Judgment. The bronze doors, next to St. Peter's at Rome, the largest existing, are sixteen feet broad and thirty-five feet high, being adorned with illustrations of the Ten Commandments. This magnificent building, which cost \$2,500,000, is highly decorated in the interior with paintings, sculpture, gilding and marble, the prevailing subjects relating to St. Mary Magdalen, there being a fine marble group on the High Altar representing her borne to Paradise by two angels. Light comes in from above, through three cupolas resting on arches supported by columns. The choir is surrounded by chapels. This church has one of the greatest organs in Paris and is famed for its sacred music on festival days.

From the Place de la Madeleine, the Rue Royale in

front of the famous church extends southwest to the Place de la Concorde on the Seine, and crosses on the way the intersection of the Rue St. Honore. In the Rue Royale were enacted in 1871 some of the most dastardly Communist outrages. Groups of houses were deliberately set on fire and twenty-seven persons perished in the flames, while the water in the fire engines was replaced by petroleum pumped on the conflagration. In full view across the Place de la Concorde rises on the southern bank of the Seine the Chambre des Deputés, officially known as the Palais du Corps Législatif, which was formerly the Palais Bourbon. Originally the front was away from the river, but by the later improvements the principal façade has been made on the northern side toward the Seine, as a Greek temple with a fine Corinthian colonnade. This palace was begun in 1722 for the dowager Duchess of Bourbon and the Condés afterward spent large sums upon its extension. In the Revolution in 1790 it became a national building, being used for the sittings of the Council of Five Hundred, and later for the Chambre des Deputés, which has nearly six hundred members. The front is appropriately decorated, having statues of famous ministers and allegorical reliefs. The large Assembly Hall within is a semicircle borne by marble columns behind which are the public galleries. Its decorations include statues of Liberty and Public Order, and tapestries reproducing Raphael's "School of Athens." To the right of the building is the residence of the

President of the Chamber, having adjacent and also fronting the Seine, the fine modern structure which is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

We have crossed the Seine by the Pont de la Concorde and now enter the series of inner Boulevards on the southern side, beginning with the Boulevard St. Germain, extending far to the southeast. This noted street of modern construction is over two miles long and passes through the Faubourg St. Germain, the aristocratic quarter, where the foreign ministers and old nobility reside and there are numerous hotels and fine pensions, while beyond is the Quartier Latin, the region of the University and the schools. At the beginning of the street rises the low tower of the War Department building, while beyond along the bank of the Seine extends the Quai d'Orsay. To this has been brought by a recent extension through tunnels, the Orleans railway, so that the capacious Gare d'Orleans is now among the features of Paris, the trains being drawn by electricity. Southwest of the War Department is the fine modern Gothic church of Sainte Clotilde, the two front towers terminating in slender spires rising over two hundred feet. Here are the shrines of Ste. Clotilde and Ste. Valère, the latter having been the martyr of Limousin to whom originally a chapel was dedicated on the site of this church. There are many public and religious buildings in this

neighborhood, and at the Seminary of Foreign Missions is shown the *Chambre des Martyrs*, which contains numerous instruments brought from all parts of the world used in torturing Christian missionaries, with their bloodstained clothing and other relics. To the northward near the Seine is the Government *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, for the teaching of painting and sculpture, founded in the seventeenth century, the buildings being extensive and having elaborate museums and galleries. There are usually here over twelve hundred students and forty professors and the winners of the grand prizes are sent to Rome at Government expense for four years to complete their education. In the courts of this palace are the façades and other artistic gems from many buildings, and among them the famous façade brought from the *Château of Gaillon*. In the amphitheatre is the celebrated *Hémicycle* of Paul Delaroche, an encaustic painting representing the greatest artists of all ages and nations, containing seventy-five figures. This magnificent work is thirteen feet in height and displays on a throne in the centre, the great Greek masters, the sculptor Phidias, the architect Ictinus who designed the Parthenon, and the painter Apelles. Female figures in front represent the Greek, Gothic, Romanesque and Renaissance Art. The whole surface is filled with the famous painters, architects and sculptors of the world.

To the southward and near the present route of the Boulevard St. Germain was originally located the es-

tablishment which gave its name to the boulevard and faubourg, the powerful Abbey of St. Germain, now represented by its relic, one of the ancient churches of Paris, St. Germain des Prés. This abbey was founded in the sixth century by King Childebert and dedicated to St. Vincent, though afterward its dedication was changed to St. Germain one of the most revered of the early bishops of Paris. Meadows, or "Prés," surrounded it, extending northward to the river shore, and hence the present name. Its abbots became powerful rulers, cardinals and even kings, among them being Hugh Capet, who founded the Capetian line of Frankish kings, and King Casimir V. of Poland. The ancient church is a construction of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the nave being the oldest, and the choir consecrated in 1163, though afterward changed in various ways to the Gothic style. This church was used as a saltpetre factory in the Revolution but was restored from its dilapidation in the nineteenth century. The interior displays elaborate mural paintings, and has monuments of two exiles from Scotland, William, Earl of Douglas, who died in 1611, and James, Duke of Douglas, dying in 1645. There is also the monument of Casimir V., who abdicated his throne in Poland to become the abbot, and died in 1672. There are tombs and memorials of Descartes, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Boileau and Olivier and Louis de Castellan. The old Abbey prison which was notorious for its massacres during the Revolution, was torn down, to make way

for the Boulevard St. Germain, when that street was opened through the Abbey grounds.

A short distance southwest is the Place St. Sulpice, and fronting its eastern side is the greatest church in Paris south of the Seine, founded by Queen Anne of Austria in 1645, but not completed until the subsequent century. It is very large, over four hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and eighty feet wide and one hundred and eight feet high. The façade is flanked by two towers of different construction, the one that is finished rising two hundred and twenty-four feet. This façade which is universally admired, is a Doric and an Ionic colonnade, one surmounting the other, and the entrance is flanked by statues of Saints Peter and Paul. The interior is magnificently adorned, and the organ is regarded as among the best existing. There are eighteen chapels, each of them displaying admirable frescoes. A feature of St. Sulpice is the "meridian line" drawn across the pavement of the transept, and dating from 1743. A ray of light at high noon enters a small aperture in a southern window, and falls upon this line which is prolonged to an obelisk of white marble marking the north. The Seminary of St. Sulpice for the education of priests fronts the square, which is also adorned by a fountain, embellished by statues of four famous French preachers—Massillon, Fénelon, Bossuet and Fléchier—in the years when the church was building. These were the greatest pulpit orators of their respective eras.

HOTEL DE CLUNY.

Farther southeast the Boulevard St. Germain is intersected at right angles by the Boulevard St. Michel, coming across from the Seine at the old Cité. This is one of the great streets and passes through the heart of the Latin Quarter. Here flourishes without stint the French student, and the street is lined with his favorite cafés and resorts, in a region of dense population. To the northward near the Seine is the Place Michel, having the great fountain, eighty-four feet high, erected in 1860 to commemorate the Saint, in Renaissance. Rising from a spacious rock is a triumphal arch under which the water falls into three basins, while the rock contains a bronze group of St. Michael and the dragon. In all directions from this square, streets lead into the most intricate parts of older Paris, with ancient little churches and many relics of the distant past, and the intersection of the two great boulevards is one of the busiest places in the French capital. On the southwestern side of this intersection is the extensive block of buildings composing the Ecole de Médecine, dating from the eighteenth century, its simple, yet impressive front facing the Boulevard St. Germain. All around are its laboratories, museums and library, and here have been educated many of the most famous physicians of France and Europe.

Upon the southeastern side of the intersection of

the two boulevards is the famous Hotel de Cluny, one of the most celebrated museums of Paris. The Roman Emperor Constantinus Chlorus founded here in the third century a palace and baths, which was noted as being the place where Julian in 361 was proclaimed emperor by his soldiers. This palace became afterward a residence of the ancient Frankish kings, until they removed to the later palace on the Ile de la Cité. There still remain the Thermes on the side adjoining the Boulevard St. Michel, which are the ruins of the old Roman baths, a series of ancient halls of simple but massive architecture. The largest of these was the Frigidarium, or "chamber of cold baths," sixty-five feet long, its vaulting adorned with representations of ships' prows, showing that ancient Lutetia was on a navigable stream, and from these a part of the armorial bearings of Paris was derived. Adjoining is the smaller Tepidarium, or "chamber of warm baths." The waters were brought by an aqueduct of which remains are yet traceable. In the fourteenth century, the abbots of Cluny near Maçon in Burgundy, a wealthy Benedictine house that had much real estate in Paris, acquired this palace ruins, and during the next century they built the present Hotel de Cluny which is a fine structure in the later Gothic. Queen Mary of England, the widow of Louis XII., lived here after his death, and her room, known as the "Chambre de la Reine-Blanche," in allusion to the wearing of white mourning by the French queens, is still shown. Later the property fell into possession

of M. Sommerard, the antiquarian, who gathered a museum of the objects of art of the middle ages, which was finally acquired by the Government after his death in 1842. The Musée de Cluny et des Thermes is now a most extensive and valuable national collection of objects of mediæval art, industry and antiquities. Among the attractive apartments is the highly sculptured Gothic chapel, the roof borne by a single octagonal pillar in the centre with rich tracery.

THE LUXEMBOURG AND THE OBSERVATORY.

Adjoining the Boulevard St. Michel to the southwest a short distance are the extensive Palace and Gardens of the Luxembourg. This is now the meeting place of the Senate of France. The Palais was erected in the early seventeenth century for Marie de Médecis, the widow of Henri IV. There originally stood here the old Hotel de Luxembourg, from which the palace derived its name. The building while of French characteristics imitates in some respects the Pitti Palace at Florence, whence came the Queen's ancestry. The corners are lofty pavilions, the front façade being nearly three hundred feet long and facing the north. The palace descended from Queen Marie to the Orleans family, but in the Revolution the Government took it. The Directory sat here, and afterward the Consul and during the First Empire, Napoleon's Senate. After the Restoration it was occupied by the Chamber of Peers, but since the estab-

lishment of the Republic it has again been the *Chambre du Sénat*. The building surrounds a spacious square. The interior is handsomely decorated, the principal apartments being the Hall of the Senate and the *Salle des Pas-Perdus*, the latter having been fitted up for a throne room in the Second Empire. In the Senate Hall the paintings on each side of the President's rostrum represent on the one hand, the Peers offering the crown to Philip le Long, and on the other the Estates at Tours, conferring upon Louis XII., the title of "Father of the People." There are statues of Charlemagne and St. Louis, with various great ministers of State including Colbert, L'Hopital, Turgot and Malesherbes. The Grand Gallery in the eastern wing of the palace is adorned with frescoes, and it was for this apartment that Rubens made his series of eighteen large paintings depicting scenes in the life of Queen Marie, which are now in the Rubens gallery of the Louvre. In her widowhood the Queen was for seven years regent for her son Louis XIII., and was then exiled four years. When she returned to Paris in 1621 and determined to embellish the Luxembourg, she entrusted the task to Rubens, who came to Paris the next year and painted the eighteen sketches which are now at Munich. He returned to Antwerp and in 1625, with the aid of his pupils had completed the series of paintings. They represent in allegorical fashion the Queen's entire life, closing with Marie and her son Louis XIII. in Olympus. The President

of the French Senate resides in a western wing known as the Petit-Luxembourg. In the adjacent Museum, are collections of the works in painting and sculpture by French contemporary artists, which after their deaths are usually transferred to the Louvre or to galleries in the French Provinces. The spacious Garden of the Luxembourg, south of the palace, is a favorite Parisian resort all day and evening, and is profusely decorated with statuary.

To the southward of the Luxembourg is the Observatory of Paris. As is usual in the artistic arrangement of the Parisian streets, a series of stately avenues, open southward from the Luxembourg garden one into another, ascending the slope toward the Observatory. First comes the Allée de l'Observatoire, a finely embellished promenade with flower beds, shrubbery and marble groups, and having at its southern end a grand fountain. Streets from the east and west, and the Boulevard St. Michel coming up from the northeast unite in the Carrefour de l'Observatoire. Here Marshal Ney was shot in December, 1815, and his bronze statue marks the spot, there also being a monument to Francis Garnier, the explorer of Tonquin. All around this square are public institutions and charities. To the eastward is the Institution for Deaf Mutes, in the court of which is an elm tree of giant size, planted in 1605, regarded as the oldest tree in Paris, and also a statue of the Abbé de l'Épée the founder, said to have been the work of a deaf mute. Beyond is the extensive military hospital and church

of the Val de Grâce. Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., having been married thirty-two years without issue, made a vow that if her desire for an heir should be realized she would build a church at Val de Grâce, which in 1621 she had founded as a nunnery. Louis XIV. was born, and in 1625, the corner-stone of this church was laid with great pomp. Its very lofty dome is a miniature of St. Peter's in Rome, fifty-three feet in diameter and one hundred and thirty feet high, and the church thus made a royal foundation became the burial place of members of the Orleans family. Here is the tomb of Queen Henrietta, daughter of Henri IV., sister of Louis XIII. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England. In 1790 the conventual buildings were converted into a military hospital, since enlarged. In the front court are bronze statues of the two barons Larrey, father and son, famous surgeons of Napoleon's time, the former having been his surgeon-in-chief, so greatly admired that in his will, Napoleon bequeathed him \$20,000. The Baron is represented as leaning against a gun, having in his hand the will, opened at the words: "I leave 100,000 francs to Surgeon-in-chief Larrey, the most virtuous man I know." Queen Anne bequeathed her heart to Val de Grâce, and there is still shown the casket wherein the hearts of the Bourbon-Orleans family, her successors, were preserved, until the Revolution came. Westward from the Carrefour, various streets extend a short distance over to the chief burial place of southern Paris, the

Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. Southward, the stately Avenue de l'Observatoire leads up to that building. The Observatory was founded in 1672, and has been repeatedly extended. The meridian of Paris runs through the building, and the latitude of the southern façade $48^{\circ} 50'$ north, is established as the latitude of Paris. It is a complete astronomical institution, and in front toward the south is the statue of Le Verrier, the great astronomer.

Southwest of the Observatory enclosure it is adjoined by the Place Denfert-Rochereau, formerly not inappropriately called the Place d'Enfer, as here is a chief entrance to the Catacombs. Bartholdi has ornamented this square with a huge lion in black, hammered copper. The Romans opened quarries on the southern side of the Seine, yielding a soft limestone which hardened when exposed to the air. These were subsequently extensively worked and their subterranean galleries extended under a large part of southern Paris. As streets over them began sinking in the eighteenth century, the Government constructed a system of supporting buttresses, and about the same time began conveying bodies there from cemeteries that had been ordered closed, so that they were gradually converted into a vast charnel house and became popularly known as the Catacombs. During the Revolution, enormous numbers of bodies, brought from various places were put there, but Napoleon in 1810, ordered a systematic method of disposing of the remains, so that the plan since has been orderly.

The cavities and galleries are completely lined with carefully arranged human skulls and bones, representing over six millions of bodies.

THE SORBONNE.

The Sorbonne is east of the Boulevard St. Michel and south of the Hotel de Cluny, and is the centre of the Latin Quarter. The Rue des Ecoles, (street of the schools) extends eastward from the Boulevard through the Quarter. Cardinal Richelieu in 1629 erected a building called the Sorbonne for the Theological Faculty of the Paris University. Originally the site was occupied by a hostel founded by the confessor of St. Louis, Robert de Sorbonne, in the thirteenth century, for the accommodation of poor students of theology and their tutors. It ultimately acquired a high reputation, becoming the centre of scholastic theology, so that in time the name came to be applied to the theological faculty. It continued to be the head of the Catholic Church in France, until abolished by the Revolution. Napoleon in 1808 made the Sorbonne, the seat of the University of France, including the official head of the educational department of the Government, but in 1896, it was made purely educational, the provincial establishments being independent. There are now in the Sorbonne, five faculties, occupying various buildings, Theology, Literature, Science, Law and Medicine, and the lectures are free to the public. Usually there are about twelve thousand

students in the five faculties, including several hundred women. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Sorbonne was almost entirely rebuilt and extended, so that now the vast structure is over eight hundred feet long and three hundred and thirty feet broad, presenting its great façade toward the northward along the Rue des Ecoles. This is adorned with two elaborate pediments, representing Literature and Science, and eight statues, reproducing Archæology, Philosophy, Geography, History, Mathematics, Physics, Natural History and Chemistry. In the vestibule are statues of Archimedes and Homer. The interior is appropriately decorated and the chief hall is an amphitheatre which can accommodate thirty-five hundred persons, and is frequently used for great functions and meetings. In it are six statues representative of the development of the Sorbonne—Sorbonne, Richelieu, Descartes, Pascal, Rollin and Lavoisier. Upon the wall is the famous allegorical painting, the masterpiece of Puvis de Chavannes, and regarded as one of the greatest modern decorative works—"The Sacred Grove"—depicting in the centre the Sorbonne, to the right the Exact Sciences, and to the left the Historic Sciences. Many of the most famous French artists have contributed to the decoration of this famous structure.

The only portion of Richelieu's original structure now preserved is the Church of the Sorbonne, surmounted by a prominent dome and having the noted picture of Robert de Sorbonne presenting young stu-

dents of theology to St. Louis. Here is Richelieu's tomb, executed in the seventeenth century, representing him, semi-recumbent, supported by Religion, while Science alongside is in grief, an admirable statue. Adjoining are various schools, among them the Lycée Louis le Grand founded in 1280, and fronting the Rue des Ecoles, and the College de France, established in 1530 by Francis I. This has been extended, enlarged, and its buildings completely restored in the nineteenth century. It was a broad foundation, and the inscription *Docet Omnia*, over the entrance indicated that it embraced all branches of learning. It is free to the people, the lectures being of popular character, there being about fifty instructors, and many of the most noted teachers and lecturers in France have been in its faculty. The great French law school, connected with the University is southeast of the Sorbonne—the Ecole de Droit—adjoining the extensive Place de Pantheon.

THE PANTHEON.

The revered Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, was born near the old Cité in the fifth century, about the year 425. Tradition says that when she was only in her seventh year, developing a very pious character, Bishop St. Germain induced her to dedicate herself to a religious life. She was distinguished for active benevolence and austere sanctity and many legends of her miracles are extant. She received supernatural revelations, and predicted the invasion of

Gaul by the Huns, but when Attila and his hordes threatened Paris in 451, she encouraged the people by her assurance that the attack would come to naught, and by her interposition saved the city. In 460 she caused a church to be built over the tomb of the martyr St. Denis, where Dagobert I. afterward founded the Abbey in 638. St. Geneviève died in 512, at a ripe old age, universally mourned, and her tomb was made upon the highest elevation in southern Paris and her festival day fixed for January 3d. Over the tomb was erected a chapel succeeded by the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève and a church, and the imposing Pantheon with its elaborate dome now crowns the elevation. The church of Ste. Geneviève having fallen into decay in the eighteenth century, a new church dedicated to the Saint was begun on the site in 1764, being twenty-six years building. The architect was Soufflot, and a fine street named in his honor is extended westward from the Pantheon to the Luxembourg. The Revolution came as the church of Ste. Geneviève was being completed and the French Convention determined to convert it into a memorial temple dedicated to the great men of France, naming it the Panthéon. In 1806 it was restored by Napoleon to religious worship, but the Revolution of July, 1830, again made it a memorial temple. Louis Napoleon consecrated it once more in 1851, but it was secularized anew in 1885, preliminary to the obsequies of Victor Hugo.

This magnificent structure has a lofty dome seventy-five feet in diameter rising two hundred and sev-

enty feet and supported by a fine encircling Corinthian colonnade, the whole surmounted by a lantern. The building is a Greek cross, three hundred and seventy feet long and two hundred and seventy-six feet wide. The front portico imitates the Pantheon at Rome, eleven steps ascending to a huge Corinthian colonnade of twenty-two fluted columns, eighty-one feet high. The spacious tympanum is enriched by sculptures representative of the objects of the building, the chief figure sixteen feet high, being France, between Liberty and History bestowing emblems upon her children. There are two fine marble groups under the portico,—one being the representation of Ste. Geneviève imploring Attila to spare Paris, and the other St. Remegius baptizing Clovis. The interior is majestic, a colonnade on either side of the aisles, bearing a gallery running around the church, and the massive dome rising high above. There are statues of St. Denis and St. Remegius beside the principal entrance and of St. Germain, St. Martin, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Bernard, St. Jean de Matha and St. Vincent de Paul, within. Upon the walls, the frescoes represent many religious and historical events. Within the dome an immense painting depicts Ste. Geneviève receiving the homage of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis and Louis XVIII., this having been executed by Gros in 1824, and above are the victims of the Revolution, Louis XVI. and Louis XVII., Marie Antoinette and Madame Elisabeth. Under this noble dome in 1902, the scientists Berget and Camille Flammarion

conducted their pendulum experiments to prove the rotation of the earth. To a wire two hundred and ten feet long, a leaden ball weighing fifty-six pounds was attached, the oscillation lasting eight seconds in each direction, and the pendulum apparently displacing itself in the opposite direction to the movement of the earth's rotation.

In the vaults of the Pantheon are the tombs of the great men. The first placed here were Mirabeau in 1791, and afterward in 1793, the fierce Jacobin Marat whom Charlotte Corday assassinated, but the Convention subsequently ordered their bodies taken out. Among those interred are Voltaire, Rousseau, Soufflot, La Tour d'Auvergne, whom Napoleon called "the first grenadier of France," Marshal Lannes, Lagrange, the mathematician, General Marceau, Baudin, Victor Hugo, and President Carnot. The insurgents in 1848 had their headquarters in the Pantheon, and the Communists made it a fortified stronghold in 1871, their barricades in the outer square being stormed by the troops and only taken after a severe struggle. They had placed gunpowder in the vaults to blow up the building, but this fortunately was prevented. There are various schools around the square, and on its northern verge the extensive Library of Ste. Geneviève, coming down from the time of the abbey and since greatly augmented. At the northeast corner of the square rises the famous church of St. Etienne du Mont, regarded as having one of the finest interiors among Parisian churches. There are aisles and a

nave, almost of equal height, with twelve slender round pillars on either side, bearing the lofty vaulting above, and united by a gallery halfway up. An exquisite rood loft separates the choir from the nave. A colossal Samson holds up the pulpit, constructed in the seventeenth century, and there is admirable stained glass, some being of the sixteenth century. The tomb of Ste. Geneviève is in this church, with a sarcophagus said to be hers but believed to be of the thirteenth century, and crowds of worshippers come here on her fête day. An ancient square tower still standing alongside the church is said to be a relic of the older Abbey.

JARDIN DES PLANTES AND THE GOBELINS.

The Boulevard St. Germain, we have been following now bends to the eastward, and just south of the Seine, terminates at the new Boulevard Henri IV., which crosses the river and the upper end of Ile St. Louis, northeastward on its route to the Place Bastille. This fine boulevard was named for Henri of Navarre, the "people's king," and the bridge by which the river is crossed is the Pont Sully, recalling his famous finance minister, Maximilian de Bethune, the Duke of Sully, who died in 1641. With the true Parisian sense of the artistic, this Boulevard is constructed in a direct line from the Column of July to the lofty Dome of the Pantheon, thus in the vista views grandly displaying both. The great Halle aux

Vins, the wine storehouses, adjoins the river above the Pont Sully, and has the Jardin des Plantes to the eastward, also fronting the Quai along the Seine. This establishment, besides the botanical gardens, includes the Museums and most of the Parisian institutions of natural history, and a large zoölogical collection. It covers about seventy-five acres, and was originally projected in 1626 by the botanist Guy de Labrosse, physician to Louis XIII. In the eighteenth century under the management of Buffon the garden was greatly enlarged and entirely remodeled. Later the French Government menagerie was brought here from Versailles, and the establishment was designated as the Museum of Natural History, its present official title. The most frequented part is the Menagerie, which is quite extensive, the ground at the western extremity running up into a labyrinth upon an artificial mound eighty feet high, having on its eastern slope a splendid Cedar of Lebanon, ten feet in circumference, which was planted here in 1735 by Adrian de Jussieu. There are a monument to Daubenton, the mineralogist, and a fountain in memory of Cuvier. The natural history galleries and museums are among the most extensive existing. The Gallery of Zoölogy is a handsome structure and in it is the tomb of the founder, Guy de Labrosse, and a statue of Buffon. The Geological gallery has statues of Cuvier and of René Haiiy, the mineralogist, and the Botanical gallery a statue of Jussieu. Here are exhibited the American herbarium presented by Von Humboldt, and the herbarium

of Lemarck from the Rostock University. The Anatomical gallery is the most recent building, and is to be extended. Two bronze statues are in front, The Stone Age and the First Artist, and within are various representative paintings. This gallery contains Cuvier's famous collection. The Botanical Garden exhibits most of the European flora, among them the first acacia introduced into France, brought by Robin in 1601 and planted here in 1636, a few years after the garden was opened.

Crossing the Boulevard de l'Hopital, which extends southward from the Seine, the visitor finds on the other side the extensive enclosure of "The Hospital," or the Hospice de la Salpêtrière, an enormous establishment devoted to an asylum for aged and insane women and the treatment of nervous diseases, embracing forty-five blocks of buildings and containing nearly four thousand beds. The nucleus of this great hospital was originally an arsenal built by Louis XIII. To the southwest of the establishment on the Avenue des Gobelins is the famous French Government manufactory of tapestries. This institution got its name from the Gobelin family, who were wool dyers. King Francis I. originally introduced the tapestry-weaving into France, establishing a workshop at Fontainebleau, southeast from Paris with Flemish weavers. Henri IV. early in the seventeenth century took this up and gave it a great impetus, bringing skilled working people from Italy and Holland. Jean Gobelin had started wool dyeing about 1450, and in 1630 his

family broadened the business into tapestry making, so that the works were soon taken by the Government, being bought in 1662 by Louis XIV. at the suggestion of his minister Colbert. They were then placed under the direction of the artist Charles le Brun. All the French Governments encouraged the industry and in 1804 Napoleon established the Gobelins factory as a public institution. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century the manufacture has been confined to tapestries, though before that time there also were made bronzes, furniture, embroideries, mosaics, and goldsmiths' work. The whole output is reserved for public purposes, and there has been added since 1826 a state carpet manufactory called *La Savonnerie*, because it was originally started in a building that had been used for a soap factory. The tapestries are very fine in texture, strong and brilliant in color, made on high-warp looms with vertical warp threads; some of the carpets have taken many years to manufacture, costing as high as \$30,000, and one of them made for the Louvre was thirteen hundred feet long. There are wools used of every color and shade, about fourteen thousand different ones, and the tapestry is an exact copy of a picture. Three looms are now used for producing the Gobelin tapestry proper, and about forty artists are employed, some families having been in the works for many generations. The task requires great patience, a practiced eye, and the skilled artist may be able to complete three or four square yards in a year, though the average is not over one and

a half square yards. Like so many other public places in Paris, the Communists in 1871 burnt a good deal of the Gobelins, destroying about seventy most valuable tapestries. There are many old and a few modern tapestries displayed in the exhibition rooms, and the workshops are open to visitors, both the Gobelins weaving and the carpet weaving of *La Savonnerie* being shown.

THE ROQUETTE AND BUTTES CHAUMONT.

We are back again in our boulevard circular journey to the starting point, the Place Bastille. From this square the surface of the city ascends toward the northeast and north, in the district of Belleville, culminating in the highest hills of eastern Paris, the Buttes Chaumont. All this region, with the Faubourg St. Antoine adjoining to the southward, is densely populated and was the last Communist stronghold as they were gradually beaten back eastward through the city to final defeat, late in May, 1871. Northeast from the Place Bastille the Rue de la Roquette leads to the Place Voltaire and beyond to the Roquette prison and thence up the hillslopes to the extensive Cemetery of Père Lachaise. In the Place Voltaire is a statue of Ledru Rollin, the "organiser of universal suffrage" in France. In the Roquette prison, condemned criminals awaited their execution in the olden time, and it was here on May 24th, 1871, that the venerable Archbishop Darboy and five others,

mostly priests, held by the Communists as hostages were brutally murdered. Two days later thirty-seven other prisoners similarly held were shot, and twenty-eight gendarmes were taken from the prison to Père Lachaise and also murdered. On the afternoon of May 27th, the Communists released all the convicts in La Roquette, arms were placed in their hands, and they immediately massacred nearly a hundred other prisoners who had been held there by the Commune. This reign of terror was only stopped by the arrival of the troops. The last place of vantage held by the Commune was the Buttes Chaumont, the western and highest part of the ridge to the northward and summit of the hill of Belleville, whence they were driven out by the fierce cannonade from Montmartre on May 27th.

These hills, or "buttes," rising in their highest rocky eminence, three hundred and thirty feet above the Seine, are now made a public park which covers nearly sixty acres of the summit, giving an admirable view of the city and the region west and north to St. Denis. A wire cable bridge over two hundred feet long, crosses from one high rock to the other. Here stood the ancient gibbet of Montfaucon, where malefactors were executed until 1761. The place has been made very attractive, the nature of the surface favoring the improvement, the old quarries being transformed into a rocky wilderness surrounded by gardens and a lake with a cascade falling a hundred feet. A small Corinthian temple surmounts the highest eleva-

tion. Statues and sculptures are distributed about this park and it is one of the most attractive in Paris. The Metropolitan Railway serving this densely populated region and running under the exterior boulevards is tunnelled beneath these hills of Belleville. It was here on the evening of August 10, 1903, between Belleville and Ménilmontant, near the Station des Couronnes that occurred the terrible accident in the tunnel whereby a train caught fire from the derangement of the electrical apparatus and explosion, eighty-four persons being suffocated or burnt to death.

PERE LACHAISE.

From the Place Voltaire, the Rue de la Roquette ascends to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, the adjacent streets being narrow, crooked and lined with myriads of little houses having an overflowing population. Other streets also lead to it from the Place de la Republique, and on the city side the cemetery is fronted by the wide Boulevard Ménilmontant, availed of as a market, largely patronized by old clothes men and other second hand dealers. All the streets approaching this great "Cemetery of the East," as it is officially entitled, seem to be monopolized by the trades intimately connected with burials, the undertakers, stonecutters and memorial providers, and they hang out their goods with all the profuse display for which the French are noted. These memorials of the dead, however, are only sparingly of flowers, but

chiefly consist of wreaths of immortelles, huge bead-work constructions, representing baskets, wreaths, crosses, etc., reproductions of plants, leaves and flowers in tin, painted in bright colors, mottoes on glass with pictures showing tombs and sorrowing relatives, banners announcing that societies or individuals pay homage to the dead, and similar devices. As these things are hung profusely on the tombs and are much in request, they require many workmen to make them and are displayed in hundreds of neighboring shops. Many of the graves are literally smothered in the multiplicity of these funeral offerings, and Dr. Holmes in his Parisian ballad, "La Grisette," thus refers to them :

"In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall,
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call;
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père Lachaise!"

There is a beautiful and appropriate funeral custom in Paris, shown in the processions constantly going out to the cemeteries. As the funeral moves through the streets, be the dead never so humble, every man in sight reverentially takes off his hat as the corpse passes, this being done as a mark of respect. The corpse may pass through a crowded boulevard and thousands of people of all degrees, the noble and the beggar alike will devoutly remove their hats.

The great cemetery is upon the top and sides of a hill in eastern Paris and from the higher ground there is an excellent view over the city. The Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., Père Lachaise, had a country seat here, the Jesuit headquarters for two centuries, and from this came the popular name, the ground being laid out as a cemetery in 1804, but since then greatly extended so that now there are over one hundred acres and more than twenty thousand tombs. It is the most extensive of the twenty or more cemeteries in and near Paris, and since its opening has been the burial place of most Parisians of distinction. There are said to be an average of over three thousand burials a year and it contains thousands of monuments, including those of most of the great men dying in the nineteenth century—generals, ministers, artists, poets, men of science and letters, actors and musicians. Twice, this cemetery was a battlefield. In March, 1814, when it was smaller, the French held its hill-slopes and fought the Russians and their allies attacking Paris, but were defeated. The Communists held it in May, 1871, and were attacked by the troops advancing from the Place de la Republique and the Place Bastille, being driven out after a violent struggle among the tombs, culminating May 27. Their dislodgment from the Buttes Chaumont resulted in their being driven from the cemetery. The Communists taken with arms in their hands in this final conflict, numbering over a hundred and some of the worst malefactors in the insurrection, were afterward

lined up against a wall and shot. This wall in the southeastern corner of the cemetery—the *Mur des Fédérés*,—is the scene of annual demonstrations on the anniversary, when numerous red wreaths are hung there. The great days for visits by the populace to Père Lachaise to decorate the graves, are All Saints and All Souls days, November 1st and 2nd, when sometimes over a hundred thousand people will crowd it. The anniversary of the death of a great man is marked by visits from his admirers who leave memorials which are piled all around the tomb, and everyone in addition leaves his card, or his name written on a scrap of paper.

Père Lachaise is a cemetery not so much of graves as of vaults. The funeral comes, the stone cover is lifted from the vault, the coffin lowered, and men go down and push it into a shelf where it reposes; and there may be over a dozen such shelves in the vault, one below the other, and the bottom, twenty feet from the surface. This system precludes the placing of separate tombstones. Over the vault is usually built a small ornamental stone house, like a sentry-box. The public look in through the railings of the door, and on the sides and back are inscribed the names of those buried in the vault beneath. At the back are shelves with usually a crucifix and candles, and here memorials of the dead are placed, and over the door is the name of the family owning the tomb—several sometimes owning in common. Thus the cemetery is almost filled with these little stone buildings, within

and upon which are placed the memorials, and the sculptor's art is availed of in constructing many beautiful tombs, while the hillslopes present admirable landscape gardening and attractive foliage. The most famous tomb in Père Lachaise is that of Abélard and Heloïse. It is an old tomb and constructed as a Gothic temple, in which effigies of both lie side by side with hands folded on top of a catafalque. Abélard died 1141 and Heloïse 1163, and early in the nineteenth century, Lenoir constructed this tomb from the fragments of ancient monuments rescued from the ruins of old churches destroyed during the French Revolution, their remains being brought here in 1817. This is the Mecca of despairing lovers who come and lay tin flowers and bead-work leaves upon the tomb to invoke the intercession of the dead. The finest tomb is that erected by the Government in memory of Generals Lecompte and Clement Thomas, killed by the Communists. This cemetery occupies for France at present much the position of Westminster Abbey for England. Among the great men who were buried here are Thiers, Casimir Perier, Ledru Rollin, Faure, Baudry, Victor Cousin, Auber, Arago, Berthelier, Lebrun, Raspail, Monge, Chopin, Withen, Gohier, Cherubini, Talma, Tamberlick, Bellini, Rossini, David, Tirard, Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Daubigny, Corot, Lafontaine, Molière, Duret, Gaudin, Demidoff, Saint-Hilaire, Béranger, Beaumarchais, Massena, Eugene Scribe, Lenoir, Victor Noir, Admiral Sidney Smith, General de Wimpffen, Balzac, Delavigne, Delacroix, Michelet,

Duc de Morny, Adam, Ricord, Raynaud, Rossignol, Walewski, Anatole de la Forge, and very many more whose memorials are thickly strewn all about the great cemetery. There are separate enclosures for the Mohammedans and the Jews, and in the latter are the grave of Rachel the tragedienne, and the chapel of the Rothschild family. There are also some tombs in Père Lachaise of Americans who have died in Paris.

VINCENNES.

There is extended through the Place Bastille, the great series of streets that stretch entirely across Paris from the east to the northwest. These form a continuous avenue from Vincennes beyond the eastern fortifications through the heart of Paris extending northwest across the Seine at Neuilly to Courbevoie. Eastward from the Place Bastille, the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine crosses that populous workingmen's quarter to the Place de la Nation. This square was formerly the Place du Trône and is embellished with a fine bronze group typifying the Triumph of the Republic. The Place Du Trône got its name originally from Louis XIV., who in 1660 received the homage of the Parisians after he returned from the Flemish wars, on a throne here erected. Two lofty Doric columns bear bronze statues of the Kings St. Louis and Philip Le Bel. To the eastward extends the broad avenue, the Cours de Vincennes, through the fortifications, nearly two miles to Vincennes. During three weeks

after Easter is held in the square and this street, the great "gingerbread fair," one of the notable gatherings of the populace of eastern Paris. To the southeast is the small cemetery of Picpus, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, containing the tomb of Lafayette, who died in 1834.

Vincennes is one of the great fortresses defending the eastern approach to Paris, and the depot of the artillery arm of the French army, where the artillery school and practice ground are located. It has also an extensive park stretching southward from the castle to the banks of the winding Marne, which is the chief resort of the dense population of the eastern part of the French capital. Vincennes was an ancient château, and dates from the twelfth century. Philip Augustus enclosed the forest with walls and built a royal residence on its northern verge. St. Louis is said to have administered justice under a large tree in the park, and a stone pyramid commemorates his forest court. The present château was built by Philip of Valois in the fourteenth century, with the central donjon which Louis XI. made a state prison. Here lived Henry V. of England when proclaimed King of France, dying two years later. It continued a French royal residence until 1740, but was more of a prison in the later period. Napoleon made it a depot of war material, and the statue of General Daumesnil who defended it in 1814 is the chief ornament of the town. This statue recalls in the peculiar attitude of the figure that when the Russians and Austrians summoned him to

surrender, he replied that he would not do so till they had restored him the leg he lost at Wagram. In the reign of Louis Philippe the place was strongly fortified and adapted for its present military uses. The château stands upon high ground, and the ponderous stone donjon is a massive square tower with walls seventeen feet thick, and five stories high, rising one hundred and seventy feet with small turrets at the corners. From the top there is a magnificent view. In the vaults beneath is the *Salle de la Question*, a torture room, where confessions were extorted from the unfortunate prisoners. In this noted state prison were at different times confined King Henri IV. of Navarre, the Grand Condé, Cardinal Retz, Fouquet, Prince Edward, the son of the Pretender, and the unfortunate Duc d'Enghein, the last of the Condés, who was shot in 1804 for conspiracy against Napoleon. His body was interred in the castle ditch, but was removed to the chapel in 1816 by Louis XVIII., who erected a monument to his memory. This is *La Sainte Chapelle* which is opposite the lofty donjon, having a tasteful façade of the fourteenth century, the spire being surmounted by a crescent, the emblem of Diana of Poitiers. Her portrait is incorporated in a stained glass window of the church amid celestial beings, this having been done by her lover Henri II. There are spacious gardens, and all about are arsenals, armories, storehouses, barracks and parks of artillery. To the northward in Montreuil are the extensive orchards growing peaches for Paris, the trees trained against

walls, which if stretched in a straight line would reach nearly three hundred and fifty miles. To the southward the château overlooks the great Vincennes park and forest.

The Bois de Vincennes, formerly the king's hunting ground, but made a public park for Paris in the nineteenth century, covers about four square miles, and has an artillery practice ground in the centre, a half-mile wide, a museum and some small lakes. The great southern loop of the river Marne enfolds it just before that tributary joins the Seine, there being fortifications commanding all the hillslopes. The Vincennes racecourse is the largest and one of the most important near Paris, having six racing tracks. To the eastward across the Marne is Champigny, memorable for the battles of November 30 and December 2, 1870, when the besieged Parisians under Generals Ducrot and Trochu made a sortie and tried unsuccessfully to break the German lines. The remains of French and German soldiers who fell are buried together in a crypt behind the village, which is marked by a monument.

HOTEL DE VILLE.

Northwestward from the Place Bastille extends the Rue St. Antoine, displaying many ancient buildings in a district which was almost the centre of old Paris. Northward out of this street, a little way the Rue Birague leads a short distance to the Place des Vos-

ges. Here stood in the central garden for many years, when it was called the Place Royale, a statue to Louis XIII., erected by Richelieu, but destroyed by the revolutionists in 1792. A fine modern equestrian statue of that king was placed here in 1829. Fountains adorn the spacious square, and in a house at the corner of the Rue Birague, Madame de Sévigné was born in 1626. Victor Hugo lived here many years and his home was presented to the city in 1903. This square was the fashionable centre of Paris in Louis XIII.'s reign. Previously it had been the Court of the old royal Palais des Tournelles and Henri II. was slain here. France had won great victories over Spain, Germany and other countries, and a grand celebration was made in Paris of the peace of Cateau Cambresis in April, 1559, ending the war. A tournament was part of the festival and in it the king, then forty-one years old, accidentally received his death wound at the hands of Captain Montgomery, of his Scottish Guard. Henri's widow, Catherine de Médicis had the Palais torn down. Fronting the Rue St. Antoine is the ancient Jesuit church of St. Paul et St. Louis, which was the fashionable chapel of that day, its venerable Jesuit College alongside being now an academy called the Lycée Charlemagne. There was also nearby the old Prison de la Force, where the September revolutionists in 1792, who pulled down Louis XIII.'s statue, committed atrocious assassinations, but it has been removed. The Rue St. Antoine develops into the Rue de Rivoli prolonged westward

past the northern side of the Hotel de Ville. The Seine, flowing parallel, is but a short distance southward, and various small streets connect the Rue de Rivoli and the fine Quai bordering the river. Here is the Place St. Gervais having on either hand two huge barracks now used as parts of the official buildings of the municipal government. Fronting this Place is old St. Gervais, an ancient church begun in 1202, remodelled later and completed by an added portal in 1616. It is rich in paintings and stained glass and contains candelabra and a bronze crucifix which were brought from the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève, now the Pantheon. The Place St. Gervais opens into the extensive Place Lobau at the back of the Hotel de Ville, along the northeastern side of which passes the Rue de Rivoli. This impressive building has on its northwestern front, the spacious Place de l'Hotel de Ville stretching down to the Seine, over which a bridge—the Pont d'Arcole—is thrown to the old Cité, the street beyond leading directly to Notre Dame. The Place de l'Hotel de Ville was originally the Place la Grève, meaning “the river bank.” For centuries this Place was the location of the gallows for the execution of criminals. Here in 1572, Catherine de Médicis executed the Huguenot chiefs who had escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew on August 24th, which she had mainly instigated; and in 1574 she also executed Captain Montgomery of the Scottish guards, who had accidentally caused the death of her husband Henri II.

In the Place de l'Hotel de Ville were also executed after torture, Ravailac, assassin of Henri IV. May 14, 1610, and Damiens who in 1757 tried to kill Louis XV.

The city government of Paris is established in the Hotel de Ville, one of the most magnificent buildings in the capital, begun in 1876 and finished eight years later, being an enlarged and enriched reproduction of the old building burnt by the Communists. This older structure was begun in 1533 and completed in the following century, though it was subsequently added to as the necessities of government required. In this first Hotel de Ville have been the headquarters of most of the French revolutionary movements. In July, 1789, the captors of the Bastille were brought in triumph into its great hall for a celebration, and three days later Louis XVI. came there to give his adhesion to the tri-color and the mandates of the National Assembly. Various popular leaders had promised him protection, and an enormous crowd filled up the square to whom the king showed himself at a window wearing the newly adopted badge, the tri-colored cockade. Five years later, the then Commune which Robespierre had organized against the National Convention met in the Hotel de Ville, when Barras on July 27th, 1794, (the Ninth Thermidor) forced an entrance at the head of the Convention troops, and to escape capture, Robespierre shot himself, but instead of killing only managed to wound his jaw, and he was executed next day. Here in August, 1830, to celebrate

the union of his monarchy, established in July, with the rural bourgeoisie, King Louis Philippe at one of the windows, in full view of the admiring crowds, embraced Lafayette. Louis Blanc from the steps of the Hotel de Ville, on February 24th, proclaimed the short-lived French Republic of 1848. In the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71, the historic building was the seat of the "Government of the National Defense," and after the Communists took charge in March, until May, 1871, here sat their "Committee of the Public Safety." When they were nearing the end of their career in the reign of terror, the Communists doomed this and other public buildings to destruction. They filled it with combustibles over which petroleum had been poured, and scattered kegs of gunpowder about, at the same time barricading every approach. The final struggle raged all around the square on May 24th and 25th, and the troops driving them out, this and the surrounding buildings were fired, although six hundred belated Communists were still in the Hotel de Ville, who perished with it, the troops directing an incessant fire upon it and granting no quarter.

The new Hotel de Ville is a grand structure in French Renaissance, a reproduction of most of the mediæval features of the original building. The façade is adorned by statues of the great men of all periods, and the cornice displays allegorical groups representing the chief cities of France. There is a fine campanile and a graceful clock, while some two hundred statues and groups are placed on the exterior

of this impressive structure. In the garden fronting the Seine is a bronze equestrian statue of Etienne Marcel, the provost of Paris in the fourteenth century, who fortified and defended it during the captivity of King John in England, after his defeat at Poitiers. The interior is devoted to municipal offices, including the highly ornamented apartments of the Prefect of the Seine, the Hall of the Municipal Council and various assembly halls, used on public occasions. Among the famous historical paintings are Louis VI. granting the first charter to Paris; Etienne Marcel protecting the Dauphin; Louis XI. entering Paris; Louis XVI. at the Hotel de Ville in 1789; the Conquerors of the Bastille by Paul Delaroche, and Victor Hugo dedicating his lyre to Paris, by Puvis de Chavannes, with many illustrative landscapes of Paris and its suburbs. The most distinguished contemporary artists of France have contributed paintings and sculptures to this grand municipal building.

NEIGHBORHOOD OF HOTEL DE VILLE.

Two parallel streets extend northeastward from the Rue de Rivoli at the Hotel de Ville, the Rue du Temple and the Rue des Archives, which lead into a very interesting part of Paris. Prolonged, they reach the square of the ancient Temple, heretofore described, but nearer the Rue de Rivoli, is the repository of the National Archives, in the old Hotel de Soubise. Here originally lived the powerful family of Guise, and

there still stands on the Rue des Archives the ancient gateway of their mansion flanked by a couple of turrets. From the Guise family it came into possession of the Soubise family, who erected much of the present buildings in the eighteenth century, since extended to become the repository of the multitudinous collections of the national archives of France. The court is surrounded by a Corinthian colonnade, and some of the halls are fine specimens of Louis XV. decoration. Here are kept over four hundred thousand documents and seals, the oldest relating to the Merovingian dynasty founded by Clovis in the fifth century. Among the furniture is a table from the Cabinet of Louis XVI. on which Robespierre was laid, after he had shot himself, and was thus brought before the tribunal ordering his execution. The Mont de Piété, the great Parisian pawnbroking establishment which has the monopoly of the business, is opposite the Archives, to the southward. This institution pays a revenue to the government, and lends about \$10,000,000 annually on two millions of articles. The highest loan permitted is \$2,000 here and \$100 at the branch offices, interest and fees being at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. The pledges are sold after fourteen months, but the owner may within three years claim the excess above the pledge, if any is realized at the sale. These sales produce about \$800,000 annually. The name of the Mont de Piété comes from the sign, —a little hill with three mounds of earth, surmounted by a pieta or figure of Christ. St. Bernardino of Si-

enna, the patron of the poor who have to put their goods in pawn, is usually represented with a Mont de Piété in his hand. He first established these loaning societies under government management.

East of the Archives is the French government printing office—the Imprimerie Nationale—established in the old Hotel de Strasbourg, of the eighteenth century, and adorned in the court with a bronze statue of Gutenberg, copying that at Strasbourg. Farther eastward is the extensive Musée Carnavalet containing the collections illustrating the History of Paris and the Revolution. The mansion was built in the sixteenth century but subsequently enlarged, being acquired by the city of Paris in 1869, for this museum. It was Madame de Sévigné's residence in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the Rue Sévigné alongside extends southward to the Rue de Rivoli. In the court is an excellent bronze statue of Louis XIV. brought from the old Hotel de Ville. The collections exhibited are extensive and interesting, and include prehistoric, Roman and Merovingian antiquities. There are old gateways and fragments from ancient buildings, tapestries and many Parisian relics of the past. One hall is filled with relics of the Bastille, and there is an elaborate collection dating from the siege of Paris and the Commune in 1870-71. This region in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the Quartier du Marais, then the centre of Parisian fashionable life.

Westward from the Hotel de Ville, the Rue de Ri-

voli is crossed by the Boulevard Sebastopol, part of the central line of boulevards, which is prolonged southward across the Seine and the Isle of the Cité into Boulevard St. Michel beyond. At the intersection of the streets there rises on the southern side in a small square, the noted Tour St. Jacques, which is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, and being centrally located gives what is regarded as the best view over Paris. It is a square Gothic tower of handsome appearance built in the early sixteenth century; and is all that remains of the old church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie taken down in 1789. In the lower hall is a statue of Pascal, the philosopher, who is said to have made many of his atmospheric pressure investigations and experiments from the summit. On the southern side of the square is the modern Avenue Victoire, a broad street recently opened to display the front of the Hotel de Ville to the eastward. The Boulevard Sebastopol is prolonged over the Seine to the old Cité by the Pont au Change, one of the ancient Parisian bridges, recently restored, which got its name from the goldsmiths' and money changers' shops originally upon it. Upon the northern bank of the river is the Place du Châtelet, and in front are spread in magnificent array across on the island, the Palais de Justice and other fine buildings of the old Cité. In this square stood the notorious prison of the Châtelet until 1802, when Napoleon had it removed and the little park was created, there being now in the centre the Fontaine de la Victoire, erected to commemorate his

earlier military achievements. A gilded statue of Victory surmounts the column bearing the names of fifteen of his battles.

In this square is one of the entrances to the extensive Paris system of sewers, which is a network centering here, and covering over six hundred miles, and the section between the Places du Châtelet and the Madeleine to the northwest is on public exhibition, many visitors, including ladies, being taken through, partly by boats and partly by electric cars. The sewerage system which is being gradually extended, divides the basin of the city into four parts, by huge sewers at right angles to the Seine, extended under the Boulevard Sebastopol northward and the Boulevard St. Michel southward. These do not flow into the river, but into channels parallel with it known as the "collecteurs." The great channels are north of the river and pass all the drainage far below Paris to the peninsula of Gennevilliers opposite Asnières, where it is used for irrigation. The sewers south of the Seine are connected with the system of discharge northward by siphons passing under the river bed. All the sewers are constructed of solid masonry lined with hydraulic cement, the smaller ones being about seven feet high and four feet wide, and the largest sixteen feet high and eighteen feet wide. The "collecteurs" are flanked with ledges for sidewalks between which the water runs, and there is a pipe above giving a supply of pure water. Frequent communication by iron ladders is had with the street overhead.

THE LOUVRE.

The Rue de Rivoli, proceeding westward passes the famous palace of the Louvre. The Rue du Louvre intersects it east of the palace and goes down to the Seine, giving a fine view of the old Cité and the dome of the Pantheon far southward. On this street, about half-way to the Seine is the ancient church of St. Germain l' Auxerrois originally founded in the sixth century, but now a structure begun in the thirteenth century, with an impressive façade, flanked by two hexagonal turrets, and having near the transept a little bell-tower. Within in a chapel is a monument to St. Denis, who is said to have been interred on this spot immediately after his martyrdom. From the little bell-tower was sounded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's night. On August 19th, 1572, was solemnized in the Louvre, across the street, the marriage of Margaret of Valois, sister of the young King Charles IX., with Henri of Navarre, afterward Henri IV. of France. Most of the Huguenot leaders attended the ceremony. Their massacre was said to have been inspired by Catharine de Médicis, mother of Charles IX. The signal was given and the massacre began about two o'clock on Sunday morning, August 24th, the guards issuing from the palace court where they had been gathered, and going first to the residence of Admiral Coligny, who was among the earliest victims. The slaughter continued the

next day, and went on for some time afterward in the provinces. No accurate estimate was ever made of the number murdered, but the figures vary from one thousand to ten thousand in Paris, and as high as a hundred thousand in the whole kingdom.

West of the Rue du Louvre rises the extensive palace of the Louvre, in a spacious enclosure extending from the Rue de Rivoli to the Seine. It is of ancient origin, the early Frankish monarchs coming out here from the old Cité to hunt, and Dagobert establishing a hunting lodge, so that the wolves, which were the chief animals then hunted, gave the name, *Lupara*, changed to *Louverie* and finally to *Louvre*. Philip Augustus in the twelfth century built a castle here to defend the river approach, with a massive corner tower, used generally as a prison, which was called the Tower of the Louvre, much of the foundations of these works having been lately discovered in making excavations. Charles V. in the fourteenth century, first made the place a royal residence, but the later buildings were not begun until 1527, when Francis I. started rebuilding. Every subsequent monarch continued the work, but it was only completed by Napoleon III. in 1857. In May, 1871, the Communists burnt much of the newer portions on the western side, including the library of nearly one hundred thousand volumes. The palace is in two parts, the Old and New Louvres, the *Vieux* (Old) Louvre being the eastern portion. This is a large quadrangle of buildings, a square of over five hundred feet, enclosing an interior

court. The eastern façade is ninety feet high and is a handsome colonnade of twenty-eight Corinthian columns in pairs, fronting the Church of St. Germain l' Auxerrois. The other façades are of French renaissance, richly decorated and with high domed pavilions and attics. The gardens are adorned with monuments of artists.

The Nouveau (New) Louvre, is much larger, and was chiefly constructed in the nineteenth century. It extends westward to the wings of the former palace of the Tuileries, displaying showy façades, domed pavilions, Corinthian columns and caryatides, porticos, many sculpture groups, and colossal statues representing eighty-six eminent Frenchmen. As a general thing the architecture harmonizes with the older structure, and the buildings surround inner courts. The Louvre and adjacent Tuileries cover about forty-eight acres, making a magnificent palace and architecturally are regarded as about the best work of the French school. The northern wing of the New Louvre is occupied by the French Ministry of Finance. All the other parts are a museum and galleries of Antiquities, Sculpture and Paintings, displaying one of the most renowned collections in the world, begun by Francis I. in the sixteenth century, and constantly increased by purchases, by the spoil of wars, bequests and gifts. The picture galleries extend over a half-mile, including more than twenty-five hundred of the best works of almost all schools. The greatest of the many art treasures in the Louvre is the famous "Ve-

nus of Milo." This statue was found in 1820 by a peasant in the island of Milo, at the entrance to the Greek archipelago, and was sold to the French government for \$1,200. It is believed to be a work of the Asiatic Greek sculptor Alexandros in the fourth century B. C. The Louvre also contains among the Crown Jewels, the "Regent," regarded as probably the finest diamond in the world, weighing 136 carats and valued at \$3,000,000.

PALAIS ROYAL AND TUILERIES.

The Rue de Rivoli, from its beginning at the Rue St. Antoine, stretches northwestward parallel with the Seine nearly two miles to the Place de la Concorde. It is one of the most important streets in Paris, named in memory of Napoleon's victory over the Austrians at Rivoli in 1797, and is a construction of the nineteenth century. From the Rue de Louvre westward, bordering the Louvre and Tuileries gardens its northern side is flanked for over a half-mile with elaborate arcades, fronting hotels and attractive shops of the highest class. The shop and show window development of Paris is great, and here first were elaborated the ideas that have been copied and enlarged upon in the United States in the great department stores. Opposite the northern wing of the New Louvre, there fronts on the Rue de Rivoli, the Place du Palais-Royal, having on its northern verge the Palais-Royal and beyond, the garden of the Palais. The

French Council of State now occupies this palace. Cardinal Richelieu built it in the early seventeenth century when it was known as the Palais-Cardinal. Louis XIII. lived here, naming it Palais Royal, and Louis XIV., who was brought up here, subsequently acquiring it, gave the palace to his brother Philip of Orleans, whose son and great-grandson subsequently lived here, giving it an unsavory reputation by their excesses. The latter, known as Philippe Egalité, who was beheaded in 1793, built the houses around the garden, to let for shops and cafés and thus replenished his revenues. It was here that Camille Desmoulins in July, 1789, organized the populist movement which captured the Bastille. Known for several years as the Palais-Egalité, Napoleon, in 1801, made it the quarters of the Tribunat, when it was called the Palais du Tribunat. After 1815, Louis Philippe occupied it for many years, restoring the name of Palais Royal. In the revolution of 1848, the mob wrecked the royal apartments and afterward the name became Palais National, but Napoleon III. again restored the old name, and his uncle Jerome, king of Westphalia, lived there, being succeeded by his son Prince Jerome. The Communists burnt it in 1871, but it was restored, and was long a centre of Parisian fashionable life, now however mostly gone farther westward. The garden is embellished with sculptures, has a fountain in the centre, and is surrounded by arcades, where formerly were located the leading Parisian jewellers, but more recently, with the change in fashion, the

Palais has deteriorated, and there has been talk of making it a central railway station.

Northward from the Palais Royal on its western side leads the Rue de Richelieu, over to the Boulevard Montmartre. On this street alongside the Palais, at the corner of the Rue Molière is the famous Fontaine Molière, a renaissance monument over fifty feet high, surmounted by the statue, which in 1844 was erected in memory of the dramatist, who in 1673 died in a house in the neighborhood. Farther north and behind the Palais Royal garden is the Bibliothèque Nationale, having opposite the chief entrance, the Fontaine Richelieu in bronze, with statues representing four principal French rivers, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne and the Saône. This library, occupying a block, stands on the site of Cardinal Mazarin's palace—the noted minister of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., who died in 1661. This library is of ancient origin, some of the MSS. collections coming down from the Carolingians, but it was begun on an extended scale by Louis XI. in the fifteenth century, having since received many additions. Louis XIV. greatly enlarged it, and in 1774 Louis XV. removed it to the present location. It is regarded as probably the most extensive library in the world, having over three millions of volumes, and it receives a copy of every work published in France. There are also elaborate collections of stamps, medals, and antiques. Among its curiosities is the “throne of Dagobert,” said to date from the seventh century, and a rook, belonging

originally to a set of chessmen sent by Haroun-al-Rashid to Charlemagne. To the eastward of the garden of the Palais Royal, and occupying an entire block is the Bank of France. The building was formerly a private mansion. This is the French bank occupying a similar position to the Bank of England, though like the latter a joint stock institution under government control. It has \$36,500,000 capital, the exclusive right of issuing circulating notes, and conducts an enormous business. Opposite the bank is the circular Place des Victoires at the intersection of several streets, about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Here originally stood, when it was the Place Louis XIV., a statue of that monarch, pulled down in 1792, and replaced by a pyramid inscribed with the victories gained by the Revolutionary army, and the name of the place was then changed to the present one. The mercurial Parisians removed this pyramid in 1806, and put up a statue of General Desaix, which in 1814, on the Bourbon restoration was melted down with others, to construct Henri IV.'s statue on the Pont Neuf. Then in 1822 another (equestrian) statue of Louis XIV. was put up and remains, the "Grande Monarque" being represented as a Roman General with a French wig, sitting upon a high rearing horse. The old church of Notre Dame des Victoires is at the northwestern verge, and commemorates the capture of Rochelle from the Huguenots in the seventeenth century.

Westward of the New Louvre, beyond the Place du

Carrousel, originally stood the Palace of the Tuileries, burnt by the Communists in 1871. There only remain the wings that connected it with the Louvre, the southern one fronting the Seine being the French Colonial office. This was the royal palace of the French Bourbons. Originally there were on the site, various kilns for making tiles, and these tile-kilns called "tuileries" gave the palace its name. As old Paris expanded and spread gradually westward beyond the then city walls, Catharine de Médicis projected this palace, beginning it in 1564, being extended in subsequent reigns though it had no special architectural attractions. The façade, about one thousand feet long, extended from the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli, facing westward. Its chief history began with the French Revolution, having previously been the royal residence. It was the palace-prison of the unfortunate Louis XVI., who was forcibly brought here from Versailles in October, 1789, by the junta of women known as the "Dames de la Halle," and afterward when in 1791 he tried to run away, he was captured and again forcibly installed in the Tuileries. In June, 1792, an armed mob attacked it and grossly insulted the unfortunate king, the attack being renewed August 10th at midnight. The National Guard who defended it, wavered, but the famous Swiss guard, nearly two thousand strong, remained faithful. The king was scared and tricked, leaving the palace and taking refuge in the adjacent riding school, alongside the gardens, where the Leg-

islative Assembly met. The National Guard dispersed, but the Swiss Guard and some faithful noblemen attached to the king's service defended the Tuileries. They fired on the mobs and cleared them out of the gardens and Place du Carrousel, between which the old palace stood. After the victory had thus been secured, the king, who was frightened, sent orders to the Swiss Guard to discontinue hostilities and surrender the palace. This news getting to the mob leaders, they renewed the attack, swarmed into the palace, killed every man they encountered, wrecked most of the furniture and took whatever else was movable to their headquarters in the Hotel de Ville. The retreating Swiss Guard was pursued westward through the gardens and most of them shot down, while the survivors by the king's orders gave up their arms to the National Guard. Thus the Revolution triumphed, and the confiding king, on the 13th of August, was taken away a prisoner to the old tower of the Temple, whence he was conducted to the guillotine January 21st, 1793. For several years afterward the Revolutionary Convention and the subsequent "Council of Elders" occupied the Tuileries. Napoleon made it his headquarters when he became "First Consul" in 1800; and it was his residence when Emperor, being occupied after the Restoration, by Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe, until the latter abandoned it to the mob that made the Revolution of 1848.

The Tuileries was the chief royal residence of Napoleon III., but when the Empress Eugenie left it

after the defeat at Sedan, its glory had departed. The interesting tale is told that Eugenie really lost the chance of preserving the Empire by not possessing a proper riding habit. When the bad news came on September 3, 1870, Emile de Girardin came to the palace and told the Empress that if she would appear on horseback in the midst of the people and announce the Emperor's abdication in favor of the Prince Imperial with the appointment of M. Thiers as Prime Minister, the Empire might be saved. She accepted the advice, but when she sought a proper costume for the appearance on horseback, it could not be found. The only riding-habit in the Tuileries was a fantastic one of green with gold and silver ornaments made for a hunting festival, with a three-cornered hat of brilliant display. The leader of the world's fashion could never appear in this garb, as it might have the opposite effect to what was intended. So the plan was abandoned. Dr. Thomas W. Evans escorted the Empress out of Paris. She crossed from Boulogne to England, and the Empire fell. In May, 1871, the Communists, pressed sorely by the advancing troops from Versailles, desperately decided to mark their inevitable downfall by destroying all the palaces and public buildings. They began with the Tuileries, storing it with combustibles, gunpowder and petroleum, and under orders issued by their "Committee of Public Safety" it was fired on the 22d and 23d of May in various places, and almost entirely destroyed. Much of the open space between the Louvre

and Tuileries was occupied by narrow streets and little houses, until removed by Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., who thus made the Place du Carrousel.

PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

There is no more magnificent series of elaborate gardens and ornamental avenues in any city in the world than that possessed by Paris westward from the Louvre, extending through one open park after another far up the long Avenue des Champs Elysées, to the distant Arc de Triomphe, seen from afar, as it towers on the hill to the northwest that closes the distant view. In this wonderful city preëminent for grand streets, squares and buildings, this is the chief and unrivalled attraction. First, to the westward of the Louvre, and between the wings of the New Louvre, is the Square du Carrousel, the more extensive Place du Carrousel, spreading from the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli, being beyond, and then the ancient Cour des Tuileries where stood the palace, all this region now being a series of gardens. On either side of the Place are elaborate works of art. On the eastern verge is the monument erected to Leon Gambetta, a lofty stone pyramid surmounted by a bronze group in high relief representing Gambetta as "organizer of the national defence." There are decorative statues of Truth, Strength, and Democracy, the latter a maiden seated upon a winged lion. This famous statesman was one of the principal promoters of the

French Republic and energetically organized the defence of France after Napoleon III.'s catastrophe at Sedan. He was President of the Chamber of Deputies afterward, and Prime Minister in 1881-2, dying December 31, 1882, in his forty-fifth year. On the western verge of the place is the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, erected by Napoleon at a cost of about \$300,000, in imitation of the Arch of Severus at Rome, to commemorate Austerlitz and other victories of 1805-6. This Arch was the chief entrance to the Tuileries, and is about fifty feet high, embellished with red marble columns, having bronze bases and capitals. Originally, the celebrated winged horses brought from Venice crowned this arch, but after Napoleon's downfall the allies returned them to the Venetian Piazza St. Marc, and they were replaced by a chariot and four horses in 1828, designed by Louis XVIII. to represent his Restoration. The Place du Carrousel got its name from a grand tournament given by Louis XIV. in 1662, to which distinguished guests were invited from all parts of the world. Large archways open from the place toward the Seine, and outside them stand statues representing the Merchant and Naval Shipping. A fine bridge embellished with colossal allegorical statues—the Pont du Carrousel—crosses the river in front.

Immediately westward of the Place begin the gardens—the Cour des Tuileries and then the Jardin des Tuileries. Terraces enclose the northern and southern sides of this spacious park which is one of the

most popular promenades of Paris. There are shady groves, extensive flower beds, and the noted Allée des Orangers skirting the terrace toward the river, adorned in genial weather with two long rows of orange trees in huge tubs, forty-one of them coming down from the days of Francis I. in the early sixteenth century. Along the broad central walk there is a magnificent view over the whole series of gardens, and westward beyond the Obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde, to the distant Arc de Triomphe. Statues, fountains, allegorical groups and other adornments are numerous, and there is a pleasant lake with boats for the children, who are great admirers of this charming place. On the western border is the Place de la Concorde, the entrance being marked by pillars, crowned by groups representing Mercury and Fame on winged steeds. Northeast from this attractive garden and beyond the Rue de Rivoli, in the Rue St. Honoré is the famous Church of St. Roch, one of the most fashionable in Paris, noted for its music, and its admired façade having two rows of Doric and Corinthian columns, one above the other. Originally, there were no buildings in front of St. Roch, and its Place extended to the Tuileries garden. It was from here that the Royalist attack was made in October, 1795, upon the Convention, when Napoleon appeared upon the scene, bringing his batteries to bear upon the Royalists and overwhelming them.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

The famous Place de la Concorde is to the westward, the Rue Royale coming down to it from the Madeleine to the northward, and the elaborate Pont de la Concorde crossing the Seine to the southward, to the imposing Chambre des Deputés rising beyond. At this Place terminates the Rue de Rivoli and at its end is the building of the Ministère de la Marine. The Place is about twelve hundred feet long from the street to the river and seven hundred feet wide from the Tuileries garden westward to the Champs Elysées. It was constructed in its present form in 1854 by Napoleon III., and standing alongside the obelisk in its centre, there is an unrivalled view—east to the Louvre, west to the Arc de Triomphe, north to the Madeleine and south to the Chambre des Deputés. This Place was a tract of wild and unreclaimed land in the eighteenth century, when the chronicler says that Louis XV. “gratified” the Parisian officials by granting them permission to erect here a statue in his honor. The Place was then first enclosed and in 1763 an equestrian figure of the king put up, which the Legislative Assembly in 1792, on the day after the capture of the Tuileries had removed and melted into coins of two sous each. They then put up a terracotta figure of the Goddess of Liberty and named the square the Place de la Revolution, which in 1795 was changed to Place de la Concorde, and after the Restor-

ation it became Place Louis XV. and then Louis XVI., until Louis Philippe again revived the name of Place de la Concorde. The square had an unsavory history during the Revolution, for here the guillotine began its bloody work in 1792. Louis XVI. was executed here in January, 1793, Charlotte Corday in July, Brissot, with a score of other Girondists, in October, a few days later the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, in November Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, and in May, 1794, Madame Elisabeth, sister of Louis XVI. Here were also guillotined in 1794, as one faction after another gained the ascendancy, Hébert, the socialist, with his partisans, the adherents of Murat, Danton, Desmoulins, and their ilk, the wives of many of them, and also the atheists, Anacharsis Clootz and Chaumette. Then came to the guillotine, their executioners, of the "Committee of Safety," Robespierre, St. Just and a hundred more, who met a like fate. Every party coming into the ascendant, guillotined its predecessors and it was well said that the people had completely lost their reason. Within two years over twenty-eight hundred persons were guillotined here, the victims of the short-lived cabals who managed to briefly exercise the terrible powers of despotism. The German army of occupation occupied the Place in March, 1871, and in May it was the scene of a fierce conflict when the French troops drove out the Communists.

The chief object in the Place de la Concorde is the Obelisk of Luxor standing in the centre. This magni-

ficient monolith of red syenite is seventy-six feet high and weighs two hundred and forty tons. It was originally quarried at Assuan (Syene) in Upper Egypt, and was brought from the ruins of Thebes, now the village of Luxor. Amenhotep III., the Memnon of the Greeks, had built a temple at Thebes, and his successor Rameses, King of Egypt, whom the Greeks called Sesostris in the fourteenth century B. C., erected before it a massive pylon gate, and colonnade. Two beautiful obelisks stood in front of the gate, and one of them was presented by the Egyptian viceroy, Mohammed Ali, to Louis Philippe, and it was embarked with great care in 1831, and erected here in 1836. Hieroglyphics in vertical rows cover the sides of the monolith, which stands on a pedestal of Breton granite thirteen feet high, also a monolith. Alongside are elaborate fountains decorated with statuary and dedicated to navigation. Around the Place, upon high pedestals, there are eight emblematic stone figures representing the leading cities of Provincial France—Lille, Rouen, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Nantes, Brest and Strasbourg. The latter in recent years has usually been hung with mourning emblems, to indicate its loss. The bridge crossing the Seine southward from the Place, built shortly after the fall of the Bastille, had its upper portions constructed of the stones taken from that castle. Statues of his generals adorned the piers in Napoleon's time, but were removed afterward. Fine hotels and public buildings border the street northward from the Place, and just

beyond its northeastern corner, the Rue Castiglione goes northward to the Place Vendôme.

Henri IV. erected a palace in this Place Vendôme for his natural son, the Duc de Vendôme. Louis XIV. removed the building and made an octagonal square in the centre of which was his equestrian statue, which was demolished during the Revolution. Napoleon, however, made it a public square, gave it the name of the Place Vendôme, and in 1806 erected a Tuscan column in imitation of Trajan's column at Rome, to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians. The column is one hundred and forty feet high, and is covered with bronze plates, forming a spiral band nearly nine hundred feet long, winding around the masonry, and reproducing memorable scenes which recall the campaign following Napoleon's abandonment of the invasion of England, when he broke up the camp at Boulogne, moved his armies across the Rhine, and culminated a series of repeated victories in the crowning one at Austerlitz. There are over two thousand figures each about three feet high, and many being accurate portraits. Napoleon's statue in his Imperial robes was on the top. The materials were obtained by melting down twelve hundred captured cannon, and the work occupied four years. When Napoleon was overthrown in 1814, his statue was taken down and replaced by a huge fleur-de-lis, the metal being used in casting the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf. Then in 1831, Louis Philippe had another statue of Napoleon placed there,

clad in his military overcoat and three-cornered cocked hat, the familiar figure so often reproduced, but Napoleon III. took this down and put up a statue representing the original one in the Imperial robes. In 1871, the Communists, led by Felix Pyat, and the artist Courbet, threw down the column, but the fragments being preserved, it was re-erected afterward, and those who destroyed it were made to pay the expense.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

Westward from the Place de la Concorde, stretches the Avenue des Champs Elysées, its entrance being guarded by two colossal figures of horse-tamers which were brought here during the Revolution from the destroyed palace of Louis XIV. at Marly. They correspond to the winged steeds at the western border of the Tuileries garden. This magnificent avenue begins in the Elysian Fields, a park twelve hundred feet wide and a third of a mile long, and stretches west-northwest up the gradual grade to the lofty Arc de Triomphe, a mile away. The French have sought to reproduce in these Champs Elysées the paradise of the ancients—the Elysium which was the mythological home of the blessed after death, amid happiness, fragrant airs, flowers and ornaments. As the Seine here begins to diverge toward the southwest in its grand semicircular sweep through Paris, it leaves the Avenue and on the left hand the surface of the park broadens, the land to the westward rising in eleva-

tion. This is the grandest avenue in Paris, with broad bordering gardens and groves of trees, having handsome buildings behind them; and it is the most fashionable promenade and drive, being the popular route out to the Bois de Boulogne. No city has a more splendid scene than that presented by this famous street, particularly when brilliantly illuminated at night in the height of the season. The Gallic race dearly love display, and here are provided every possible appliance. The broad avenue gently slopes upward to the distant arch, with its long lines and clusters of brilliant lights, fountains are playing, illuminated gardens spread on either hand, with interspersed concert enclosures blazing with light, hundreds of carriages moving about, their lights twinkling like so many fireflies, and the whole making a scene that is almost unequalled elsewhere. It is the artistic centre of Paris, when on holidays or fête days they have a celebration, and here gather, many being in picturesque costume, the people of all lands.

In this grand street is the concentration of the French idea, to combine all the beauties of foliage and flowers, fountains, statues, gardens, illumination, music and dancing, to make it attractive, and in this object they have well succeeded. When the German conqueror desired to impose the badge of submission on the French capital he marched his victorious army under the Arc de Triomphe and along this great street to the Place de la Concorde to make the practical occupation of Paris. Particularly on Sunday

afternoon and evening, is it in the full tide of successful enjoyment, for the French race after going to church on Sunday morning, usually devote the rest of the day to pleasure. They have all their great shows on Sunday—their grand operas, theatrical performances, horseraces, and also the elections, and it is the day for their greatest social feasting. Around this street and the boulevards cluster the most attractive cafés, and this fact suggests that in their many artistic successes, the French also lead in gastronomy, and the culinary art. President Loubet, in an address in Paris in April, 1902, testified to the attractions of French cooking. He said that "France is famous the world over, for her literature, her arts and her cookery. Thanks to its cooking, plebeians like you and me receive crowned heads at our tables, and the most illustrious princes come from far distant countries, attracted equally by the seductions of our capital and the culinary charms they are sure to find."

The President of the French Republic lives upon the Champs Elysées in the Palais de l'Elysée, on its northern verge, fronted by a large garden, a typical home for the chief magistrate. It was originally built in 1718 for the Comte d'Evreux, and became the residence of Madame de Pompadour during the reign of Louis XV., who bought it from her heirs, and it was subsequently the home of the Duchesse de Bourbon from whom it received the name of the Elysée Bourbon. It had many royal and princely tenants subsequently, but was finally occupied by Napoleon

III., when President of the French Republic, being restored and enlarged in 1850. The southern verge of the Champs Elysées parallel with the Seine and gradually diverging from the Avenue, is the Cours la Reine, a fine street originally laid out by Queen Marie de Médicis in the early seventeenth century. All this region was occupied by buildings connected with the last Paris Exposition in 1900, while the triangular space between the Cours la Reine and the Champs Elysées is the locality of the Palais des Beaux Arts projected in connection with the Exposition. This consists of two structures, the Petit Palais and the Grand Palais, between which southward from the Avenue des Champs Elysées extends the fine new street, the Avenue Nicolas II. to the river, crossing it by the magnificent bridge Alexandre III. directly to the Hotel des Invalides, the massive dome of which closes the view beyond. The Petit Palais is a picture gallery of over two acres, and the Grand Palais covers nearly ten acres. Their architecture is imposing and their decorations elaborate, and they are now used for public exhibitions and fairs. Several adjacent buildings were also connected with the Exposition. The park of the Champs Elysées ends to the northward of the Grand Palais about half-way to the Arc de Triomphe, at the Rond Point, a spacious circular Place having fountains and flower beds, with intersecting streets. These lead south and southwest to bridges crossing the Seine, the former to the Hotel des Invalides and the latter bridge being the Pont de

l'Alma. Beyond Rond Point on the Avenue are many handsome residences fronted by gardens.

ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

The Avenue des Champs Elysées terminates on high ground in the Place de l'Etoile, so named from the star made by the twelve different streets radiating from it in all directions, and here stands the famous Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile visible in its elevation from almost every part of Paris and the suburbs, the largest triumphal arch in existence. It was designed to perpetuate the military glory of France and was begun by Napoleon in 1806, but not completed until the reign of Louis Philippe. The structure is one hundred and sixty feet high and nearly one hundred and fifty feet wide. The great archway rises nearly one hundred feet and is fifty feet wide, while the transverse arch rises sixty-one feet and is nearly thirty feet wide. Trophies with colossal figures adorn the huge pillars of masonry and groups and reliefs on all sides represent the great military events of Napoleon's time. The names of thirty victories are inscribed upon shields on the cornice, of one hundred and forty-two battles upon the vaulting of the great arch, with over six hundred and fifty names of officers upon the vaulting of the transverse arch. It is noteworthy that on the death of Victor Hugo in 1885, Paris honored him by having his body lie in state under the arch on June 1st, before it was taken to the Pantheon.

The elevated platform on top of this noble arch

gives a grand view. Eastward the Champs Elysées spread to the Tuileries gardens and the distant Louvre, behind which rises the Hotel de Ville. To the right of it are the towers of Notre Dame and the dome of the Pantheon, while to the left are seen the Vendôme column, the Bourse and the Madeleine. To the northeast high on Montmartre is the Church of the Sacred Heart, with the Cathedral of St. Denis in the distance. To the southeast is the gilded dome of the Invalides, and to the south the Trocadero and tall Eiffel Tower. Around to the southwest, the horizon is bounded by the hills of Mendon and St. Cloud beyond the Seine, rising into the frowning fortress on Mont Valerien further to the westward. From beneath our feet radiate the twelve great streets to all points of the compass. The Avenue Kleber goes off southward to the Trocadero; the Avenue Victor Hugo and Avenue Bois de Boulogne, to the southwest to that famous Parisian park; and the line of the Avenue des Champs Elysées is continued westward by the Avenue de la Grandé Armée, which is prolonged beyond the fortifications into the suburb of Neuilly beyond the Seine. The Neuilly Château was the favorite residence of Louis Philippe, but was totally destroyed by the mob in February, 1848, and the park was divided up afterward for villa sites. It was here in July, 1842, that Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, the oldest son of Louis Philippe, fell from his carriage, and the spot where he died is now marked by a cruciform mausoleum, the Chapel of St. Ferdinand. It was in Neuilly

that Parmentier in the eighteenth century, made his experiments in cultivating the potato and a bronze statue preserves his memory.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

From the Champs Elysées, the fine new Avenue Nicolas II., already referred to, leads southward to the Pont Alexandre III., the largest and grandest of the galaxy of bridges crossing the Seine. It was built in preparation for the Exposition of 1900 and was four years in construction, the foundation stone having been laid in 1896, by the Czar Nicolas II. It is one hundred and twenty-five feet wide and consists of a single flat steel arch over three hundred and fifty feet long crossing the river, being twenty-five feet above the ordinary water level. Each end has a massive pylon rising seventy-five feet surmounted with groups representing different epochs in French history. This magnificent bridge leads to the Esplanade des Invalides on the southern bank stretching nearly seventeen hundred feet, beyond which is the extensive Hotel des Invalides with its lofty and conspicuous gilded dome, a vast establishment occupying about thirty acres. This infirmary originally intended for disabled soldiers was founded by Louis XIV. in 1670, and the buildings were arranged to accommodate about seven thousand men, but now there are only a few inmates, and much of the Hotel is devoted to other uses, the office of the Governor of Paris having

been moved here in 1898. Immediately before the buildings is a garden fronted by a moat bordering which is the Batterie Triomphale, occasionally used for saluting. In it are ancient and curious guns. Some are from Algeria and China. Two are Austrian, one cast at Vienna in 1681, the other in 1580, and having a German inscription, which translated reads: "When my song resounds in the air, many a wall will fall before me." Four are Prussian guns cast at Berlin in 1708, captured by the Austrians in 1757, and brought to Paris by Napoleon after Austerlitz, among over twenty-three hundred cannon. There are also other curious and interesting pieces. The façade of the edifice is six hundred and sixty feet long, having at the principal entrance a *bas relief* equestrian figure of Louis XIV. A very large part of the interior is filled with museums of ancient and modern artillery, armor, and weapons with warlike paraphernalia, souvenirs, emblems and relics. There are included many memorials of Napoleon, and also reproductions among the French flags, of the original red oriflamme of St. Denis and the white standard of Joan of Arc. The chapel of the Hotel, the Eglise St. Louis, has its nave adorned with banners and standards captured in Algiers, the Crimea, China, Italy and elsewhere, and originally it contained all the flags captured in Napoleon's wars. The latter, however, numbering over fifteen hundred, were burnt in March, 1814, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies who

next day entered Paris. At the same time was destroyed the sword brought by Napoleon in 1806 from Frederick the Great's tomb at Potsdam.

The huge dome of this church, the most noted part of the Invalides, was built to the southward of the nave in the latter part of the seventeenth century, as the crowning feature of the vast Hotel, and to provide a place for the solemn ceremonies when the king attended church. It is a square of about two hundred feet, with a circular tower, surmounted by a lofty dome, eighty-six feet in diameter. The lantern and cross above rise nearly three hundred and fifty feet. This dome was first gilded in Napoleon's time and is one of the most conspicuous objects in Paris. Beneath it is the crypt, where rest Napoleon's remains, brought from St. Helena in 1840. It is an open circular crypt twenty feet deep and thirty-six feet in diameter. The sarcophagus stands on the pavement, and is a single block of Siberian porphyry weighing sixty-seven tons. The mosaic pavement is inscribed with a laurel wreath and a circle bearing the names of eight of his famous battles; twelve colossal vic-toires support the balustrade that surrounds the crypt and there are six trophies containing sixty captured flags. At the entrance to the crypt are sarcophagi bearing the names of Napoleon's two faithful friends, Duroc and Bertrand, and over it the sentence in his will, wherein he expressed the desire that his ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so much.

Here in profound silence, simplicity and solemnity, without name, date or inscription repose the remains of the greatest man of modern France, while the mellow light from far above illumines the impressive scene. The dome rising on high is adorned with frescoes, and in adjoining chapels are monuments to Vauban and Turenne, and the tombs of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, and Joseph, king of Spain.

TROCADERO PALACE AND CHAMP DE MARS.

Farther down the Seine are the Trocadero Palace and the Champ de Mars, the chief localities of the great Paris Exposition. From the Arc de Triomphe the Avenue Kleber extends almost southward to the Place de Trocadero, named from a fort at Cadiz captured by the French in the Spanish campaign of 1823. From this spacious Place the surface slopes down to the Seine, and on the verge of the incline stands the Palace of the Trocadero. This is a huge Oriental structure in the shape of a crescent with elongated wings which was built for the Exposition of 1878. The concavity of the crescent faces southeastward toward the Seine, and the great spreading palace thus has a most imposing appearance, the central dome rising one hundred and eighty feet, and the two flanking minarets two hundred and seventy feet, so that they are seen from afar. For nearly a dozen years this dazzling, cream-colored palace in its Oriental gorgeousness was regarded as one of the greatest

architectural attractions in the French capital, until it was overshadowed though not eclipsed by the Eiffel Tower across the Seine. Numerous statues representing the arts and sciences adorn a gallery near the base of the Trocadero dome, and the latter is surmounted by a colossal statue of Fame. Within the palace are a spacious Assembly Hall with a grand organ, and Museums of Sculpture and Ethnography. The park in front sloping down to the Seine is bordered by a terrace at the base of the palace, beneath which gushes out a grand cascade falling into a basin nearly two hundred feet in diameter. Ornamental bronze figures adorn the terrace and basin, and the running water floats away over one cascade after another to the river and seemingly disappears under the broad bridge of Jena, which goes over to the Champ de Mars, where a spacious garden adorned by fountains and statues stretches up to the Eiffel Tower. This Pont d'Iena was originally constructed by Napoleon to commemorate his great victory of 1806, and it was enlarged in 1900 for the Exposition. In the Place d'Iena is a fine equestrian statue of Washington, the gift of "American women in France," which was unveiled July 4, 1900.

The Champ de Mars has been the location of all the French Expositions, which have recurred at intervals of eleven years, beginning in 1867. Each subsequent one has required larger space and consequently the grounds to the northward of the Seine and along the river toward the Place de la Concorde were gradually

absorbed. In 1878, the Trocadero was constructed, and in 1889 the Eiffel Tower, each a masterpiece. In 1900, a vast additional region along the Seine and the Place de la Concorde was occupied and the great Palais de Beaux Arts constructed on the Champs Elysées. The Champ de Mars was originally a large parade ground more than a half-mile long used for military evolutions and public displays, and stretching southeastward on the slope from the Seine and table land above. It was enclosed by embankments about twenty feet high and planted with trees, which, however, were removed about 1855. These embankments, originally provided with tiers of seats to enable the public to witness the displays within, were constructed by a popular movement in the French Revolution. Over sixty thousand men and women of all classes participated in making them in 1790, so that on July 14th the entire population could assemble and witness the Fête de la Fédération. The Ecole Militaire which Louis XV. founded in 1751 is on the southeastern border of the Champ de Mars. This foundation was for the education of French army officers and it is now an enormous aggregation of buildings covering twenty-six acres with an imposing façade a quarter of a mile long facing the Champ de Mars.

In front of this school on July 14, 1790, the "Altar of the Country" was erected, where the King Louis XVI., the National Assembly, and the representatives of the army and all the Provinces of France, assembled and swore fidelity to the new French Constitu-

tion. The services were conducted by Bishop Talleyrand of Autun, and four hundred clergy robed in white officiated in the religious ceremonial, in the presence of a vast audience of hundreds of thousands covering the field and surrounding embankments. This festival was one of great rejoicings, for it was believed that the French Revolution had been happily terminated by the adoption of Constitutional Government under the king. The hope was short-lived, however, for the king and royal family tried to escape the next year, and then came the war with Austria and the subsequent terrible experiences. Napoleon, on June 1st, 1815, after his return from Elba, celebrated a great fête, the Champ de Mai, to mark with the utmost pomp his restoration, but he too was overthrown June 18th at Waterloo. In August, 1830, Louis Philippe, after his election as king, following the revolution of July, here conducted an elaborate ceremonial in presenting the colors to the National Guard, and in 1852, Napoleon III. distributed the eagles to his army. All these monarchs were overthrown, and since then the Champ de Mars has been much more successful as the great Exposition site, in displaying the arts of peace rather than those of war.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

In front of the Champ de Mars stands the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest structure in the world, rising nearly one thousand feet (accurately, 984 feet) and

built by M. Gustave Eiffel for the Exposition of 1889. It covers a square of about two and one-half acres, being three hundred and thirty-six feet on each side. From the four corners, rise the four supports of this extraordinary structure, curving toward the centre with an initial inclination of fifty-four degrees. They unite into a single shaft nearly six hundred feet above the ground. This boldly designed tower, as extraordinary as it is graceful, is built of hollow interlaced iron beams and girders, and forms a huge triumphal arch. About two hundred feet from the ground the four supports are united by a platform two hundred feet square, while a second platform is at three hundred and eighty feet elevation, and is about ninety feet square. There is a third platform fifty-four feet square at nine hundred feet elevation, and used for a lookout, to which the hydraulic lifts ascend. The lantern rises eighty feet higher and is surmounted by a small circular balcony. Here is an electric searchlight, the flash being seen at night for a distance of forty-five miles around Paris. The view outtops all the hills surrounding the city, and in clear weather is a landscape display of wonderful extent. Immediately beneath are the great Exposition buildings all around the tower which are kept in repair, and cover a large surface. Being the highest structure in Paris, it has become the fashion for sensational suicides to leap from the Eiffel Tower; and it is occasionally struck by lightning. This famous tower, however, has had its career, for it is to be soon taken down in

order to facilitate the plans of the city for improving the Champ de Mars.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

From the Arc de Triomphe, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne stretches away, a little south of westward, to the favorite park of the Parisians. This route is the one most travelled by visitors to the Bois and is a magnificent tree-bordered street, nearly a mile long leading beyond the fortifications through the Porte Dauphine, and with the French idea of closing every street view with a fine building or landscape for a vista, it directly faces the towering hill of Mont Valerien, rising across the Seine and beyond the park. The avenue is four hundred feet wide, including the equestrian paths and foot walks. The Bois de Boulogne covers nearly four square miles on the western verge of Paris outside the line of fortifications of the enciente, and is encircled by the Seine which makes a great southern loop around it, flowing up northeastward on its farther side, at the foot of the hills which rise boldly beyond to the towering height of Mont Valerien. It is a fragment of a great mediæval forest called the Fôret de Rouvray, from the chène rouvre or holm-oak numerous growing there. This forest was the location of the ancient Abbey of Longchamp, of which some traces are still preserved. The Paris municipality got possession in 1852 and converted it into a park. The timber was greatly destroyed in the

siege of 1871, but there has since been a general restoration. The favorite drive is from the Porte Dauphine around the Lakes. These are fed by artesian wells at Passy and a canal, the two artificial lakes extending nearly one mile, there being a grand view along them from the Carrefour at the lower end which is not far away from the entrance at the Porte Dauphine. These lakes have islands, waterfalls, chalets, boats and are finely adorned while at their southern or upper end is the high land of the Butte Mortemart giving a fine view. Here is the extensive racecourse of Auteuil, for hurdles and steeple-chases, with great races in May and October. On the southwestern side of the park is the Hippodrome de Longchamp, the chief Paris racecourse for flat races, which attract vast crowds in the season. The "Première de Longchamp" in April, opening the season, is the event at which fashionable Paris appears in all the glory of the new spring styles. The "Grand Prix" of \$50,000, known as the "French Derby" is competed for in June, and after it the wealthy and aristocratic Parisians go out of town. There are three circular racecourses and one straight course. On the northern verge of the Bois de Boulogne adjoining Neuilly, is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, occupying about fifty acres and providing an elaborate exhibition of foreign plants and animals. It has extensive greenhouses, gardens, a palmarium, collection of fishes, birds and animals, and has become one of the favorite suburban promenades for visitors to Paris.

MALMAISON, ST. CLOUD AND SEVRES.

Across the Seine to the westward of the Bois de Boulogne are the villages of Puteaux and Suresnes, and to the southward are St. Cloud, Sèvres and the woods of Meudon. Behind the two villages rises the hill of Mont Valerien, six hundred and fifty feet above the Seine, crowned with the most important of the outlying defensive forts of Paris. It took a most prominent part in the defence of Paris against the Germans, and afterward in the bombardment of the Commune in 1871. A short distance westward is the village of Rueil with about ten thousand people, where are interred in the little church, the Empress Josephine, and Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. On the outskirts is the château of the Malmaison which was a favorite residence of Josephine and is now owned by the French government, having been presented by an ardent admirer of Napoleon, M. Osiris, in 1903. This is the "Ill House" which Napoleon gave to Josephine in 1798 when departing for Egypt, and here she lived after the divorce in 1809, dying in the château in 1814. After Waterloo, Napoleon came here for a few days, but left on June 29th, when he tried to escape from France. The estate is small but well kept, much of the original grounds having gone to private owners.

Not far southward from Mont Valerien is St. Cloud, which was originally the site of a monastery

founded by St. Clodoald, the grandson of Clovis. In the extensive and beautiful park there was built an elaborate palace in the sixteenth century which was enlarged and reconstructed by Louis XIV., but was unfortunately destroyed in October, 1870, during the siege of Paris, it being held by the Prussians, and bombarded frequently by the French from Mont Valerien. It stood in an impressive amphitheatre of hills rising from the western bank of the Seine, and this charming region was fought over repeatedly during the cannonades and sorties of the great siege. The château was made by Louis XVI., in 1782, the palace for Queen Marie Antoinette, and it was here that the Council of Five Hundred held their meetings in one of the halls known as the Salle de l'Orangerie. In November, 1799, Napoleon, with his grenadiers, dispersed the Revolutionary Assembly and three days later at St. Cloud he was proclaimed the First Consul of France. He always afterward had a liking for the château and spent much time there. In July, 1815, after his final downfall, the capitulation of Paris to the Allies was arranged at St. Cloud, Blucher making his headquarters in the château. It was here on July 25th, 1830, that King Charles X. issued the proclamations abolishing the freedom of the press, changing the election laws and dissolving the French Chambers, which so quickly precipitated the "Revolution of July," and the subsequent election of Louis Philippe as king in August. Napoleon III. made the château his chief summer residence in imitation of the great

Napoleon. In its earlier history St. Cloud was occupied by Henri III., when, besieging Paris in 1589 to subdue a rebellion, he was assassinated by Jacques Clement, a Dominican friar. The park of St. Cloud, much visited from Paris embraces about a thousand acres, and is embellished by attractive fountains, one of which, the Jet Géant, throws a stream nearly one hundred and forty feet high. The former site of the château is now an attractive terrace with gardens, from which there is a good view of Paris, while the park stretches up the higher eminences behind it, which the Prussians held so successfully against the last great sortie made out of Paris in January, 1871.

The famous government porcelain manufactory of Sèvres is at the southeastern corner of the park of St. Cloud down near the Seine. It has been a public institution since 1759, and its products are of much celebrity. There are extensive exhibition rooms and a museum of ceramics, with interesting specimens of the early Sèvres ware, and in the chief hall, the largest and most remarkable vases that have been made and also some Gobelins tapestry. This factory has given great benefit to France through the new tints and processes and novel varieties of porcelain here invented, the government freely communicating the secrets of the discoveries to other French establishments. To the south and eastward beyond the great loop of the Seine, is the extensive valley and Bois de Meudon, the elevated terrace of the old château commanding a fine prospect. This château, dating from the sixteenth

century, was rebuilt by Napoleon for Marie Louise, but was burnt in the siege of Paris in 1871. There has been a partial restoration of portions of the old building.

MONTMORENCY AND ST. DENIS.

The brief and necessarily hasty survey of the magnificence of Paris, its great parks, squares, buildings, palaces and innumerable attractions, with its chequered, spectacular and so often tragic history, is best closed by a visit to St. Denis, the tomb of the French kings, whose glories have departed. Northward from Paris the land ascends to the heights of Montmorency—an extensive forest, the elevations reaching six hundred feet and covering several square miles. It is a woods mainly of chestnut trees and remains generally in a state of nature. There is an old town with steep streets on the hill slope, and here stood the château which was plundered and destroyed in 1814. The little church is still there, dating from the fourteenth century. Montmorency gave the name to one of the greatest families of France, numbering among its members, six constables, twelve marshals, four admirals and several cardinals; and it was the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau in 1756-58 when he wrote *La Nouvelle Heloise*. The “Hermitage,” where he then lived, became the property of the nation in the Revolution, and was occupied by Robespierre, but it has since disappeared.

On the route out to Montmorency is St. Denis, lo-

cated on the great northern loop of the Seine, which after it has gone southward around the Bois de Boulogne, comes far up northeastward again on the northern side of Paris, and sweeps grandly around on the border of St. Denis, to flow off southwestward again toward St. Germain. The town of St. Denis is a busy industrial place, but its fame comes from the old Abbey church. Dagobert founded the Abbey in 638 as the shrine of the martyred St. Denis on the site of a chapel erected in the third century, to which his remains had been removed. The monks of St. Denis, for a long time, took part in the French government, under favor of the Carlovingian and Capetian kings. Louis VI. in the twelfth century had the sagacious Abbot Suger for his adviser, who built a large part of the present church. Louis, at the abbot's suggestion solemnly adopted as the royal standard of France, the standard of St. Denis, the Oriflamme, so called from its colors of red and gold. This was placed above the altar of the church, and only removed when the king took the field in person, the last occasion being when it was displayed at Agincourt, where the French were so signally defeated by Henry V. of England in 1415. Suger was the administrator of the kingdom during Louis VII.'s absence on a crusade in the Holy Land, and his influence greatly extended the power and fame of the Abbey. It was the home of Abelard, until he left to found the Paraclet near Nogent-upon-Seine. Joan of Arc hung up her arms in the church in 1429, Henri of Navarre as a

preliminary to becoming King Henri IV. of France, here abjured the Huguenot faith in 1593, and in it Napoleon was married to Marie Louise in 1810.

The Cathedral of St. Denis is an excellent specimen of early Gothic, and is about three hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. It was almost destroyed during the excesses of the Revolution, but Napoleon III. had it restored with much of its ancient magnificence. The greatly admired nave is lofty and has thirty-seven large windows each thirty-three feet high, fine columns and a handsome triforium gallery. The high altar is modern but constructed in thirteenth century style. The great attraction of St. Denis was the royal tombs, nearly all the kings, from Dagobert down, having been interred here with their families. These tombs were rifled and destroyed in 1793 by decree of the Convention.

The Convention upon August 1st ordered that all tombs of kings and queens of France at St. Denis with all other funeral monuments of sovereigns and noble personages in Paris and the provinces should be destroyed and the remains thrown into a common grave and annihilated with quicklime. Whatever there was of value in gold and silver or precious stones found in the coffins was to be preserved and a Commission of jewellers was appointed to superintend the exhumations and secure the valuables for the State. Nothing was done to carry out this order until October 12th, when a mob marched out in the morning from Paris to St. Denis, destroying on their way, twelve beautiful

Gothic wayside crosses erected in the thirteenth century to commemorate the places where the body of St. Denis rested on its way to the royal vault. Other excesses were committed and arriving at the Abbey they found that the splendid bronze gates given by Charlemagne were closed. These they battered down and broke in pieces, destroying one of the most perfect relics of early French art. The first grave disturbed was that of Pepin at the threshold, his stone coffin being opened and the plate torn from it on which was graven in Latin: "Here lies King Pepin, the father of Charlemagne." Nothing was in the coffin but a few ashes and some little bits of gilt metal. Then the mob threw down the statues of saints and kings, smashed the beautiful stained glass windows and desecrated the altars, until some of the National Guard entered and restored order, it being announced officially that the exhumations would begin. Bowls of burning vinegar and other disinfectants were distributed about the church, and a huge pit was dug outside, with barrels of quicklime alongside.

The work began at noon when all being in readiness one of the Commissioners announced amid great applause: "Gentlemen, we are about to empty the rat-hole under the high altar." They worked there until about half-past one o'clock, when they brought out the first coffin, that of Henri IV., which was placed outside the entrance to the crypt and opened. This was carefully done, and the body was found embalmed and enveloped in narrow bands of linen, which were

unrolled down to the waist, the corpse of the great king appearing almost as perfect as when buried, the face well preserved and the fan-shaped beard, as if only recently dressed. The eyes were open and the wounds made by Ravailac's knife plainly visible. So interested were the mob that the remains were unmolested and many thousands passed in procession during the night and Sunday to view them, great crowds coming out from Paris. On Monday, the 14th, the procession was still passing respectfully in front of the grim and fast decomposing corpse, until about noon when a sinister-looking rough objected to longer delay, making a defiant speech and shouting: "Come, patriots, look sharp; let us get the old rascal out of this and dig up the rest of the crowned brigands." This was Javoques, who was shot a few years later, and his oration produced the desired action. King Henri was consigned to the pit outside and covered with quicklime. Then Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., the "Grande Monarque," were exhumed and thrown into the pit, Louis XIV. being treated with the utmost disrespect, while Louis XIII. was described as "dried up like a mummy."

During that day and the two next, hundreds of bodies were torn from the vaults and cast into the lime-pit. Among these were Queen Henrietta of England, Marie de Médicis, Maria Theresa, Queen of Louis XIV., and Anne of Austria. A terrible odor was emitted and in spite of the disinfectants several of the workmen contracted maladies from which they after-

ward died. But little jewelry was found, the chief discoveries being the hearts of a son and daughter-in-law of Louis XV., enclosed in large vases of gold inlaid with splendid gems. These were sent to Paris. On the 16th, just at the time when the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was being guillotined, the body of her eldest son, the first Dauphin, was thrown into the lime-pit, and when later her body was flung into the common grave in the old cemetery of the Madeleine on what is now the Boulevard Hausemann, they were exhuming Louis XV. and throwing him into the pit. Late that afternoon Charles V. and his Queen Jeanne de Bourbon were brought out, his crown and sceptre, and her ring and distaff being found in the coffins. Charles VII.'s body was covered with little specks of quicksilver, evidently used in embalming. Then the crowd turned to the monument of the great Turenne, broke it open and found his body in good preservation. It was not thrown into the pit, however, but was claimed by a doctor for the medical faculty of Paris "as a magnificent specimen of how a mummy should be preserved." It was handed over to him and kept in the Jardin des Plantes for several years, along with the skeletons of a monkey and a camel, when Napoleon discovered it, and had Turenne honorably interred in the Invalides. The remains of other warriors and nobles, including Suger, the founder, were cast into the pit.

An observer describes that with few exceptions, the coffins of the earlier sovereigns contained only a scant

supply of ashes. He saw two well-preserved skeletons, Philip le Bel and Louis le Hutin. The bodies of Dagobert and his wife Nantilde, which had been there for twelve centuries, were quite perfect and wrapped in silken drapery of the most brilliant scarlet. They were side by side, separated in their coffin only by a slight partition. Nantilde's head was gone, as were those of several other Queens, having been probably cut off and sent to distant churches as was often the custom. On Sunday, the 20th, the tomb of Francis I. was broken into in the special chapel he had built for himself, and "his remains might have been placed in a drinking glass, they were so scant." The last king, Jean, was exhumed on the 25th. The tombs were empty, the statues mutilated and defaced, and the church almost reduced to a ruin. Chateaubriand who visited it some years afterward described the great Cathedral as in an almost hopeless state of destruction, and it was even proposed to level it to the ground and make a market place. Napoleon did something towards its re-establishment, and the fragments of the tombs were gathered together and taken to Paris to the Church of St. Andre des Arts, which was made a museum of relics.

After the Restoration, Louis XVIII. in 1816, had the fragments of these monuments taken back to St. Denis, and about sixty of them were replaced in the crypt. He also had removed here the bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, taking the latter from the old cemetery of the Madeleine, its site being now

marked by the Chapel Expiatoire, erected in 1820. Napoleon III. made an elaborate restoration of St. Denis at a cost of \$1,400,000. Each tomb is replaced in its original position, and the ashes of the kings, mingled with the quicklime, were taken from the pit and buried under the high altar in the crypt. There is also an interesting historical collection of statuary, columns, urns and *bas reliefs*. Thus St. Denis has once more become the shrine of the ancient dynasties of France. This mournful exhibition, when the departed glories of the long line of sovereigns and the desecration of their remains are contemplated, gives the impressive lesson of the futility of all earthly grandeur, and is in sharp contrast with the magnificence of the French capital, which, despite misfortune, shines out to-day as attractive to the world of pleasure as ever. These kingly tombs of St. Denis, in their neglected loneliness recall the moral taught in the immortal Elegy of Thomas Gray:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

CHAMPAGNE TO PROVENCE.

IV.

CHAMPAGNE TO PROVENCE.

The Marne—Meaux—Château Thierry — Montmirail—Villers Cotterets — Soissons — Rheims — The Wines of Champagne — Sillery — Epernay — Attigny — Varennes — Chalons — L'Epine — Brienne— Troyes — Arcis — Nogent — Chatillon — Tonnerre — Toulay — Montbard — Mont Auxois — Vercingetorix — Burgundy — The Cote d'Or — Dijon — Chambertin — Vougeot — Beaune — The Saône — Vesoul — Chalon — Cluny — Mâcon — Villefranche — Trévoux — Bourg—The Church of Brou — Lyons — Silk Manufacture—The Rhone — Vienne — St. Etienne — Mont Pilat—Tournon — Tain — Valence — The Isère — St. Antoine — Grenoble — Dauphiny — The Grande Chartreuse — Montélimar — Grignan — Orange — Mont Venteux — Carpentras — Avignon — Petrarch and Laura — Fontaine de Vaucluse — Tarascon — Beaucaire — Nîmes — Pont de Gard — Uzès — Alais — The Causses — Mende — St. Privot — Canõn of the Tarn — St. Enimie — Montpellier-le-Vieux — Arles — The Camargue — Saintes-Maries — Aigues-Mortes — Montpellier — Maguelone — Cette — Provence — Aix — The Troubadours — Longfellow's Sonnet to the Rhone.

MEAUX TO SOISSONS.

Upon the southeastern border of Paris, the river Marne flows into the Seine. It comes to the French capital by a roundabout and meandering course from the eastward where it has gathered the waters of the

vine-clad hills of Champagne. Twenty-eight miles east of Paris, in the centre of a grain-growing district, watered by the Marne, is ancient Meaux, having its curious old mills down in the river. Here the counts of Champagne had their château, built in the thirteenth century, of which some relics remain, and in the Cathedral, Bossuet, who was its bishop two centuries ago, is buried. There also are copies of Raphael's cartoons in the Cathedral, including two of the lost ones. The whole country hereabout, and south and north for a long distance was fought over during the German invasion of 1870 and the siege of Paris. Eastward of Meaux is Château Thierry, having on the hill the ruins of the famous castle built by Charles Martel in 720, now preserved with the adjacent grounds as a public park. Some relics of the outer ramparts are about all that remains. It was taken by the English in 1421, but the French recaptured it in the next century, and it was frequently besieged subsequently. The town is small, but it has great pride in showing the house where La Fontaine, who wrote the famous fables, was born in 1621, the building being used as a museum and library. Near Montmirail to the southward is the magnificent château built by Louvois, the war minister of Louis XIV., surrounded by a large park. A column standing on a slope overlooking the pretty valley of the Petit Morin commemorates the victory here won by Napoleon in his struggles with the Allies in 1814.

The little river Ourcq flows from the northeast into

the Marne above Meaux and upon it, at La Ferté Milon, Racine, the dramatist, was born in 1639, David d'Angers having erected a statue in his memory. The extensive forest of Villers Cotterets is to the north-westward and its old château, which Francis I. rebuilt, is now the poorhouse. The adjoining village has a statue of the elder Alexander Dumas, who was born there in 1802. A short distance farther is Soissons, sixty-five miles northeast of Paris, in the valley of the Aisne, which flows westward to join the Oise and they together seek the Seine below Paris. This great historical fortress, whose warlike career began in the legendary days of the ancient Gauls, is now chiefly noted for its haricot beans and its grain trade. It was the stronghold of the Suessiones, whom Cæsar found north of the Marne, and the Romans named it Noviodunum, though the present name is derived from the Gallic tribe. It witnessed both Gallic and Roman triumphs and later was the scene of the defeat of the Romans in their decadence, when Clovis gained his victory over the Roman General Syagrius in 486. It then became the Frankish capital of Neustria. It is said to have been besieged more frequently than any other French fortress, the latest siege being in October, 1870, when the Germans captured Soissons after a three days' bombardment. In the early times Soissons had also an interesting religious history which developed some great religious houses. St. Crispin and St. Crispinian were its first missionaries, teaching Christianity in the third century, and they suffered

martyrdom in 297. As they supported themselves by mending shoes during their labors, they are regarded as the patron saints of the shoemakers. They were followed by St. Sinice, who was the first bishop of Soissons. The Cathedral is a fine specimen of Romanesque-Gothic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the tower rising two hundred and fifteen feet. Near by are the remains of the Abbey of St. Jean, its handsome towers and spires rising nearly two hundred and fifty feet. Here Thomas á Becket spent nine years of his exile. The Abbey St. Leger, built about the same time, is a seminary, and has fine remains of its thirteenth century cloisters. The Abbey Notre Dame, now used as a barrack, was founded in the seventh century. It was a wonderful resort for pilgrims and in 858 was the home of over two hundred nuns who possessed among their most sacred relics, a shoe and girdle of the Madonna. St. Drausin was buried here, and his fame spread afar, as his tomb rendered invincible all who spent a night upon it, so that many a bold warrior prayed and slept there. Down by the Aisne is the suburb of St. Médard, where was the abbey which, in the sixteenth century, attracted vast armies of pilgrims, but it was ruined in the religious wars, the buildings now being a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Here was imprisoned King Louis, the son and successor of Charlemagne, known as the Debonaire, by his undutiful sons in the ninth century. Thus were planted the seeds of disintegration of Charlemagne's empire.

RHEIMS.

The Vesle flows into the Aisne, and upon its banks, about eighty-two miles east-northeast of Paris, is the city of Rheims. The approach to it is heralded by the spreading vineyards of Champagne, and the city is built upon a plain bordered by vine-clad hills. It has become, in modern times, the centre of the trade in champagne wines, and is also a large producer of woollens, merinos and cotton goods, the population of over a hundred thousand people being very industrious. The manufacture of fine cashmeres, merinos and flannels, for which Rheims is celebrated, is in establishments under English control. The great attraction of Rheims, however, is its grand Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the noblest early Gothic churches existing. Begun in 1212, it was completed, practically as we see it now, in the fourteenth century, and in the open space in front is an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, who was regarded as the deliverer of Rheims as she was of Orleans. The superb façade of this famous Cathedral is described by Fergusson as "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the middle ages," as it rises in dignity and majesty crowned with its graceful towers. It has three deeply-recessed and most exquisite portals, surmounted by large windows, the magnificent central rose window being nearly forty feet in diameter; and a gallery rises above forming a basement for the towers. There is a most

lavish display of sculpture, including over five hundred statues. Above the portals are sculptures representing Christ, the Virgin, the Apostles and other biblical characters, while surmounting and extending across the façade is a row of forty-two colossal statues in niches representing in the centre the baptism of Clovis, and having on either hand the kings of France. The two towers above, with their turrets, rise two hundred and sixty-seven feet, their spires, however, with five others above the transepts, having been burnt in 1481. One spire still rises from the roof, and is decorated with colossal statues. There is an open arcade below the spring of the roof, and the building is surrounded by fine flying buttresses, crowned with statues in niches. The portals in the façade, have their sides, the overhead vaulting of their arches, and the surmounting gables most profusely adorned with carving and statuary representing sacred scenes and allegorical figures.

This grand cathedral is over four hundred and fifty feet long, about one hundred feet wide and one hundred and twenty-five feet high. It is cruciform with short transepts placed nearer the east end than is usual in churches, this being, however, remedied through an interior arrangement by which the choir extends past the transept crossing and occupies part of the space usually devoted to the nave. The interior is simple in decoration, excepting that the portals are profusely adorned with statuary; those at the main portal representing the death of St. Nicasius, the first

then Rheims. It became the Roman capital of Belgica Secunda, and in the development of Christianity, St. Nicasius in the fourth century was its missionary, and became the first of a long line of bishops and, beginning in the eighth century, of archbishops who had been, down to the overthrow made by the French Revolution, the primates of France. In 406, the Vandals captured the town and martyred St. Nicasius, and subsequently Attila and his hordes destroyed it. Then the great Clovis became its master; and on Christmas day in 496, he was baptized with elaborate magnificence by the bishop St. Remegius, and crowned king of the Franks. We are told by veracious tradition, that a dove from Heaven brought down a glass flask filled with inexhaustible holy oil, for use at this coronation in anointing the king, and this the *Ampulla Rhemensis*, or "Sainte Ampoule," the sacred ampulla, was carefully preserved in the various churches that preceded the present cathedral, and also in its Treasury, and the successive kings of France from 1173 with one exception down to Louis XVI., were crowned and anointed with this holy oil. Henri IV., however, was the exception and was crowned at Chartres. During the French Revolution, the sacred flask was shattered and its contents scattered, but a pious person preserved one of the pieces in which some of the holy oil was said to still remain. After the Restoration this was delivered to the Archbishop of Rheims, the oil carefully placed in the new and modern "Sainte Ampoule," and Charles X. anointed with it in 1825. Na-

oleon I. was crowned at Paris in Notre Dame, and Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. were not crowned at all. It is noteworthy by the way, that many a solemn Frenchman shakes his head and indicates that the monarchs not thus anointed, beginning with Henri IV., all came to grief. Under the French Republic, the anointing of the chief magistrate has not been regarded as necessary. The English got possession of Rheims in 1420, but Joan of Arc in pursuit of her divine mission, expelled them, delivered Rheims, and caused Charles VII. to be crowned and anointed in the cathedral, the same as his ancestors. Rheims had opposed the Huguenots, but after the battle of Ivry opened its gates to Henri IV. The Germans held it in 1870-71 in their operations against Paris.

The most ancient church in Rheims is St. Remi, a fine survival of the basilica of the Abbey of St. Remigius. The first church was built in the ninth century, being rebuilt in the eleventh century and subsequently. The western façade and choir are Gothic, the nave and tower Romanesque and the transept Flamboyant. Like the Rheims cathedral, its choir is continued into the nave. The tomb of St. Remigius is behind the high altar, built like a temple, and having a group in white marble, representing the saint baptizing Clovis, and surrounded by statues of the "twelve Peers of France." These ancient notabilities were the Dukes of Burgundy, Normandy and Aquitaine, the Counts of Flanders, Champagne and Toulouse, and the Bishops of Rheims, Laon, Beauvais, Langres, Noyon and Cha-

lons. The old abbey buildings adjoining the church are now a hospital, and the fine cloisters are well preserved. The ancient Hotel de Ville of Rheims is a handsome structure, begun by Louis XIII., whose equestrian statue adorns the front, a lofty tower surmounting it, and there are within an extensive library and museum. The chief Roman survival in the city is the Porte de Mars the northeastern end of the public promenade at the railway station. This is a triple gateway and triumphal arch, said to have been constructed in the fourth century and retaining some of the original ornamentation. There are also quaint old timbered houses in the city, and one that is very interesting, called the "House of the Musicians," from the figures of musicians contained in five niches in the front. This building was a fourteenth century construction.

THE WINES OF CHAMPAGNE.

Probably the most interesting display for the visitor to Rheims, is that of the vast "Champagne Cellars," of which the chief in the city are those of Rœderer, Mumm and of Madame Pommery. They are enormous subterannean caves hewn out of the chalk which underlies the district, and are made like a city with streets and passages, being kept at a low temperature necessary for the ripening of the champagne. These vast cellars in some cases have their tapering walls rising eighty feet or more above their floors, shimmering ghostly white in the gloom, and occasion-

ally clothed in gray mossy lichen. They are the ancient quarries whence the stones were hewn for the walls and churches and buildings of the city. The quarrymen began in the Roman days, and constantly deeper and more extensive grew these caves, with the great demands upon them during the many centuries for the huge churches and the massive defensive walls and towers. Madame Pommery built an elaborate palace over her spacious wine cellars, and had there her offices. She was a great patron of art and of good works for Rheims, and when she died, left a fortune estimated at \$4,000,000.

A curious German legend tells us that champagne wine was invented by one hundred thousand restless evil spirits, who while their master happened to be abroad on some particular business, indulged in a special frolic on their own account. He suddenly returned and this put them into a panic, so they fled into the cellar of a wealthy baron where they found myriads of bottles of wine which they hastily entered for concealment. In a rage he followed them and corked them in the bottles. This is why the wine when opened indulges in such fiendish effervescence. We are further told by tradition that the culture of the grape was introduced into Gaul by the Phœnicians, and it has ever since been in a large degree the occupation of the people, while the nobles and wealthy bourgeoisie have been the capitalists in wine making. All around Rheims, and particularly southward, to and beyond Epernay is an extensive grape growing district. Here

the land is hilly and rises in formation to make the extensive Montagne de Rheims, of which the highest surface elevated about nine hundred feet is the Mont Joli, the water courses flowing off southward into the Marne or northward into the Vesle.

In this district was long ago established the Abbey of Hautvilliers, dedicated to St. Peter, controlled by the Benedictines, on the picturesque slopes of the Marne valley about five miles from Epernay. They got as part of their revenues one-tenth of the wine grown in the district. In the early times it was a still wine of cherry color, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the monk who was master of their capacious wine cellars was Dom Perignon. He was always experimenting, and in 1688, he discovered the wine that pops and sparkles and thus invented champagne. He hit upon the method by accident and thus made something that was entirely new and soon became famous. Dom Perignon became the greatest man of his time in France. Old Louis XIV. liked the wine and set the fashion, all the people at Court took to it, and it grew in celebrity and demand, so that the young Marquis of Sillery went back from the Court to his estates on the Montagne de Rheims, began making the new wine according to the monk's formula, gave it his name and secured a fortune, much of which he afterward spent in the gaieties of Paris.

Both white and dark grapes are grown in the chalky regions of the district, and thus we hear of the vineyards and grapes of Verzenay, Bouzy, Sillery, Ay,

Epernay and other districts. Their juices are mixed in making champagne, one soil giving fragrance, another richness, a third generosity of taste, a fourth correcting the color, and thus curiously enough a white wine may come from the darkest grape. The first process is to ferment the newly expressed juice in casks, and after this fermentation it is conveyed to the cellars, is soon racked, and is then ready for making what is called the "cuvée," or blending of the juices of the various vineyards to produce a perfect wine. The result depends upon the skill and experience of the "wine-taster," and thus the champagnes of various manufacturers differ. To insure uniformity, this blending is done in huge vats holding seventy to eighty thousand bottles. Then the wine is returned into casks in December and fined, being in the following spring, bottled, securely corked, and laid away in the vast cellars to ripen for at least two and one-half years. Soon after the bottling, the second fermentation goes on, producing the effervescence and forming a sediment. When the wine is ripe for use, it is sharply shaken several times daily for from three to eight weeks by skilled workmen called "remueurs," the object being to detach the sediment and get it to rest on the cork, the bottles being held in racks with their necks downward. Then the "dégorgeur" goes to work, carefully loosening the cork, which is forcibly expelled, taking with it as it flies out, all the sediment and a small quantity of wine. Then comes the "dosage," being the addition of sugar or rock candy,

brandy or spirits, according to the market for which the wine is intended, and the bottle is recorked, and prepared for market. As vintages vary in quality year by year, it takes large capital to carry an enormous stock, and also to lay in excessive supplies during good vintages in order to tide over the poorer seasons and maintain uniformity. The champagne is made of the juice of red grapes to the extent of about four-fifths of the amount, the skins being removed before fermentation.

Dom Perignon is said to have perfected his invention by 1715, in which year he died, then producing probably as good wine as is made now. He is credited with the first use of corks in the bottles. Before his time the wine bottles were stopped with a flaxen plug soaked in oil. The uniformity of the temperature, which is cold, is necessary to produce champagne and thus the cellars so readily excavated in the chalk are essential, many miles of these deep galleries being extended in all directions and generally forty feet underground. There are about thirty-five thousand acres of champagne vineyards although the province has one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres in all its vineyards. The champagne vines number five hundred millions, and are valued for taxation at \$20,000,000. Different vineyards have different flavors; thus Avenay gives the flavor of strawberries, Ay, peaches, Hautevilliers, nuts, Verzenay, perfume, and Picny is fruity. Pretty much the entire population of the rural regions in the district, men, women and children, are

employed in one way or another in the industry. In the process of manufacture one of the great losses comes from the breakage of bottles by pressure during the second fermentation. The explosions are constant, and the loss is ordinarily six to eight per cent., but in some seasons is much more, owing to causes coming from the growth of the grape that cannot be avoided. One season more than half the bottles were thus lost, but improvements in the process have made less breakage in later years. The "remueurs" or bottle shakers are very dexterous and skillful, passing their entire lives in doing this work, and some becoming so expert at it, that a day's task will sometimes number fifty thousand bottles. In administering the "dosage," dry champagne takes the least amount. The sweet champagnes are sent to Russia and throughout France, while the best brands of dry are exported to the United States and England, and eighty per cent. of the whole product is consumed outside of France. The earliest maker who cultivated the foreign trade was Claude Nicolas Moët of Epernay, who owned various vineyards and embarked in the wine trade in 1734, being the founder of Moët and Chandon. He sent wines to various Continental capitals, but none went to England till 1788, and in 1789 champagne was sold in London at two shillings a bottle. The chief exports to America are Moët and Chandon and Mumm. The great champagne cellars are always open to visitors and are among the main attractions of both Rheims and Epernay which is about

eighteen miles southward, another centre of this important industry.

The enormous importance of the wine crop to France is shown by the figures of the last great vintage—1901,—which was much larger than in 1902, when there came a partial failure. The whole area planted in vines was 4,338,345 acres, yielding 1,304 millions of gallons, valued at \$190,000,000. There were 45 millions of gallons exported, and 83 millions imported, mainly from Algeria, Tunis and Spain. France also produces a crop of cider of nearly 400 millions of gallons in good years, mostly in Normandy and Brittany.

A short distance up the Vesle, southeast from Rheims, is Sillery, noted for its early development of champagnes. The Montagne de Rheims slopes down northeast to the Vesle valley from the southwest, presenting a wilderness of vineyards, the height of land rising in Mont Joli, under which the railroad between Rheims and Epernay is tunnelled through the chalk for about two miles. On this railway route, as it comes down the southern slope of the Montagne toward the valley of the Marne, are the vineyards of Avenay and of Ay. Epernay is on the southern bank of the Marne about eighty-eight miles east of Paris, and is also devoted to champagne, the cellars hewn in the chalk underlying a large part of the town, which was the ancient Sparnacum of the Romans, and was for a long period a fief of the cathedral of Rheims. To the northeast of Rheims on the Aisne, is the little town of

Attigny, where Duke Wittikind of the Saxons was baptized in 786, and King Louis the Debonair, son of Charlemagne, was made in the subsequent century to perform his public penance at the instigation of the prelates inspired by his undutiful sons. Here the Frankish kings had a spacious palace built, in the twelfth century, of which the Dôme, looking like an ancient portico, is preserved as a relic near the Hotel de Ville. To the southeast up the valley of the Aire is the great forest of Argonne. Here is the hamlet of Varennes, where Louis XVI. was arrested in 1791 on his attempted flight from Paris to the Lorraine frontier, when he had tired of the enforced imprisonment in his palace. This flight, it is said, might have been successful had the king had sense enough not to conduct it in a grand coach of state with outriders and all the insignia of royalty. As it was, he was immediately returned to the Tuileries a prisoner.

CHALONS.

To the southeast of Rheims and farther up the Vesle valley is the great camp of Chalons, covering over forty-five square miles, which was established on the broad plains of Upper Champagne to the northeastward of the city of Chalons by Napoleon III. in 1857. This was one of the great camps of the French army, where hundreds of thousands of troops were assembled until the catastrophe of the German invasion in

1870. On the outbreak of that war, General Canrobert was in command. His troops were moved eastward to Sedan and Metz on the frontier, disasters came, and the retreating French were reorganized at this camp by Marshal MacMahon. The Germans arrived in August on their march to Paris, the camp was evacuated and the buildings and supplies destroyed on the 21st, and the next day the Germans occupied the camp and the city of Chalons, using them as a base in their subsequent movements against the capital. After the war it fell into disuse, but more recently has been availed of for army assemblages and manœuvres. One of the greatest of these displays was in September, 1901, when the Czar Nicolas of Russia visited France and a review at the Chalons camp was planned among the entertainments. There were one hundred and thirty-five thousand troops reviewed by the Czar and Czarina and President Loubet of France and Madame Loubet. In the march past the reviewing pavilion each French army corps was a unit. The infantry marched four regiments abreast, each in a massed column of double companies; the cavalry was two regiments abreast; and the artillery had eight batteries abreast. Thus the eye could take in at a glance each army corps of twenty-two thousand men. There was a battalion of cyclists in the procession, and also an immense signal balloon anchored to a caisson. At the close of the review fifteen thousand cavalry, composing one hundred and twenty-eight squadrons, advanced in double squadron columns at a gallop for a

mile, and with drawn sabres suddenly reined up and halted with their front ranks within twenty paces of the Czar. This review was one of the features of the formation of what was then called the Franco-Russian alliance.

The ancient city of Chalons on the Marne, was the Catalaunum of the Romans in Gallia Belgica. It was here in 451 that the great battle was fought, by the Romans and their Frankish allies, in which the Huns under Attila were defeated. This sanguinary contest Sir Edward Creasy includes among the "fifteen decisive battles of the world," as it gave a check to the heathen Attila in his "mighty attempt to found a new anti-Christian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome." The pleading of Bishop St. Alpinus after the battle, is said to have persuaded Attila to spare the city. The bishops of Chalons in the middle ages were very powerful. The city successfully resisted English sieges in the fifteenth century, but the Allies captured it in the operations against Napoleon. It is now a manufacturing city and largely devoted to the champagne trade, having extensive cellars. In front of the Hotel de Ville is a monument to President Carnot. The public park profusely planted with elm trees is known as the Jard. The Manor of Jacquesson in the suburbs with its wine cellars having galleries extending seven miles hewn in the chalk is one of the features of Chalons. To the eastward of the city is L'Epine, a village containing a noted pilgrimage church. This was built in the fifteenth century for

a miraculous statue of the Virgin which some shepherds of the neighborhood had found in a thorn-bush. It has a fine portal and towers, and has been recently restored, the miraculous image (also restored) being still its greatest treasure.

TROYES.

From Chalons southward we cross from the valley of the Marne to the Seine, and on the way pass Brienne le Château on the Aube, a tributary of the Seine. On the hill above the village, is the château of the Prince de Bauffremont-Courtenay in a spacious park, and hence the name. This ancient place gave its name to the family of Brienne, of whom, in the thirteenth century, Jean was the King of Jerusalem and Emperor of Constantinople. Its more modern fame, however, came from the military school at which Napoleon was a pupil from 1779 to 1784, and his bronze statue representing him as a youth of sixteen in the uniform of a cadet, stands in front of the Hotel de Ville in commemoration. It was in January, 1814, that Napoleon, after a sanguinary struggle, here beat back Blucher, who was forced to retire; his early knowledge of the region being of great value to Napoleon in conducting the fight.

Upon the Seine, to the southwestward, which flows through it by various channels, is the old capital of Champagne, the quaint and interesting city of Troyes. The Celtic tribe of the Tricassi inhabited the region

and this was their chief stronghold when the Romans came. They called it at first Augustobona, and afterward Trecaë, and it was an important post, acquiring also a large trade, and being according to tradition the place whence originally came the "Troy weight." Now it deals in pork and sausages, and manufactures hosiery. St. Lupus was its early bishop, and is said to have successfully interceded with Attila when his invasion threatened the town, but the later marauding Normans twice sacked it in the ninth and tenth centuries. It was long the capital of the Counts of Champagne, of whom the best known was Thibaut, the Minstrel, born in 1201. Subsequently the Burgundians and English got control, and here was signed the treaty of 1420 which dethroned the Dauphin, Charles VII., and made the English Henry V. the Regent of France. Henry, by this treaty, was to marry Katherine of France, and their betrothal was solemnized in the Troyes Cathedral the day before the treaty was made, the marriage coming soon afterward in the church of St. Jean. This treaty was the cause of untold disaster to France, until Joan of Arc extricated Charles VII., and in 1429 took Troyes from the English. In subsequent wars the city was burnt and its trade ruined, and it became a storm centre again in the operations of the Allies against Napoleon in 1814.

Troyes is famous now for its narrow, crooked streets, ancient timber houses and old churches. Among the latter is St. Nicolas, wherein is a statue of St. Jerome at prayer; St. Pantaléon, commemorat-

ing that saint who was martyred in the fourth century and also St. Crispin and St. Crispinian; St. Jean dating from the fourteenth century, wherein Henry V. was married; St. Urbain, a small Gothic structure founded in 1263, by Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a shoemaker of Troyes, the church being much admired for the purity of its architecture; St. Nizier, which has admirable stained glass windows of the sixteenth century; St. Remi, a fourteenth century structure whose tall spire is seen from afar; and La Madeleine, dating from the twelfth century, afterward enlarged, and in early times connected with a convent of which a relic in the form of an old gateway is alongside the entrance. The Cathedral of St. Peter is an imposing church which was four hundred years in building, being begun in the thirteenth century. Its choir is the oldest and most beautiful portion, while more recent is the western façade, having a magnificent rose window of the sixteenth century, regarded as one of the richest examples of the Flamboyant style in France. Two towers flank the façade, the one that is finished rising two hundred and forty feet. The stained glass windows of the choir are of the thirteenth century. There is a fine new library building adjoining the Cathedral, containing one hundred and twenty thousand volumes and twenty-five hundred manuscripts, the stained glass windows illustrating the life of Henri IV. The nucleus of this collection was the library of the Abbey of Clairvaux, and the abbey buildings are now used for a museum. This

old town of Troyes is one of the most interesting in central France.

Arcis on the Aube, north of Troyes, was the birthplace of Danton, one of the leading men in the Reign of Terror. The Aube flows westward to the Seine, and at Nogent, just below their confluence, was the abbey of Paraclet founded in the twelfth century by Abélard, who was interred here with Héloïse. The empty vault still exists, their remains having been removed to Père Lachaise in Paris. At Nogent is the noted church of St. Lawrence, which has the top of its graceful tower ornamented with a gridiron for a grille, the saint having been martyred on a gridiron.

ANCIENT BURGUNDY.

Ascending the Seine southeastward about forty miles from Troyes we reach the mediæval town of Chatillon, historical in the early nineteenth century from the fact that the Congress was held here in 1814 which pronounced the deposition of Napoleon as the Emperor of the French. It was also here in the German invasion of 1870-1, that young Garibaldi surprised the Germans and drove them out, though they afterward in the general French catastrophe regained possession. This was the birthplace of Marshal Marmont in 1774, and his château, burnt in 1771, but afterward restored, stands in an expansive park, while his monument is in the Place Marmont. The old château of Chatillon, which gave the town its name, has

long been in ruins, and the grounds are now a cemetery. To the westward in the valley of the Armançon is Tonnerre, the ancient Roman military post on the slope of a hill commanding that river, which they named the *Castrum Ternodorensis*. It is now devoted to the Burgundy wine trade, for we are getting into that famous Province of the olden time. Its great natural curiosity is the Fosse Dionne, a very copious spring issuing from a rock at the base of the hill, the waters flowing away in a vigorous stream to the Armançon. Its Hospital was founded in the thirteenth century by Marguerite of Burgundy, who became Queen of Sicily, and her tomb is in the chapel as also is the tomb of Louvois, the Minister of Louis XIV. At Toulay, farther up the river, is one of the finest castles in Burgundy, which belonged to the Coligny family and was a meeting place in the religious wars for the Huguenot leaders. At Montbard, picturesquely built on the river bank still farther up, Buffon was born in 1707. The old donjon keep of its famous castle still stands, the walls being one hundred and thirty feet high.

We are now getting into the defiles of the hills of the Côte d'Or, a region of great historical importance. To the southeastward rises Mont Auxois, occupying a strategical position at the head of three valleys, the summit being elevated about fourteen hundred feet. Here is the little village of Alise Sainte Reine which is generally believed to occupy the site of the Roman Alesia. At this place the great Gallic chief Vercin-

getorix, after many marches and battles with varying success against the Roman invasion, was finally conquered by Cæsar, 52 B. C. His colossal bronze statue by Millet has been erected on the mountain, and such was the impression inspired by the bravery and constancy of this unfortunate patriot that it has been said of him, "to take rank among the greatest of men, he only needed another enemy and another historian." There are mineral springs in the village and pilgrimages are made to the shrine of Sainte Reine, whom tradition says was a Roman virgin martyr, her fête day being September 7th. It is believed, however, that the story is really a myth, and that she is only the personification of the idea that Gaul was conquered here by Cæsar.

The name of Burgundy comes from the Burgundii, an early German tribe, a branch of Goths, originally living beyond the Oder, from which they were driven westward to the Rhine. In the fifth century, with the Vandals, Suevi and others they came farther westward, settling between the Alps and the Saône and Rhône, establishing the kingdom of Burgundy, of which Geneva at first and afterward Lyons was the capital. They were Christianized soon after arriving in Gaul, and their domain was spread southward to the Mediterranean, and northward to the valleys of the Seine and Loire. Clovis and his sons conquered them, and their country was added to the Frankish empire. In the subsequent centuries they had various rulers, both French, German, and independent princes, until

finally the first ducal house of Burgundy was established as one of the great feudal provinces of France, in the tenth century, the first dukes being brothers of Hugh Capet. This house continued until 1361, when the line ran out and the duchy reverted to the French crown, King John conferring it in 1363, as a reward for his gallantry at Poitiers where he won the title, upon his third son, Philip the Bold. Philip and his three successors, John the Fearless, Philip the Good, and Charles the Bold, were among the foremost historical characters of their time, the last two possessing regal rights and powers. Charles, the last of these Dukes of Burgundy, succeeded his father in 1467, and extended his dominions and advanced his position to the highest rank among the sovereigns of Europe, his alliance being sought everywhere, and Charles at one time even aspiring to the throne of England. But he had many rivals and they finally overcame him, so that involved in intrigues and wars, he ultimately was beaten and slain in battle against René II. of Lorraine, while besieging Nancy, in January, 1477. His stripped and mutilated corpse was afterward found in a ditch on the battlefield. Louis XI., after Charles's death, seized upon Burgundy, and it became a province of France, with which its history was then connected. It is famous for its wines, and the ranges of hills traversing it from south to north-east, the Charolais and Cote d'Or, are the watershed between the Seine and Loire and their tributaries flowing northwest, and those of the Saône and the

Rhône flowing southward. These hills run off into the Vosges to the northeast, and the Morven and the mountains of Auvergne to the south and southwest.

The sources of the Seine are in the slopes of the Cote d'Or near the hamlet of St. Germain la Feuille, a monument being erected here to the river deity, Sequana, and various Roman remains being seen. The railway route pierces the crest of the hill through a long tunnel and then descends on the eastern slope to the valley of the Ouche, a tributary of the Saône. The country is wild and rugged with many ravines and narrow valleys made by tributary brooks, these gorges being called "Combes." High above on the western side rise the two dominating summits of the Côte d'Or, the Plan de Suzan, eighteen hundred and fifty feet, and Mont Afrique, nineteen hundred and sixteen feet. The route is a series of viaducts, tunnels and curves, with expensive construction, and finally the train reaches Dijon, about one hundred and sixty miles southeast of Paris, the capital of ancient Burgundy, and now of the Department of the Côte d'Or.

THE COTE D'OR AND DIJON.

The Côte d'Or, meaning the "golden side," received its name from the excellent wines grown upon its southeastern slopes, these being the famous wines of Burgundy. A series of hills stretch from Dijon southward about thirty-six miles to Chalon on the Saône, and along the slopes with a general southeastern ex-

posure are the great vineyards, the estates often extending for a mile or so over the adjacent plain. These slopes are generally known locally as the Côte de Nuits and the Côte Beaunoise, the former producing the red wines, and the latter both red and white wines, of high quality. The most noted are the Chambertin, which was the favorite wine of Napoleon, Romanée, Richebourg, Corton, Tâche and Clos de Vougeot, all of them commanding enormous prices and some in very limited supply. Then there are the wines of Nuits, Volnay, Beaune, Vosney, Pommard, Chambolle and others, which are but little inferior. These are all red wines which are the larger part of the product, the white wines being less known abroad, among the latter being the Montrachet, the Perrière, the Cambotte and the La Goutte d'Or. The greater part of the wine production of Burgundy is consumed by the people at home, and it is said of the province that while it produces some of the best, it also makes some of the poorest wines of France.

The Canal de Bourgogne, coming down from the Armançon and the waters of the Seine, having pierced the Côte d'Or by its long tunnel of six miles, comes into the Ouche at its confluence with the little Suzan, and here is the ancient and extensive city of Dijon, having seventy thousand people who now trade chiefly in wine and grain, and are noted makers of mustard and gingerbread, the latter being helped by the excellent honey produced in the neighborhood. Nobody knows when Dijon began, but it became the Roman

camp called *Castrum Divionense*, but had little history until the times of the great Dukes of Burgundy, who made the city their capital. Afterward it was long governed by the Princes of Condé for France. The Germans held it during their invasion, and since its recovery by France in 1871, they have strongly fortified it, being regarded as an important base for the eastern frontier toward Alsace and Lorraine. The old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy is now the Hotel de Ville, though restored and considerably changed. The tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, and some other portions remain and much of the interior is now used for a museum and gallery of paintings, regarded as one of the best French provincial collections. In the ancient Guard Room of the Ducal Palace, are kept the magnificent tombs of Philip the Bold and John the Fearless. These were originally erected in the Church of the Chartreuse, which was founded by Philip in 1383, but was destroyed by the Revolutionists in 1793. The tombs were then taken to the Cathedral, and afterward removed to the Hotel de Ville. Philip's tomb is of black and white marble, painted and gilded in relief and supporting a recumbent figure of the Duke, his feet resting on a lion, and his head upon a cushion, between two angels who hold his helmet. Around the sides are constructed arcades, containing forty statuettes of mourning clergy, most admirably carved. John's tomb closely resembles that of his father, though made fifty years later, but it has a second figure, that of John's wife, Margaret of Bavaria. Its

ornamentation is most elaborate. Between the tombs is a statue of John's daughter Anne of Burgundy, who became the Duchess of Bedford.

The Cathedral of St. Benigne was originally an abbey church, and dates from the thirteenth century. It is Gothic, but resembles the Romano-Byzantine structures of southern France, in its short transepts and small choir, the latter ending in three semicircular apses. The western vestibule is adorned with a modern sculpture of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, which replaced the sculptures destroyed in the French Revolution. There are handsome towers and a spire adorned with statues. The original church on this site was the shrine of St. Benignus, the missionary who Christianized this region and died in the later second century, and the crypt contains his tomb. The city has several other fine churches, among them Notre Dame and St. Michel, also St. Etienne, now the Commercial Exchange; and the people greatly venerate St. Bernard, who was born in the suburbs in 1091, his bronze statue adorning the Place St. Bernard, one of the principal public squares on the line of the boulevards. Among other famous men of Dijon were Bossuet, Rameau, Piron, Crébillon, Marshal Vailant, and the sculptors, Rude, Ramey and Jouffroy, who are commemorated by statues, busts and monuments. It also has a magnificent Soldiers' Monument, called the Trente Octobre, erected in memory of those who fell in the engagement with the Germans before Dijon in 1870. Upon a high pedestal, built as a round

tower, ornamented with an alto-relief representing the defence, stands a splendid white marble figure of Resistance. This memorial is placed in a handsome square at an angle of the Boulevards, on the eastern side of the town, whence the road leads out to Strasbourg.

Southward from Dijon are the famous vineyards of the Côte d'Or. Chambertin, about seven miles distant, the most noted, covers only some sixty acres and is divided among several proprietors, the annual product rarely exceeding one hundred and fifty pipes of red wines. At ten miles, is Vougeot which gives its name to the noted Clos de Vougeot. This vineyard contains one hundred and twenty acres, of which part is poor land. Most of the celebrated vineyards are small, the Romanée Conti being but six and one-half acres. At fourteen miles is Nuits St. Georges, where several more are located, and here is a pyramid marking the battlefield where the Germans in December, 1870, defeated the French after a severe struggle. Twenty-three miles south of Dijon is ancient Beaune, now almost wholly devoted to the Burgundy wine trade. Two round towers of its castle remain, and also the restored Belfry of the old Hotel de Ville, dating from 1403. Near by is the quaint building of the Hospital, constructed in 1443 by the then Chancellor of Burgundy, Nicolas Rolin. It has a small cupola upon a high pitched roof, and the inner court is unique, having galleries one above the other and dormer windows surmounted by gables. The nurses are nuns belong-

ing to gentle families, and are clad now as they were nearly five hundred years ago at the time of the foundation, wearing white costumes in summer and blue in winter. The town recalls the memory of its distinguished citizen Monge, the mathematician, who was born here in 1746, by an elaborate bronze statue, and also has a monument to President Carnot. Not far away are the noted vineyards of Pommard and Volnay. To the southward, white wines are produced at Meursault, and near here is Puligny, where the product is the famous Montrachet.

GOING DOWN THE SAONE.

The river Saône, coming from the southwestern de-fils of the Vosges mountains, flows southward on the eastern verge of the Côte d'Or, and finally joins the Rhône at Lyons. This was the ancient Arar, and in the middle ages, the Segona river, whence the present name is derived. Nearly three hundred miles long, its improved navigation, and well developed canal system make it one of the most valuable of the interior waterways of France and it is connected with the Rhine on the one hand by the Rhône and Rhine Canal, going eastward from its upper course, and with the Loire on the other by the Canal du Centre, which terminates on the Saône at the old town of Chalon, about forty miles south of Dijon. To the eastward of the upper Saône and only a few miles away, is ancient Vesoul, where the famous French artist-

sculptor, Jean Leon Gerome, was born in May, 1824, and after a career in which he achieved great artistic fame, he died suddenly in Paris in January, 1904. At Chalon-sur-Saône, lived the original Gallic tribe of the Ædui, and the Romans here established their chief post in upper Gaul—Cabillonum—to which came St. Marcel in the second century, introducing Christianity, and founding a line of bishops which continued until the French Revolution overthrew almost everything of the kind in 1790. Chalon became part of Burgundy, and here lived successive kings and dukes of that noted country, but upon the death of Charles the Bold, it went to France. Now it is a quiet industrial town without much to show, excepting the old Cathedral of St. Vincent dating from the twelfth century, but with a modern façade and towers. About thirty miles south of Chalon, and to the west of the river is Cluny, now a village, but in the middle ages, one of the most famous places in France, on account of its great Benedictine Abbey. Odo of Cluny founded a monastery of reformed Benedictine monks in the ninth century, which subsequently grew till it occupied the front rank among the religious orders and was at the height of its grandeur in the twelfth century. This head establishment of what were known as the Cluniac monks, was then regarded as the intellectual capital of Europe, having some two thousand subordinate religious houses scattered in all parts of Christendom. They amassed enormous wealth, and were prodigal in its disbursement, especially in con-

structing superb churches. As time passed, however, discipline relaxed, and the religious preëminence was given to the more austere Order of the Cistercians, founded by St. Bernard, one of the most celebrated and powerful ecclesiastics of that era. He was, as stated above, born near Dijon in 1091, and was known as St. Bernard of Clairvaux, where he founded an Abbey. His preaching in France and Germany in 1147, organized the Second Crusade. Martin Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived." He died in 1153. There are scant remains of the old Abbey Church of Cluny, but most of the conventual houses have been rebuilt, and are now the Hotel de Ville and other public institutions of the town.

Farther down the Saône is Mâcon, the Matisco of the *Ædui*, which, however, decayed under repeated pillagings and bombardments in the centuries of wars, though now revived as a busy manufacturing centre. It too has an ancient Cathedral of St. Vincent, of which part of the original structure remains, but its chief early historical record is of the great battle fought at the Ile de la Palme, just north of the town in 61 B. C. by Cæsar against the Helvetii, who had come to and partly crossed the Saône in large numbers to settle in Gaul, but were defeated and scattered. Lamartine was born at Mâcon in 1790, and his bronze statue adorns the Quai du Midi, the principal public promenade on the river front. Villefranche is just west of the river farther down, and on the bank a short distance below is Trévoux, getting its name from the

three Roman roads approaching from different parts of Gaul, which here united, and in this neighborhood, in the late second century the Emperor Septimius Severus defeated his rival Albinus.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

The Reyssouze river coming down out of the foothills southwest of the Jura range, flows into the Saône from the eastward, and on its banks some distance east of Mâcon is the ancient capital of the Bresse, the little town of Bourg. Upon an eminence beyond the old walls stands the noted Church of Notre Dame de Brou, built in the early sixteenth century by the famous, but peculiarly unfortunate Margaret of Austria in fulfillment of a vow originally made by her mother-in-law Margaret of Bourbon, who died in 1483, when Margaret of Austria was only three years old, but though an infant was regarded as the greatest princess in Europe. She was the daughter of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, who was of the house of Austria, and of the noted Mary of Burgundy the last of that line, her father being Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Margaret was born in the Netherlands, her father then being one of the greatest potentates of the world, as her mother had been its wealthiest heiress. Every country was courting an alliance with this powerful house, and while the princess was yet a little child, Louis XI., of France, made the treaty of Arras with Maximilian, by which she was affianced to his son,

the Dauphin, who afterward became Charles VIII. To prepare her for her future station when she had grown a girl, she was sent to be educated at the French Court. But European politics changed. To unite France with Brittany it became necessary some time afterward for Louis to marry his ward Anne of Brittany to the Dauphin Charles. Maximilian being left a widower by the early death of Mary, had been seeking the hand of Anne, but Louis disregarded this, rebuffed Maximilian and dissolved the contract of marriage between Charles and Margaret. Bad blood ensued, Margaret was sent home from the French court in 1491, and this gross insult the House of Maximilian never forgave. War ensued, and in 1495, Maximilian made a treaty with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain by which the Spanish heir apparent, John, Prince of the Asturias, was affianced to Margaret. She started from the Netherlands for Spain in winter, severe storms ensued, most of the escorting fleet was wrecked and her life was in great peril, but she arrived there and was married to John with great pomp in April, 1497. The honeymoon was brief, and he died of fever the subsequent October, she subsequently giving birth to a still-born infant. The widowed Margaret returned to the Netherlands, and in 1501, made the third venture, being married to Philibert the Fair, Duke of Savoy, son of Margaret of Bourbon. He was killed in 1504 while hunting in the Savoyard forests, and Margaret was again left a widow, and childless. She was made the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and

governed with skill, devoting herself also to the education of her nephew, who afterward became the renowned Emperor Charles V. She was always an earnest foe of France, as were all of her family, on account of the insult, and this helped foment the series of vindictive wars between Charles and the successive French kings.

Margaret died in December, 1530, and in her later years built the Church of Brou, which her mother-in-law had long before begun. She made it the memorial of her husband. It is an elaborate structure, with a profusely ornamented portal and impressive interior, containing masterpieces of sculptures and carving, with magnificent Gothic stalls, and the splendid tombs of Philibert, his mother and wife. The centre tomb is Philibert's, with two recumbent statues, one representing him living, and the other dead, the whole being surrounded by statuettes of sybils, genii and ornamental pillars. On the one side is the tomb of Margaret of Bourbon, and on the other that of Margaret of Austria. The first is decorated with statuettes of genii, saints and warriors; while the other, vying with Philibert's, is surmounted by a rich canopy, and also has two recumbent statues, the Duke and Duchess. Interest in this noted Church of Brou was revived by Matthew Arnold's well known poem, illustrating the Castle, the Church and the Tomb. The poem begins by describing the shock caused to Margaret when Philibert was brought dying to the castle, and her determination to build the church " 'Mid the

Savoy mountain valleys" "which the Duchess Maud began." She personally supervised the building and the poet tells us :

"There she sat and watched the builders,
Till the church was roof'd and done,
Last of all, the builders reared her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

"On the tomb two forms they sculptur'd,
Lifelike in the marble pale.
One the Duke in helm and armour;
One, the Duchess in her vail.

* * * * *

"On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray.
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chambery,
Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

"And after church, when mass is done,
The people to the nave repair
Round the tomb to stray.
And marvel at the forms of stone,
And praise the chisell'd broideries rare.
Then they drop away.
The princely pair are left alone
In the Church of Brou.

* * * * *

So sleep, forever sleep, O Marble Pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair

On the carv'd western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
A chequer work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst and ruby;—then uncloseth
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm, rosy tints
That checquer at your feet the illumin'd flints,
Say—'What is this? we are in bliss,—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!'"

THE CITY OF LYONS.

The Saône approaches Lyons through picturesque scenery. Its sloping banks are lined with villages and attractive villas, and at the Ile Barbe just above the city is a favorite pleasure resort of the people. The river makes a grand sweeping bend around the high hill of Fourvière crowned with its church, and then flows southward through Lyons, crossed by many bridges, until it joins the Rhône below. The latter also comes down through the city, and the two streams flow almost parallel and not very far apart for a long distance until the comparatively narrow tongue of land between them densely built upon, ends at the confluence. Thus Lyons has spread over not only the long peninsula, but the shores of both rivers, rising into hills on either side that are crowned by fortifications, for it is a fortress that is one of the chief bases

of French military movements. There are a half million people here, its admirable position, with the long lines of quays flanking both rivers, giving it a large commerce, while it has also become the second manufacturing city of France, and the first in the world in the manufacture of silks. We are told that the Greeks first came here in the dim past, several centuries before the Christian era, and when the Romans invaded Gaul, they found a settlement on the slopes of the high hills of Fourvière. About a half century before the Christian era, the Romans determined to establish a fortified town at the junction of the rivers, and they there founded Lugdunum, which the Emperor Augustus made the capital of Celtic Gaul. The town was mainly on the hill, and Trajan constructing the Forum Vetus here, the hills were afterward known as Fourvière. Augustus established a senate for Gallic Lugduncasis and a college of magistrates, and Claudius who was born at Lyons gave it all the privileges of a Roman city. There are still preserved among the antiquities in the Lyons Museum of the Palais St. Pierre, what are known as the "Claudian Bronze Tablets," which contain a large portion of the address delivered by Claudius in approval of the right demanded by the city to send for Gaul, members to the Roman Senate. These tablets were found in the early sixteenth century. There are remains of constructions by the subsequent Roman emperors, and St. Pothinus first preached Christianity here in the later second century, and suffered martyrdom. Attila invaded and

destroyed it in the fifth century, when most of the Roman constructions disappeared. It had many masters subsequently, was long the capital of the Lyonnaise, and passed to France in the thirteenth century. In the twelfth century lived Petrus Waldus, an opulent merchant of Lyons, who sold his goods and gave them to the poor, going forth as a preacher of voluntary poverty, his followers, the poor of Lyons, becoming the Waldenses who suffered long persecutions. The city was damaged in the protracted religious wars; and in the French Revolution, adhering to the Girondists, it revolted against the Convention, was besieged for two months in 1793, captured and condemned to destruction. Collot d'Herbois, sent to do this work, inflicted great damage and executed several thousand people, but the fall of Robespierre saved the city. Lyons prospered greatly under Napoleon, and its growth since has been rapid in wealth, splendor and importance, so that now it is one of the most attractive French cities. The invention by Jacquard, a native of Lyons, of his famous loom, during the Napoleonic era, was the beginning of its silk manufacturing development. Four Roman Emperors were born in Lyons, Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla and Geta, and among the famous townsmen were the artists Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes.

The high hill of Fourvière gives a superb view over Lyons, the rivers, and the surrounding country, the horizon bordered by far distant mountains almost all the way around, having to the west the Auvergnès, to

the south, the Cévennes, to the northeast the Jura, and east and southeast the Alps, with the dim outline of snow-topped Mont Blanc, seen across Savoy eastward ninety-six miles. The massive modern church of Notre Dame de Fourvière crowns the summit of the hill, above which its tower rises one hundred and sixty feet, giving from the top a most magnificent outlook. This church, in Byzantine architecture, was begun in consequence of a vow made by the clergy of Lyons during the Franco-German war and was consecrated in 1896. Its semicircular apse facing the town, and flanked by polygonal and crown-surmounted towers, has a gallery, from which a blessing is pronounced upon Lyons on September 8th every year, with elaborate ceremonial. The façade and the interior are richly decorated. A chapel long previously built alongside the church, is frequented by pilgrims to the black marble image of the Virgin within, and the walls are covered with votive offerings. Far down below, the encircling Saône winds around the northern and eastern sides of the high hill, with various steep streets and passages leading down to the bank. One of these paths, the Passage du Rosaire, is bordered by a series of small monuments, having high reliefs, representing the Rosary, and a small fee is charged passengers. At the eastern foot of the hill, down near the river, is the old Cathedral of St. Jean. This is the most interesting church in Lyons, begun in the twelfth century and finished in the fifteenth. The western front has three doorways, and above a gallery and a fine rose window,

there being two surmounting towers, while the other towers rise from the ends of the transepts. The spacious choir has arches and windows of Romanesque Gothic, and the nave is similarly constructed, excepting the later fifteenth century portions at the western end. All the windows display magnificent stained glass, both ancient and modern. The chapels are very fine, the chief one, the Chapel of St. Louis, having been constructed in the fifteenth century by Pierre de Bourbon, son-in-law of Louis XI., and his brother Cardinal de Bourbon. There are excellent marble statues of St. John and St. Stephen, and an elaborate marble pulpit. Behind the high altar are two processional crosses, which have been in the church since 1274, when the second Lyons Ecumenical Council was held, they then signifying the union of the Greek and Latin churches, which, however, the Council while desiring, only partially attained.

There traverses the narrow peninsula between the two rivers the broad Cours du Midi, having a bridge at either end in the centre, and adjoined on the northern side by the Place Carnot, embellished by an elaborate monument to the Republic, the bronze figure rising from a lofty pedestal, surrounded by allegorical groups representing Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. To the northward is the popular promenade, the Place Bellecour, displaying an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and having various public buildings fronting upon it. Farther northward, the fine new street, the Rue de l'Hotel de Ville, leads to the Place des Ter-

reaux, and here is the Hotel de Ville, dating from the seventeenth century, but restored in 1853. The façade fronting the Place is tastefully embellished with sculptures and has a modern equestrian statue of Henri IV. The façade fronting the eastward toward the Place de la Comedie is less decorative, but fully as elegant, and to this Place, another grand new street, the Rue de la Republique, leads northward from the Place Bellecour. An imposing clock-tower surmounts the Hotel de Ville, and it contains in the vestibule colossal bronze statues representing the rivers Saône and Rhône. The Place des Terreaux was constructed on the bed of an old Roman canal, connecting the rivers, and hence its name, from the heaps of earth—*terreaux*—that were removed. Here was beheaded in 1642 by Richelieu's orders the rash and unfortunate Cinq Mars for treason, and here the guillotine and grape-shot in 1794, slew thousands of the Lyonnaise when the captured city was punished for holding out against the Convention. The Fontaine Bartholdi was recently erected in this square by the noted sculptor, its groups representing the springs and the rivers on their way to the ocean.

Upon the southern side of the square is the extensive Palace des Arts, formerly belonging to the Benedictine Dames. It contains Museums and Art Schools and Galleries. Near the Place des Terreaux is the Place Sathonay, having a bronze statue of Jacquard, born in 1752. The Lyons Bourse fronts on the Rue de la Republique, and is an extensive modern

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building in Renaissance, containing a large central court, where the merchants meet. It is embellished with statuary and frescoes. President Carnot, of France, attended a public reception here in 1894, and upon leaving the building was assassinated. The second floor is an illustrative museum, displaying the development of the art of weaving in all countries and at all periods, with a specially interesting display of the growth of the silk industry of Lyons during the nineteenth century. On the southern side of the Bourse is the Place Cordeliers, and east of it the grand Pont Lafayette crosses the Rhône. From this bridge southeast to the Place Republique on the Rue de la Republique, a splendid new street has been constructed, the Rue Carnot, in memory of the assassinated President; and in the Place at its termination, his elaborate monument was erected in 1900. Southward of this street, is the oldest bridge crossing the Rhône, built in the thirteenth century—the Pont de la Guillotière.

THE LYONS SILKS.

To the northward the city of Lyons, between the rivers, rises to the eminence of La Croix Reusse, largely inhabited by the silk weavers, popularly called "Canuts." They are among the brightest-hued Red Republicans in France and always have been turbulent, indulging in frequent outbreaks. In constructing the modern fortifications of Lyons, these heights,

with Fourvière are availed of for strong works and the whole district is thus thoroughly commanded. The best silk weaving is not conducted in factories, but in the dwellings of the weavers, and consequently the visitor is disappointed in not seeing any elaborate industrial establishments or displays of the silk, satin and velvet manufacture which make up so large a part of the business of Lyons. The silk merchants have their offices and show samples, but there is no imposing display of the process of manufacture. The raw silk thread and the patterns are given the weavers who take them home to the looms, where the family also live, and the finished product is then carried back to the merchant. While there are some steam mills in the suburbs making inferior grades, all the best silks are thus produced. There is an enormous trade, however, in these fabrics, and it is estimated that over two hundred thousand of the population work at these looms. Great wealth has been amassed by the merchants, and east of the Rhône there has been constructed the handsome new residential section of Les Brotteaux, which has become very fashionable. Here is the magnificent Parc de la Tête d' Or, of about three hundred acres on the northern verge of this modern suburb, and having elaborate Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, the Rhône skirting its western side, which is protected by an extensive dyke. To the northward some of the hills rise to an elevation of two thousand feet and are crowned by forts, part of the formidable system of defence which

entirely surrounds Lyons, making it one of the strongest French fortresses. Off toward the northeast beyond the Tête d'Or goes the railway up the Rhône valley, through the defiles between the Jura and the Alps, into Switzerland at Geneva.

VIENNE, ST. ETIENNE AND VALENCE.

Down the Rhône, about twenty miles south of Lyons, on a picturesque hillside, surrounded by an encircling amphitheatre of mountains, is the ancient Roman Vienna Allobrogum, now the busy factory town of Vienne. It was for a time the capital of the kingdom of Burgundy, and in the fourteenth century became part of France. It always stood high in the estimate of the church, and the Archbishop of Vienne was the "Primate of Gaul," until the French Revolution. Its Cathedral of St. Maurice dates from the twelfth century, the impressive façade displaying three portals and two towers, facing the river, but showing signs of decay. The structure is peculiar, having no transepts nor ambulatory, and consisting only of nave and aisles. There are many Roman remains in the town, the chief being the Temple of Augustus and Livia, built by the Emperor Claudius in the first century. In the middle ages it was converted into a church, the spaces between the enclosing columns being walled up, and doors and windows inserted. The Hotel de Ville is a modern building, having in the square in front, a bronze statue of the

dramatic poet Ponsard of Vienne, who was born in 1814. The river Gère flows into the Rhône below, and various mills line the banks.

Just above Vienne, the river Gier comes from the southwest into the Rhone. Its valley is a deep and winding gorge filled with industrial establishments, having coal mines, iron, steel and glass works and various silk factories. The stream is canalised to assist navigation, and about twenty miles southwestward from Vienne, after passing through a tunnel leading under the watershed between the Gier and the upper Loire, the route reaches St. Etienne, the great manufacturing city recently developed through the working of the most extensive coal field in southern France. It is built on the little Furens river, a branch of the Loire, and during the latter half of the nineteenth century grew more rapidly than any other French town, owing to the expansion of its manufactures, there being a population of over one hundred and fifty thousand. The water power of the Furens, and the coal fields have given it great prosperity. Most of the city is modern, and the Hotel de Ville, a recent structure, illustrates the industries of St. Etienne, by its decorative statues of Metallurgy and Ribbon Making. The St. Etienne ribbon manufacture is the greatest in the world, and it has the extensive National Arms Factory, where ten thousand artisans are employed, making rifles and revolvers, including much of the equipment of the French armies. It has an important school of mines, and also an inter-

esting museum and gallery of paintings. Northward of St. Etienne, rise the mountains of the Lyonnaise, and southward are the Cévennes, the latter stretching up to Mont Pilat, which rises in three summits about eighteen miles southeast of the city. From their slopes flow out both the Furens and the Gier rivers. The defiles and hillsides are covered with forests, while the bare tops have generally good pastures, the highest summit, the Crêt de la Perdux, rising forty-seven hundred feet. This outlook commands a splendid view, and the local legend is that in despairing remorse, Pontius Pilate climbed up here and killed himself, a tale, however, that is also told of other mountains bearing his name. The mists surrounding the top are a perfect barometer for the inhabitants of the regions below, for the local proverb is, "When Pilate dons his hat, put on your cloak." The little Gier river leaps down a beautiful cascade on the side of the Perdux.

Southward from Vienne, the Rhône flows pleasantly between sloping shores, displaying orchards and vineyards, and having at the western horizon the picturesque Mont Pilat range as a background, stretching off to the southwest. Far away to the eastward can be got glimpses of the distant Alps and sometimes of Mont Blanc. At Vaugris, on the opposite shore is the noted Côte-Rôtie vineyard, and farther down are Tournon, on the western bank, and Tain, on the eastern, with connecting bridges. The famous Cardinal de Tournon was born here in the fifteenth cen-

tury, and founded the Lycée, which still flourishes, his old Gothic castle being now the town hall and prison. There rises above Tain, the hill of the Ermitage, on the slopes being grown the celebrated wines of the Hermitage. Then we reach Valence, sixty-six miles south of Lyons on the eastern bank, having on the opposite shore on a high hill, the ruins of the ancient castle of Crussol. Valence was the Roman Valentia, and is now a quiet town, displaying its old and curiously constructed Auvergnat Cathedral of St. Apollinaire, built in the eleventh century by Pope Urban II., and recently thoroughly restored. Within is the monument to Pius VI., the Pope who struggled with the French Revolution and Napoleon, and finally died here a prisoner and in exile. The Esplanade, giving a good view of the Rhône and the hills beyond, has a bronze statue of General Championnet, who in 1798, commanded the French army in Italy and captured Naples. In the handsome Place de la Republique, is the imposing bronze monument recently erected by the Duchesse d'Uzès to the dramatist Emile Angier, who died in 1880. It has his statue attended by figures representing the city, the rivers, ancient poetry and modern comedy.

GRENOBLE AND THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Southwestward out of the flanks of the Alps comes the attractive river Isère, flowing into the Rhône, a short distance above Valence. There are numerous

ancient settlements upon its winding shores, and a short distance inland from one of these villages, St. Marcellin, is St. Antoine, where was the ancient Abbey of the Order of Hospitallers of St. Anthony, or the Antonines, established in the eleventh century, their special duty being the nursing of persons afflicted with "St. Anthony's fire." The church is a splendid structure of the thirteenth century and in the high altar are kept the Saint's relics. Up this valley of the Isère are grown enormous quantities of the nuts known as Grenoble walnuts, and about sixty miles from Valence is the capital of the old Province of the Dauphiny, Grenoble. No city could be built in a nobler situation. The little river Drac coming through its deep gorge from the southward, joins the Isère just below Grenoble, and to the east and north-east rise a magnificent mountain range. All about are the forts defending the place and its approaches, and here at the junction of the two superb valleys, and surrounded by a galaxy of peaks rising ten thousand feet is one of the most superb tourist resorts of France. The ancient Allobroges settled here, long before the Christian era, and had their town of Cularo, when the Romans came. The Emperor Gratian, in the fourth century, founded a bishopric here and it was called in his honor Gratianopolis, from which the present name by a process of evolution has been derived. During many centuries, the successive bishops were the sovereigns, but it finally came to the Counts d'Albon, who ceded their possessions to France in the

fourteenth century and then assumed the title of Dauphiny, on the condition of always being an appanage of the king's eldest son. The Inquisition ruled for more than a century, holding here the tribunal of punishment for the oppressed Waldensians, who dwelt numerously in Dauphiny but were driven out. The Calvinists held Grenoble during the French religious wars, but were ultimately beaten. The city was the first to open its gates to Napoleon on his return from Elba.

Now the people, living in this powerful fortress, guarding the frontier approaches from Switzerland and Italy, are quiet makers of kid-gloves, mostly according to the designs of Xavier Jouvin, who was born here in 1800. The city and surrounding districts are the main kid-glove manufactory of France, over thirty thousand people making them. Cement is also ground out of the rocks hewn from the mountain sides. The old Dauphin's Palace was torn down in the fifteenth century, and replaced by the Palais de Justice, a Renaissance structure now used for the courts and adjunct offices. It adjoins the Place St. Andre, where there is a statue of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach," who was born in 1476, farther up the Isère valley at the Château Bayard, and is the special hero of this district. The ancient chapel of the Dauphin's Palace, the Church of St. Andrew, is preserved as a thirteenth century relic, and contains Bayard's monument. The old Cathedral of Notre Dame, dating from

the eleventh century is also preserved. Much of Grenoble is modern, and it has many handsome buildings, while its public Museum contains one of the best French provincial collections of paintings, and a very large library particularly rich in theology. Berlioz, the composer, Vaucanson, the mechanician, and Jouvin are remembered by statues in the public squares. The centenary of Berloiz was elaborately celebrated in August, 1903. Magnificent views of the Alps extending to Mont Blanc, are given from the points of vantage in the city, especially along the river bank, while from many of the high peaks surrounding, there are disclosed most superb panoramas. Forts crown several of the summits.

A short distance south of Grenoble, in a defile among the foothills of the Alps, is the village of Laffrey, at nearly three thousand feet elevation, famous as the place where Napoleon, after landing near Cannes from Elba, on March 7, 1815, first met the troops sent against him, and by his quick action converted them to his cause and thus secured his favorable reception at Grenoble. His little army numbered about one thousand men, and was confronted in the centre of the village by double that force, sent out from Grenoble who barred the way in the narrow, rocky defile. They were about six hundred yards apart, with all the villagers sympathizing with Napoleon. After a long halt, impatient at the delay, the returning Emperor advanced within pistol shot of the opposing force, his men following with reversed arms, made a

brief but effective address to the foe, then threw open his coat and bared his breast. He stood opposite the village church, and an inscription on the enclosing wall preserves his words: "Soldiers! I am your Emperor! Do you not recognize me? If there is a man among you who wants to kill his General, here I am." The opposing troops threw down their arms and a shout arose, "Vive l'Empereur!" In vain did their commander order them to fire, they disobeyed, and Napoleon marched on to the warm welcome awaiting him at Grenoble. When an exile in St. Helena, afterward, referring to this scene at Laffrey, Napoleon said "Until then I was an adventurer; afterward a prince."

Northward of Grenoble, about fourteen miles among the mountains, is the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. The route to the Monastery goes to the village of St. Laurent and then by a five-mile road through a ravine known as the Fourvoirie, derived from *forata via*, or a "gap," the gorge being so narrow that this road had to be cut through it in the sixteenth century, all the upper part of the defile to which access was then forbidden being the private domain of the monks. It is now French government property. There is a splendid wooded gorge beyond, completely surrounded by mountains, and overlooking it is the Grand Som one of the highest peaks of the Grande Chartreuse mountain range, surmounted by a cross. In the Fourvoirie are the iron works and other shops and the distillery where the monks manufacture their celebrated

cordial. Some distance within the gorge and surrounded by high mountains are the monastery buildings, at an elevation of thirty-two hundred feet. St. Bruno, who lived in the eleventh century founded the Order of Carthusian monks in 1084. He was a priest in Cologne Cathedral, and the foundation was made as a branch of the Benedictines, and this forbidding, remote and almost desert spot among the Chartreuse mountains was selected, from which their name of Carthusians was derived. They had severe tenets, and did not desire a numerous membership, preferring rather to be select and few. As this afterward became the parent house of a widely spread order, the prefix "Grande" was adopted, and thus it became the Grande Chartreuse. The buildings being of wood, were often burnt, and the present group, which are simple and unimposing, were constructed in 1676.

There were usually domiciled here about one hundred and fifty monks, one-fourth being "fathers" who are priests, and the others "brothers" who had not yet taken the vows. The priests wear white and the others brown habits. The "fathers" live in cells, are beardless, and pass their time in prayer, study and manual labor. They only quit their cells for meals, religious services or a walk out doors. They are vowed to silence, only breaking it at service and when walking, if the superior allows. They never eat meat, take but one solid meal daily, fast at least once a week, and dying, are buried face downward without a coffin, the graves being marked by a wooden cross,

without a name, the superiors only being distinguished by a small monument. The object is to impress austerity and humility. The monk's cell is usually a small, two-story house, with two rooms on a floor. Below are the wood-shed and work-room, and above the kitchen and bedroom, though the former is not now used. A small enclosed garden adjoins, where the monk can work and take the air. At stated hours the monk recites the offices alongside his bed.

The buildings are mostly steep-roofed but very simple. The chief one, the Chapter House, contains portraits of the Superior Generals of the Order, a statue of St. Bruno, and a library of about twenty-five thousand volumes. The cloister, where the cells are, is about seven hundred feet long and seventy-five feet wide. The chief religious service is at midnight, and continues generally from eleven until two o'clock. The chapel is dimly lit, so that it is mainly remarkable for its impressive gloom, the service being largely the recitation of psalms in a low monotone, with prayers. The observers in the nave can just discern through the interstices of the heavy screen before the choir, the faint outlines of the white habits worn by the monks, there being only one lamp to three lecterns on which their books rest. Every night, winter and summer alike, this service goes on, and the cold rising from the stone pavement and damp walls amid the snow-covered mountains is often most piercing. The monks go back to their cells from the chapel, and there recite prayers to the Virgin; then

they return to the chapel for early mass at six in the morning. They sleep in their clothes, not taking them off, excepting when ill. They live largely on bread and water, and herbs, wear rough hair shirts next their bodies, and are said to die generally of old age. And yet, the world knows very little about them, excepting that they manufacture the most seductive liquid, known as "Chartreuse," and this has made them famous.

The brothers are said to wander over these mountains, and collect the carnations, absinthe, pine-buds and fifty odd aromatic plants from which this celebrated liqueur is made down at the distillery in the Fourvoirie. A bottle of yellow Chartreuse costs about \$1.50 at the convent, and there are three kinds—green, yellow and white,—differing in strength and they have made nearly two millions of litres annually. The domain being national property they are said to pay the French government for the privilege of the manufacture a large annual revenue, and the remainder of their income is devoted to charity. In former times, notwithstanding the wars, they were always protected, and have survived the perils of repeatedly overturned dynasties and revolutions which wrecked at different times all the other religious houses of France. They seem to be as shrewd as they are pious. They carefully keep the secret of the manufacturing process, admit nobody to the distillery, do not disclose the ingredients, and have refused often to sell this most precious possession. Every eaves-drop-

per and experimenter has failed to discover it; the Pope at one time tried but could not get them to disclose the secret; and they were offered by a London combination of capitalists \$16,000,000 to buy it, but declined to sell. They have been going on with their asceticism, prayers, and the distillation of their mountain-gathered herbs into the elixir of life as they have done for centuries; while rival interests endeavor at Paris to control the manufacture, and the French government is now moving to dispossess them the same as the other religious orders.

"Through Alpine meadows, soft suffus'd,
With rain, where thick the crocus blows,
Past the dark forges, long disus'd.
The mule track from St. Laurent goes:
The bridge is cross'd and slow we ride,
Through forest up the mountain side.

"Strike leftward, cries our guide; and higher
Mounts up the stony forest way.
At last the encircling trees retire:
Look! through the showery twilight gray
What pointed roofs are those advance?—
A palace of the kings of France?

"Approach, for what we seek is here,
Alight, and sparely sup, and wait
For rest in this outbuilding near;
Then cross the sward, and reach that gate;
Knock; pass the wicket: thou art come
To the Carthusians' world fam'd home.

"The silent courts, where, night and day,
Into their stone-carv'd basins cold

The splashing icy fountains play—
 The humid corridors behold,
 Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,
 Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white:

"The chapel where no organ's peal
 Invests the stern and naked prayer;
 With penitential cries they kneel
 And wrestle; rising then, with bare
 And white uplifted faces stand,
 Passing the Host from hand to hand—

"Each takes; and then his visage wan
 Is buried in his cowl once more:—
 The cells—the suffering Son of Man
 Upon the wall; the knee-worn floor;
 And, when they sleep, that wooden bed,
 Which shall their coffin be, when dead.

"The garden, overgrown—yet mild
 Those fragrant herbs are flowering there,
 Strong children of the Alpine wild,
 Whose culture is the Brethren's care;
 Of human tasks, their only one,
 And cheerful works beneath the sun.

* * * * *

"Fenc'd early in this cloistral round
 Of reverie, of shade, of prayer,
 How should we grow in other ground?
 How should we flower in foreign air?
 Pass, banners, pass, and bugles cease!
 And leave our forest to its peace."

VALENCE TO AVIGNON.

Below Valence, the Rhône receives from the east,
 the river Drôme, flowing out from the Alps through a

fertile valley prolific with mulberry trees. The old town of Montélimar is passed, the hill slopes topped by an ancient castle, and noted for its nougat candy made of almonds. Eastward from the river is Grignon, with the ruins of the Château of the Counts of Grignon. One of them married the daughter of Madame de Sevigné, and that famous lady, dying here in 1696, is buried in the church, while her statue stands in the village public square. The estate is now the property of the Count de Castellane, the historic mansion being thoroughly restored. Farther southward is the fertile plain of Orange, to the eastward of the Rhône, watered by its tributary, the Eygues, the town having been the Roman Arausio, whence the name is derived. This place was in the middle ages the capital of the small principality of Orange, which, descending in 1531 to the Count of Nassau, made him the Prince of Orange, and until the death of King William III. of Orange it remained subject to that house. It was subsequently annexed to France, and nothing remained to the Dutch Nassau family but the empty title of Prince of Orange. Some very important Roman remains are preserved at Orange. In the northern suburbs is one of the finest triumphal arches in France, consisting of three arches, the central being much the larger, crowned with elaborate vaulting, and the whole structure seventy-two feet high and sixty-seven feet wide. It is adorned with Corinthian columns and has *bas reliefs* illustrating contests between the Romans and Gauls, while on the sides are

figures of captive barbarians. An inscription to Tiberius on the architrave, and the name of Sacrovir on a shield, have led the antiquarians to infer that the arch celebrates the Roman defeat of that chieftain of the Ædui in the year 21. There are also preserved the ruins of a spacious Roman theatre, the tiers of seats being partly restored, and the stage is entire. The high wall back of the theatre and next the town is three hundred and forty feet long and rises about one hundred and twenty feet. The theatre seats about seven thousand people, and spectacular performances are still given in it. There is a museum exhibiting numerous Roman remains found here, while on the hill, overlooking the town, are the scanty ruins of the Castle of the Prince of Orange, which Louis XIV. captured and destroyed in 1673. The eastern horizon, beyond the broad plain of Orange, is dominated by Mont Venteux, one of the outposts of the Alps, rising nearly sixty-three hundred feet, a most conspicuous and nearly isolated pyramid. There are an observatory and a pilgrimage chapel on the summit, where the violent winds that are almost always blowing gave the mountain its name. On the route thither is Carpentras, which has the ancient church of St. Siffrein, who was its bishop in the sixth century. Here is kept as a sacred treasure, the St. Clou, which is a bit of Constantine's bridle, made of a nail or two, taken from the true cross.

Farther down the Rhône, upon its eastern bank, is Avignon, the approach being picturesque, as ancient

fortifications surround it, and there rises from the semicircular sweep of the river the massive rock which is crowned by the cathedral and the old palace of the Popes. This was the flourishing Roman colony of Avenio, though few Roman relics now remain. Seven popes reigned here in the fourteenth century, and then it had its greatest fame until Gregory XI. removed back to Rome in 1377, but the city continued under the sway of the pontiff until the French Revolution, when the disturbances caused the population, which in the seventeenth century had reached eighty thousand, to dwindle to about seventeen thousand, there now, however, being about fifty thousand people. The old walls, built by the Popes, are well preserved, surrounding an area which the present population does not nearly occupy, and their two score towers and machicolated battlements are very interesting though the gates have been partially destroyed. The Palace of the Popes, a lofty but sombre Gothic structure, is an irregular group of buildings, covering several acres, now used as a barrack. The walls are eighteen feet thick, and there are several towers rising above them. The Roman tribune, Rienzi, was confined in one of these and died in 1354. On the rock to the northward of the Palace is the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Doms, or Dominorum, mainly built in the twelfth century, its tower surmounted by the Virgin's statue. Its foundations are said to date from the fourth century. There are tombs of two Popes within it, Benedict XII. and John XXII., the latter being a splendid

Gothic structure, having the Pope reclining under a rich canopy. The ancient papal throne in marble is in the choir, and the church contains fine paintings. The plateau upon which stand the Palace and Cathedral is elevated over three hundred feet above the encircling river, and has a spacious promenade extending out to its verge, and commanding a magnificent view of the Rhône valley and surrounding mountains. The plateau is embellished with a bronze statue of Jean Althen, a Persian who, in the eighteenth century, introduced here the cultivation of madder, long the chief product of the district and extensively used for dyeing the French red military trousers. John Stuart Mill, who died here in 1873, is buried in the cemetery east of the town. The chief Roman relic at Avignon is a bridge partly crossing the river, of which a half-dozen arches remain, with a watch-tower upon one of them. The location of the city among the hills, makes it peculiarly subject to violent winds, among them the cold mistral from the north. There is an old proverb often quoted about the town, which translated is "Windy Avignon, liable to the plague when it has not the wind, and plagued with the wind when it has it."

Avignon has great memories of the Italian poet Petrarch, who was here in the height of its fame. In 1326, being then twenty-two years old, he first beheld Laura in the nunnery church of St. Clara. She was born at Noves, about fourteen miles from Avignon, and was then eighteen, and Petrarch sung her

praises in many songs and sonnets, and though she married, and was the mother of numerous children, she became the object of his lifelong admiration, until she died of the plague in her fortieth year. Becoming disgusted with the frivolities of Avignon, which he called the "western Babylon," Petrarch, in 1337 retired to the beautiful valley of the Vaucluse, about twenty miles away. The Fontaine de Vaucluse, which he immortalized, is a spring of copious outflow, making the source of the Sorgue, a stream which turns various mill-wheels in its lower course out to the Rhône. It is in a deep gorge, above which the perpendicular limestone rocks rise nearly seven hundred feet, and when the stream is full, the water gushes out of a cavern. Laura was buried in the Church of the Cordeliers in Avignon, of which there are some remains.

About a dozen miles down the Rhône, below Avignon, amid the extensive plantations of dark green olive trees, there are two towns, one on either bank, Tarascon on the east side and Beaucaire on the west. The tradition is that in the first century of the Christian era, a terrible monster called the Tarasque, ravaged the country roundabout until the frightened inhabitants were delivered by the intervention of the good St. Martha. In memory of this, the place was called Tarascon, the church of St. Martha was built, having in its crypt her tomb, and a fête is still held to commemorate the deliverance. St. Martha died in the year 84, and her thrift and industry have made

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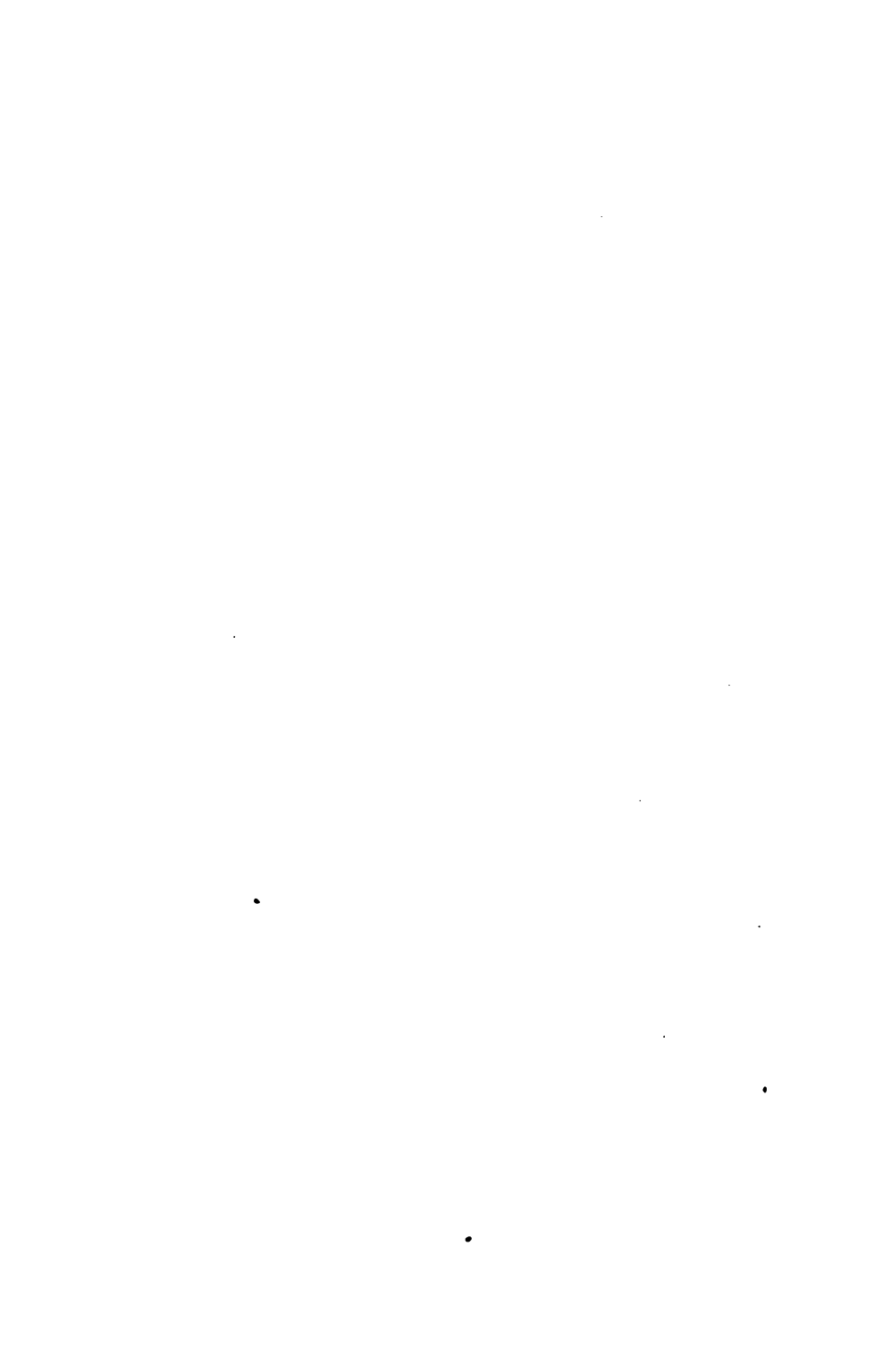
her the patron saint of all good housewives. The Count of Provence, King René of Anjou, long resided in the Gothic castle here, which is a picturesque object in the view. Beaucaire gets its name from its castle of *Bellum Quadrum*, the huge square donjon rising high above the town. There is some maritime business in both places, as the Beaucaire Canal here leaves the Rhône and goes southwestward about thirty miles to the Mediterranean waters at Aigues-Mortes.

ANCIENT NIMES.

We have come into a region of very early settlement by the Romans, and filled with monuments and relics of their long sojourn in Gaul. About sixteen miles westward from the Rhône, at Beaucaire, is the ancient and celebrated city of Nîmes, built on the southern foothills of the Cévennes. It contains more Roman structures and antiquarian remains than any other French city, but is at the same time an industrial centre of modern growth, having extensive silk and wine trades, and a population approximating ninety thousand. The Romans in the second century before Christ, invading southern Gaul, came here and found Nemausus, the capital of the Volcæ, which they occupied as one of their earliest Gallic colonies. They made it a complete Roman city, with temples to Apollo and Augustus, a capitol, theatre, circus, amphitheatre, baths, an extensive aqueduct bringing water out of the Cévennes, a forum, *campus martius* and

complete line of ramparts. Much of all these remain, and some of the buildings are in excellent preservation, so that antiquarians and students of the Roman architecture come long distances to see them. When the Roman empire was dismembered, the Vandals, the Visigoths and the Saracens alternately held Nîmes, and then it came into possession of the Counts of Toulouse, who were its lords for several centuries. It suffered in the religious wars, being a Protestant town, and in 1815, was held by the banditti for four months, committing every kind of atrocity, until the restoration of government produced order. The famous Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France, was a native of Nîmes in the sixteenth century, and from him is derived the name of nicotine. Guizot, the historian, and Daudet, the author, were also born at Nîmes.

Its most celebrated ancient building, the *Maison Carrée*, regarded as one of the finest and best preserved Roman temples in existence, stands in what was the forum, there being foundations of other buildings in fragments adjacent. It has had various uses, but in the nineteenth century it was fully restored, and is now a Museum of Antiquities. When Thomas Jefferson was in France, this building so impressed him that he brought back its plans to America, and it was reproduced in Richmond as the capitol of Virginia. It is seventy-six feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet high, with a portico in the front, of six Corinthian columns, approached by an elaborate



ing a surmounting attic story with large stones pierced with holes to support the masts holding the awning which covered the enclosure. There are four gateways, and the solid mass of the enclosing building is one hundred feet thick, and black with age, excepting where there have been modern restorations. Tiers of stone seats rise gradually to the top on the inside, there being thirty-two rows, and accommodation for twenty-three thousand people. The arena inside was for gladiatorial combats and other displays drawing vast assemblages, while outside there is a large open space. This amphitheatre dates from the first or second century, and during the wars of the middle ages it was turned into a fortress. The chief use now is for bull-fights, of which these people are very fond.

So abundant are Roman remains in Nîmes, that fragments of rich carvings and decorations are frequently built into the walls of modern houses. West of the Maison Carrée is the Garden of the Fountain, the chief public promenade, named from the ancient fountain of Nîmes near by. Here are the Temple of Diana and some ruins of the ancient Roman baths, while to the northward rises the Mont Cavalier to an elevation of nearly four hundred feet, having upon the summit the octagonal Tour Magne, ninety feet high, an imposing ruin of what was probably a Roman mausoleum. Portions of the old gateways and ramparts remain, and the Cathedral of St. Castor is built upon the ruins of a temple dedicated to Augustus. The frieze of the façade, dating from the twelfth century,

reproduces scenes from the book of Genesis. The inscription on the *Porte d' Auguste*, which is not far away, says this gate consisting of two large and two small archways, was built 16 B. C. The *Porte de France*, also a Roman relic, is a single arch.

The famous aqueduct of Nîmes, the *Pont de Gard*, as the part still preserved, is called, brought to the city out of the Cévennes, the waters of two springs near Uzès, about twenty-five miles northward. Half way between, it encountered the valley of the river Gard, flowing eastward to the Rhône, and was carried over the depression on a high stone bridge, composed of three tiers of arches. There are remains of this aqueduct all along the route, but the most conspicuous relic of the stupendous work, is this bridge, its picture being familiar everywhere. The construction is ascribed to Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, 19 B. C. Part of the route was by tunnels through the rocks, and this bridge over the valley is about eight hundred feet long and one hundred and eighty feet high, the Romans making the tops of all their aqueducts on the plan of an approximate level with a slight inclination in the direction of the flow of the water, regardless of the surface of the country. The lower part of this bridge is composed of huge stones laid without mortar, the first tier being of six arches, the widest seventy-seven feet and the others sixty feet span, the tops of the arches being about sixty feet above the river. The next tier of arches resting on these are of the same size, there being eleven of them,

rising sixty feet. The top tier numbers thirty-five arches with fourteen feet span, and the structure, which is nineteen feet wide at the bottom, narrows to fourteen feet at the top. The conduit for the flow of the water, is over six feet high and four feet wide, with walls on either side three feet thick, the passage being roofed with huge stone slabs a foot thick. It is lined with Roman cement, and visitors walking through find that the waters flowing there for centuries left on the sides a thick coating of lime. The northern end of this great work has disappeared, the stones having been carried off for other structures, and the southern end connects with a tunnel through the rocky hill. Napoleon III. stopped its despoilment, and had much work done for the preservation of this stupendous Roman relic. Uzès, at the northern extremity of the aqueduct, was ancient Ucetia, having the old ducal palace of the Dukes d'Uzès and other mediæval constructions, including a magnificent Campanile of the twelfth century, the Tour Fènestrelle, which rises in seven stages, each pierced with arched windows. This belonged to a church destroyed during the religious wars, on the site of which is built the modern Cathedral. The river Gard flows south of Uzès and comes down out of an extensive coal-field, of which the chief industrial town is Alais. It was here that the famous chemist, Pasteur, first attained celebrity by his studies of the maladies of the silk worm, for whom he prescribed regimen and treatment, and a bronze monument erected recently com-

memorates his career. He was born at Dôle in 1822, and died in 1895.

THE CANON OF THE TARN.

Northwestward of Nîmes and Alais, the Cévennes mountains spread over a broad surface in the high and partly barren table-lands known as the Causses. They are elevated from twenty-five hundred to thirty-seven hundred feet above the sea, are composed mainly of limestones, are almost treeless and have but scant population. There are occasional rounded summits upon them and ancient dolmens are found. Carved down into them are deep and picturesque gorges, by which the Lot, the Tarn and other streams flow out westward to the Garonne, and the Hérault southward to the Mediterranean. The chief town of the district is Mende, the capital of the Department of the Lozère, on the Lot, at twenty-five hundred feet elevation, at the foot of the huge Causse de Mende, which rises almost perpendicularly a thousand feet above it. High on the hill is the ancient hermitage of St. Privat, a pilgrim resort, and standing in front of the Cathedral is the bronze statue of Urban V., a native of the district, who was one of the Avignon Popes. The most remarkable of the gorges in these plateaus is the Canön of the Tarn, which stream flows in a winding course westward, south of the Lot, and in a sense, parallel with it. This deep and picturesque gorge, sunk in some cases twelve hundred feet by

erosion into the limestone, extends in its many windings about thirty miles, having a width at the top of one-half to three quarters of a mile. It is regarded by some visitors as a reproduction in miniature of the American Canön of the Colorado, and has been worn down by the more copious torrents of the glacial epoch. The Causse de Sauveterre on the north and the Causse Méjean on the south side rise high above the ravine, in gigantic ramparts that at times overhang the stream far below, and again retire in broad terraces with varying outline and brilliant colors, yellow, black, brown and pink, there being abundant vegetation to provide the contrasting green, and also many springs and caverns. Among its curious and attractive formations is the location of the village of Ste. Enimie, at an angle of the gorge, built down by the river in what seems apparently a huge well in the rocks nearly seventeen hundred feet deep. The Detroit, a ravine about three miles long, is a winding chasm, less than a half-mile wide, with almost perpendicular sides, sixteen hundred feet high, the majestic and brightly hued rocks towering above, while a couple of villages nestle in the depths. The Pas de Soucy is a chaos of fallen rocks, the Tarn temporarily disappearing from view beneath them. The Jonte and the Dourbie, both flow into the Tarn, through impressive tributary ravines.

The strange place, called Montpellier-le-Vieux, is on the high terrace above the Dourbie, its name being derived from Mont Pelé, the "bald mountain." Al-

though it exists in one of the oldest parts of France, with settlements that date back many centuries, it is said this place was unknown until 1883. It is not inhabited, but is a great natural curiosity, being an apparently ruined city on a plateau about two miles long and over a mile wide. Here are myriads of huge rocks and blocks of strange forms, making many imposing monuments and the apparent fragments of buildings and other constructions in fantastic shapes, the cliffs rising high in one portion into the Ciudad, a veritable citadel. There are several amphitheatres, streets and passages and most of them are named, while from the top of the Ciudad an excellent view is given over the Cyclopean city. The smallest and finest amphitheatre, the Roquettes, is an oval about sixteen hundred by six hundred feet, and its walls rise nearly four hundred feet. An avenue of obelisks is among the features, while alongside the Roquettes, a huge "aven," or chasm receives the rainfall of the place, into which the waters sink through the limestone to come out again far below, in the copious springs feeding the Dourbie.

ANCIENT ARLES.

The river Rhône, about eight miles below Tarascon divides into two channels near the ancient city of Arles. The chief one, the Grand Rhône, flows south-east, and the other, the Petit Rhône, southwest to the sea, enclosing between them the flat delta island of Ca-

margue, which has an area of about three hundred square miles, largely lagoons and marshes, and is constantly growing from the alluvial deposits of which the river brings down vast amounts. The Grand Rhône is also forming a new delta out at its estuary in the Gulf of Lyons, and both it and the Petit Rhône have their mouths so obstructed by sand bars, that vessels of deep draft cannot enter. As the coast both east and west is a series of lagoons, these are availed of by the shipping, and thus they get into the Rhône by means of canals, ship channels being constructed from the lagoons for the purpose. Arles was the Roman *Arelate*, a rival of *Marseilles* in the time of the *Cæsars*, when it was called the "*Gallic Rome*," and had a population exceeding one hundred thousand. The Emperor *Constantine* resided in Arles in its height of prosperity. After the Roman downfall, it was pillaged by the barbarians, was for a time a kingdom, and in the twelfth century a republic, but became a part of *Provence*, and in the fifteenth century was annexed with that Province to France. It has many Roman remains, the chief being its amphitheatre, one of the largest in France, an oval four hundred and fifty feet long, but not as well preserved as the one at *Nîmes*. It is in two stories of sixty arches, the lower *Doric* and the upper *Corinthian*, and has forty-three tiers of seats, accommodating twenty-six thousand spectators. In the eighth century it was converted into a citadel with four towers, of which three are still standing. Its present

main use is for bull-fights on summer Sundays. The large Roman theatre is adjacent, which was begun by Augustus and finished by Constantine the Great in the beginning of the fourth century. It is in partial ruin, for beginning in the fifth century, the people carried off its materials to build various churches. It was richly decorated, had a fine colonnade, of which two columns yet stand, and many works of art found in it are preserved in the Public Museum. Here was found in 1651, the Venus of Arles, now in the Louvre at Paris.

To the westward of the theatre in the Place de la Republique, stands a Roman obelisk of gray granite forty-nine feet high, brought from the mountains of the Esterel, down by the coast of the Mediterranean near Cannes. It belonged originally to an ancient circus on the outskirts of Arles, and is now set upon an elevated base, which makes a fountain and is embellished with lions in bronze. Down by the Rhône is the Palace of Constantine, built in the fourth century, which was occupied by the early ruling potentates, until Arles became part of Provence. On the eastern side of the town are the Aliscamps, which were the Roman cemetery, and afterward in mediæval times were so celebrated that bodies were brought here from long distances for interment; Dante referring to the place in the *Inferno*. Neglected subsequently and the tombs and monuments destroyed, there has been a recent partial restoration, most of the sarcophagi being placed along a promenade called the Allée des

Tombeaux. The ancient Roman Forum is still regarded as the centre of Arles, and has the chief hotels, with Roman remains all about. St. Trophimus, a disciple of St. Paul, introduced Christianity, and the old Cathedral of St. Trophimus was built in the seventh century on the ruins of the Roman prætorium. It was several times rebuilt, and recently completely restored. The rich portal is supported by six columns, and the interior walls are hung with old tapestry. Here the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was crowned in 1178.

ARLES TO MONTPELLIER.

The whole country southward to the Mediterranean is flat and interspersed with water courses, being practically the wide delta formation of the Rhône in past ages, and having everywhere Roman remains. Out on the low shores of the Camargue, twenty-four miles south of Arles, is the village of the Saintes Maries. It is named for the three Marys—Mary of Bethany, Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James,—who tradition says landed here accompanied by Lazarus, Sara their black servant and St. Maximin. In the church are the relics of these saints, and in May it is the mecca of one of the most popular Provençal pilgrimages, while in October there is another pilgrimage, though of less importance. This is also a place of gypsy pilgrimages, who come in honor of the servant Sara. About twenty miles

northeast, on a lagoon communicating with the sea is Aigues-Mortes at the end of the Rhône canal coming down from Beaucaire. Its ominous title comes from the Latin name of the region *Aquæ Mortua*—the “dead waters”—referring to the malarious ponds and swamps. Here arrived the French King St. Louis in 1246, and founded the town and seaport from which was embarked for the Holy Land, his crusade of 1248, and afterward his second crusade in 1270. The settlement grew, and his son Philip the Bold, in 1272, began building the extensive fortifications, perfected in subsequent reigns, which are now such a great mediæval curiosity. They are constructed on the level ground, which rather dwarfs them, and are a rectangle of eighteen hundred by about five hundred feet, with ten gates, twenty towers, and embattled walls, sometimes rising thirty-three feet. Embrasures for fire-arms were later cut in them, and the moat is now filled up. At a corner is the citadel, and the Tower of Constance said to have been founded by St. Louis, and rising nearly one hundred feet to the top of the surmounting turret. At the opposite corner is the Tower of the Burgundians. They attacked and seized the town in 1421, but were afterward overpowered by the French troops, slain, and their bodies thrown into this tower for a tomb, being covered with salt. A bronze statue of St. Louis, ornamenting the public square is a relief to the general sombreness of this gloomy place.

Farther west, some distance inland from the Med-

iterranean and over in Languedoc, is Montpellier, one of the most prosperous cities of southern France, having about eighty thousand population. Some seven miles southward, out on a narrow strip of beach adjoining the sea, with a lagoon behind it stands the old cathedral of Maguelone, with ruins of a town around it. We are told that here the ancients had a great seaport with prosperous trade, which the invading Saracens, coming from Spain, seized and long held, until Charles Martel in 737 recaptured and entirely destroyed it. The place rose from its ruins, but it offended Louis XIII., and he, in 1633, again completely destroyed it, leaving only the cathedral remaining. Charles Martel founded Montpellier on the destruction of Maguelone, locating it inland to avoid the rovers of the sea, and it had a desultory existence until the twelfth century, when its Medical College was established, which brought it fame and wealth, and this school still exists with undiminished celebrity. It was suppressed during the Revolution, but the full University has recently been re-established and has over fifteen hundred students, nearly one-half medical. Montpellier became a Calvinist stronghold and was besieged and taken by Louis XIII. in 1622. When he entered, the king said "he could find no church in which to say his prayers." It happened, in the course of the French religious wars, that about all the churches in Montpellier were destroyed. There were over sixty of them, and the Calvinists first demolished those of the Catholics, and the latter, when

they got into power, retaliated. The city has greatly prospered in recent years, and is now a centre of the wine trade and noted for its manufactures of textiles and chemicals, among the latter being verdigris made by oxidizing copper plates between layers of grape hulls.

The construction of Montpellier is admirable. The city is noted for the brightness of its atmosphere, and under this influence its appearance is very pleasing, as it rises from the plain in the form of a grand amphitheatre gradually sloping upward to nearly two hundred feet elevation, the summit in the background being the Peyrou, a splendid promenade. The business centre is the Place de la Comedie, adorned with the attractive fountain of the Three Graces, while to the northward stretches the Esplanade for a third of a mile, adorned by noble palm trees. In the front of these, toward the east, are the Champ de Mars and the Citadel, the latter having been originally built as a prison for the Calvinists. To the westward fine boulevards lead up the slope to the Peyrou. The chief of these streets, the Rue Nationale, has fronting it the imposing buildings of the Prefecture and the Palais de Justice, while at the extremity is the Porte du Peyrou, a triumphal arch fifty feet high and sixty feet wide, erected in 1691 in honor of Louis XIV. His equestrian statue also adorns the Park on the summit. The Peyrou was an ancient forum and stronghold and has been transformed into a fine pleasure ground. Here rises the Château d' Eau, a

fountain of most copious flow, to which the water is brought by an aqueduct over eight miles long from the river Léz in the higher hills beyond, and terminating as it approaches the Peyrou in a double tier of arches extending more than a half-mile and seventy feet high. This aqueduct supplies the city and from this great fountain, the hill falls sharply off on three sides, and the top gives a grand outlook. The northern background is a horizon formed by the distant Cévennes, with a most beautiful view of the aqueduct and its long line of arches. In front, is the city spread out below, with the broad plain, of green meadows and numerous lakes, stretching away toward a silver streak at the southeast, which is the distant Mediterranean sea. To the northward at the base of the hill is the spacious Jardin des Plantes, the oldest in France, established in the sixteenth century by Henri IV. Alongside is the Tour des Pins, a relic of the old fortifications, named from the trees, germinated from seeds brought by the winds, that grow on its top.

The Montpellier Cathedral was almost entirely destroyed in the religious wars, but has been since rebuilt on a larger scale. It has many buttresses and towers, and its curious porch has a very high arch supported in front by massive round turrets, thirteen feet in diameter. Four towers rise above the façade and the transepts, and the interior is very impressive. The University, with its various faculties, occupies many buildings, the Medical Faculty being in the old

Bishop's Palace, adjoining the Cathedral. At the entrance are statues of two famous physicians, natives of Montpellier, La Peyronie born in 1678, and Barthez, in 1734, and the professor's chair in the large interior hall came from the ancient amphitheatre of Nîmes, while the Council Hall is adorned with portraits of noted professors, beginning back in the thirteenth century. South of the Cathedral is the large University itself, the seat of the Faculties of Law, Science and Literature. There is also an agricultural department in the suburbs. The Musée Fabre has a fine collection of paintings, and in the same building is a large public library. The port of Montpellier is Cette, about eighteen miles southwest on the strip of land between the sea and the extensive Etang de Thau. The ancient Mons Setius rises about six hundred feet, and upon it the city is built, the modern name being Mont St. Clair. When the Canal du Midi was constructed at the end of the seventeenth century, connecting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, this was made the terminal port, the harbor being composed of three basins connected with the Etang de Thau. The town is mainly modern and has recently been much improved, and it has the Zoölogical Station, which is part of the Montpellier University.

AIX AND PROVENCE.

In these journeyings west of the Rhône, to Montpellier and Cette we have been exploring parts of

Languedoc. We will now return to Provence on the eastern side, which thus was named because it was the ancient Provincia of the Romans, their earliest Gallic occupation, the fertile region famed for its delightful climate, the heats being tempered by the adjacent mountains, and for its rich fruits and luscious wines. This was the special land of the troubadours, whose songs and romances formed so large a part of mediæval literature and gave so much celebrity to the Provençal language. Yet as many of these sparkling, gay and free-thinking gallants usually ridiculed the clergy, in the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV. issued a bull calling it the language of heretics and forbidding its use by the students, so that the enforcement of this decree resulted in its ultimately ceasing to be the fashionable tongue of the higher classes in Southern France. The river Durance flows out of the Alps westward through the Province to the Rhône, and south of this river and east of the Rhône is the old Provençal capital Aix, which was the first Roman colony established in Gaul. Here came the Consul Sextius Calvinus, B. C. 123, and finding the warm springs, established a settlement, naming the place Aquæ Sextiæ, derived jointly from the baths and himself, and in the course of centuries this name was condensed into Aix. To the eastward near the Durance, rises the high elevation of Mont St. Victoire, and on the plains adjacent to its slopes, B. C. 102, Marius defeated an invading force of the Teutons. The Romans greatly embellished

the city, but few of their monuments remain, though there are some of the foundations traceable of their baths near the present Thermal Establishment.

The various barbarian invasions after the downfall of the Romans destroyed nearly everything in Aix. Then it gradually recovered, was ruled by Charlemagne, and his grandson Lothaire, and becoming the Provençal capital, was famous as a centre of literature and aristocratic development. The French got it in the fifteenth century, and Charles V. captured it in the next century, proclaiming himself in 1536 King of Arles and Provence, but he had to give it up after two months of turbulent rule. The olives and almonds of Provence furnish the chief trade, the neighborhood of Aix being prolific in their growth. There is an old town and a new one, and between them, replacing the ancient line of walls is the fine Cours Mirabeau, the popular promenade, adorned with various fountains and grand trees. One of these fountains is named in honor of King René of Anjou, and has his statue by David d' Angers, he being described as the "good king" and "the friend of the troubadours." The modern Palais de Justice occupies the site of the original palace of the Counts of Provence. In the northern part of the old town is the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, dating from the eleventh century, with later enlargements, so that the original nave is now the south aisle. A temple of Apollo stood on the site, and eight antique columns which were a part of it, now form a portion of a baptistery in the in-

terior, which is said to date from the sixth century. There are also fine sixteenth century tapestries in the choir. The Hotel de Ville has a tower built in 1505, and in the building is a library of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes and valuable manuscripts, there being kept here King René's prayer book, which he personally illuminated. The court contains a statue of Mirabeau, who was long a popular idol in Provence, and represented Aix in the States General during the French Revolution. The city has an elaborate museum of antiquities, sculptures and paintings, while in the old town the name of the founder of the original Roman Colony is recalled in the Cours Sixtius.

But after all the great memory of Aix and its country, Provence, for the outside world, is probably its development of romantic minstrelsy and the troubadours. Bishop Percy tells us that these were an "order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sang verses to the harp, of their own composing, who appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action." In Provence, in the thirteenth century, they were of varying grades. First, were the *bufos*, the lowest class, who strolled among the common people singing songs, playing on instruments, showing feats of skill and strength, and exhibiting learned dogs, goats and other animals. Then came the *joglars* or *joculatores*, who played, sang, recited, conjured, and were men of versatile powers of entertainment, who performed at the

homes of the nobility and were liberally paid. The higher class were the *troubadours* or *inventores*, whose distinction it was to compose verses, usually of love and romance, and chivalry, whether or not they had the ability to sing or recite them. Travelling from one great house to another, these people combined the modern functions of poet, entertainer, musician and society journalist. Many of them were kept permanently in the retinues of the powerful lords, and no tongue could have been better adapted to their musical and romantic uses than the soft and dulcet notes of the Provençal. Longfellow, in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," begins one of the student's tales with the lines:

"When Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne
In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign—"

And in describing the student's love of the romantic, Longfellow says:

"He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain.
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

We have followed down the river Rhône through the beautiful region until its wide delta ends at the sea. It is a mighty stream. Beginning high up in the defiles of the St. Gothard in the heart of the Alps, its sources are near those of the Rhine. It rushes as a mountain torrent down its winding valley and pours its turgid waters into the Lake of Geneva, which purifies them. Flowing out of the lake, a clear and limpid stream, it is soon defiled again by the gray and muddy Arve, and receives one river after another coming down out of the Alps, which add further silt to the swelling current. It breaks out through a deep gorge between the Jura and the Alps, comes to Lyons, receives the Saône and turns southward, a noble river, bearing a vast commerce. Flowing in a fertile plain between enclosing hills making beautiful shores, it passes many cities, and below Avignon, receives the Durance with much more silt from the Alps. Then southward from Arles, the wide delta spreads far away on either hand and to the sea. We are told that those early explorers of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians, first established a belt of colonies along that coast and in the lower Rhône, some of them as early as the nineteenth century B. C. It was by way of the Valley of the Rhône, and the Isère, that Hannibal, after crossing the Pyrenees, marched his great army to the Alps, and crossing them in 218 B. C. attacked the Roman empire at its centre. The Rhône and Saône were also the great natural barriers which enabled Cæsar to defend Gaul against the inva-

sion of the Helvetii, one of the chief menaces threatening the Roman province in his time. There still remain traces of some of the *castella* or redoubts on the heights and the *specula* or lookouts, which he built on the hilltops during that memorable defensive campaign, culminating in their defeat near Mâcon, on the Saône, 61 B. C. Thus in war, romance, commerce and history has this noble waterway made its impress upon the passing centuries. And of it, pleasantly sings Longfellow in his sonnet to the River Rhône:

"Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go,
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!"

THE RHONE TO THE RIVIERA.

V.

THE RHONE TO THE RIVIERA.

Marseilles — Château d'If — Sainte Baume — La Ciotat — Cape Sicié — Toulon — Six Fours — St. Moudrier — Giens — Hyères — La Plage — Isles d'Or — La Fraxinet — Le Muy — Fréjus — St. Raphael — The Esterel — Agay — Liguria — The Riviera — Cannes — Isles de Lérins — Sainte Marguerite — Thoreno — Grasse — Vallouris — Antibes — The River Var — The Paillon — Nice — Cimiez — St. Pons — Château-neuf — Mont Gros — The Corniche Road — Villefranche — Beaulieu — St. Jean — Eze — Cap d'Ail — Turbia — Monaco — Condamine — Sainte Devote — Monte Carlo — The Sea Bathing Company — Cap Martin — Roccambruna — Mentone — Garavan — Torrent of St. Louis — Ventimiglia — Bordighera — The Palm Trees — San Remo — The Olive Groves — Bussana — San Lorenzo — Porto Maurizio — Oneglia — Andrea Doria — Alasio — Albenga — Monte Carmolo — Savona — Albissola — Varrazze — Cogoleto — Christopher Columbus — Fiume di Latto — View of Genoa — Pegli — Villa Doria — The Mediterranean — Lord Byron's Apostrophe.

MARSEILLES.

To the eastward of the Rhône delta, a small bay on the Gulf of Lyons well protected from the storms of the Mediterranean, early attracted the attention of navigators, and through the development of modern

commerce has become the greatest seaport of France. The origin of this settlement is dim in antiquity, centuries before the Christian era, and probably came from the Phœnicians. The locality is one of great beauty—a fertile southern landscape, magnificently surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and fronting upon the glinting waters of the Mediterranean sea. Six hundred years before Christ, Greek colonists from Asia Minor controlled this region, their headquarters on the small bay being known as Massalia. They afterward made alliance with the Romans for control of the sea, the name became Latinized into Massilia, and they established other colonies on the adjacent shores and over on the opposite coast of Africa. Thus the place grew, and when Julius Cæsar took possession for Rome, as he did of about everything else, it was noted as a learned seat of Greek letters, whither the Roman patricians sent their sons for education. Diana had a temple in the town, and Neptune on the coast, while other gods and goddesses were similarly honored. An altar to Baal is said to have preceded Diana's temple. We are told that St. Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha came here and lived in the catacombs under St. Victor's Church; and afterward that St. Victor came as a missionary, preaching Christianity. The Visigoths got possession, upon the fall of Rome, and then the Franks drove them out, and finally the Saracens captured and destroyed the town. During all this time the name was changing, and in the tenth century it

appeared in history as an appanage of the Counts of Marseilles. Charles of Anjou got it in the thirteenth century, it was united to France in the fifteenth, and during the French Revolution it adhered to the king and consequently received condign punishment. The result was that a multitude of the rough element of the seaport were sent to Paris, and they led the attack on the Tuileries in 1792, then first singing the war song composed at Strasbourg by Rouget de l' Isle, which from this circumstance was known as the *Marseillaise*, and became the battle-hymn of the Revolutionists. When France conquered Algiers, a great impetus was given its commerce, which further grew through the opening of the Suez Canal; and there are now over a half-million population, with a crowded harbor, vast trade, and various projects being worked out for improving the internal communication by water with the great basin of the Rhône, for which it is the entrepot.

The "Old Harbor" on the edge of the bay, a basin about a half-mile wide and covering seventy acres, was the port until 1850, when improvements began by the construction of artificial basins, and breakwaters for protective sea-walls, that have enlarged the harbor capacity six or seven-fold. The old harbor is completely landlocked, and has ancient forts on both sides of the entrance. Vauban built Fort St. Nicolas on the left hand side, surmounting a promontory partly shutting in the harbor. On the opposite side is Fort Grasse-Tilly, the tower bearing an inscription

in memory of the founding of the town on this spot, the 2500th anniversary of Massalia having been celebrated with great pomp in 1899. Out beyond Fort St. Nicolas, now called the Fort d' Entrecasteaux, is a larger promontory, having upon it the Château de Pharo, formerly a palace and now a medical school, which was given to the city by the Empress Eugénie. Northward of the old harbor, with a canal connecting them behind Fort Grasse-Tilly, are the capacious basins of the new harbor, having in front the protective wall of the great Jetée, a modern breakwater over two miles long, facing the open sea, and built at an expense of \$10,000,000.

Marseilles is ancient in history, but in almost everything else is modern. Almost the only old building remaining is the Church of St. Victor, under the verge of Fort St. Nicolas. The Abbey St. Victor was founded in the fifth century, and this church is a relic, the crypt dating from the eleventh century, and the battlemented towers from the fourteenth. In the crypt is the "Grotto of St. Lazarus," where there is a blackened statue of the Virgin, which is attributed to St. Luke by popular tradition, but is believed to be of the fourth century, and a cross which, according to the legend, is the one on which St. Andrew was martyred. Pilgrims reverentially visit these relics. Farther south rises the steep hill of Notre Dame de la Garde, with a bare and fortified summit, where formerly was an ancient chapel, long a place of pious pilgrimage. Now, a modern church has superseded

it, with a large belfry tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, bearing a colossal figure of the Virgin. From this elevated outlook, the special landmark of arriving sailors, there is a magnificent view over the city and harbor, with the grand amphitheatre of surrounding mountains on the one side, and the broad sea on the other. It was just off the entrance to the port, in June, 1903, that the steamer *Liban*, bound for Corsica, was run down by an incoming vessel, and over one hundred passengers drowned.

Where the temple of Diana once stood, on a terrace overlooking the new harbor, is the recently constructed Cathedral of Sainte Marie Majeure, built in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and as yet incomplete. It is a Romanesque-Byzantine construction of green and white stone, four hundred and sixty feet long, and will cost over \$4,000,000. It is known popularly as "The Major." The interior is an imposing nave with aisles having galleries over them, and the decoration is rich in marbles, mosaics and frescoes. In the adjoining square stands the bronze statue of the most revered prelate of Marseilles, Bishop Belsunce, who during the appalling scourge of 1720 when the plague killed forty thousand persons, manfully remained at his post and practically alone, fulfilling the duties of his sacred calling. The old cathedral was alongside the new one, and its remains are said to stand on the actual spot of the temple of Diana. The city has a splendid Palais de Justice of modern construction, its vestibule decorated with re-

lief figures of the four law-makers—Solon, Justinian, Charlemagne and Napoleon,—while in the square in front is a bronze statue of the Advocate Berryer, who died in 1868. The finest streets are the Cannebière and its prolongation, the Rue Noailles; they begin at the “Old Harbor” and lead eastward into the heart of the city, rivalling in their splendid development the Grand Boulevards of Paris. The name of the Cannebière comes down from the Greek cannabis, meaning “hemp;” and designated a “rope walk” originally on the site. Where this street ends and the Rue Noailles begins is the intersection of the Cours St. Louis, where another series of fine streets and broad promenades cross at right angles. These two main thoroughfares divide Marseilles into four grand quarters. Standing on the northern side of the Cannebière is the spacious Bourse, having a magnificent Corinthian portico of five arches, adorned with sculptures, the structure costing nearly \$2,000,000, and its Exchange Hall being larger than the Bourse in Paris. The older town, northward from the Bourse, is a labyrinth of small streets around the neighborhood of the “Old Harbor,” and through it several modern streets have been cut, the chief being the broad Rue République, leading northwest to the New Harbor, railway station and docks on that side of the city. The Boulevard des Dames crosses this at an angle, and goes from the harbor over eastward to the other great thoroughfare, their intersection being the Place d’ Aix. Here is a fine Triumphal Arch erected to com-

memorate the victory of the Trocadéro near Cadiz in 1823. This was later decorated with reliefs representing Napoleon's victories, and since the Franco-German war has borne an inscription testifying that Marseilles recognizes the Republic. The Marseilles library has 100,000 volumes and a valuable collection of coins and medals.

Marseilles is proud of two of her native-born sons, Pierre Puget, the sculptor and painter of the seventeenth century, and Adolphe Thiers, and their memorials are found in various localities. The coast of the Mediterranean trends southward from Marseilles, and along the edge of the sea, with its route partly hewn out of the rocks is the fine Corniche road, giving excellent views over the water and the adjacent islands. The Prado, another elaborate highway, about three miles long, bordered by residences, comes southward in the interior, turns southwest and joins the Corniche at the Rond Point adjoining the shore. The great Marseilles aqueduct, which brings the water of the Durance through canals, tunnels, and over aqueducts ninety-four miles to the city, enters the north-eastern quarter, and the termination is the grand Palais de Longchamp, its centre being a triumphal arch connecting two spacious side buildings, containing valuable collections of art, natural history and antiquities. The central structure rises nearly one hundred and thirty feet. There are extensive pleasure grounds behind this Palace, and its front toward the southwest is on a hill slope, giving opportunity for an

impressive termination to the great aqueduct in the form of an abundant cascade descending over a flight of steps into a spacious basin. Behind rises the ornamental triumphal arch with its colonnades, and in the basin is a colossal group representing the Durance, between the Vine and the Wheat, upon a chariot drawn by four bulls. The high elevation of the top of the colonnades gives a grand view over the city and the sea beyond. This great aqueduct and canal, the waters used largely for irrigation, have during recent years entirely changed the arid soil in the neighborhood of Marseilles, which is now fertile and fresh in verdure. The small island of If, about two miles out at sea in front of the "Old Harbor," has the Lazaretto; and farther westward there are two larger islands, Ratonneau and Pomègue. Alexander Dumas, in *Monte Cristo*, made famous the old castle, the Chateau d' If, its keep, built in the early sixteenth century, being long used as a prison, and the dungeons are shown. A steamboat takes the visitor out there and the elevated top of the old keep gives a good outlook back at the wide-spreading city. Marseilles is the chief port of the French on the Mediterranean, but whilst famous largely for its commerce, it also has much manufacturing, especially of the noted Marseilles soaps, employing many workmen.

THE NAVAL PORT OF TOULON.

Beyond Marseilles eastward, the coast projects into the Mediterranean, and at forty-two miles distance

is the great naval port of Toulon. Off among the hills to the northward of the railway route, is the ancient nunnery of Sainte Baume, a popular resort for pilgrims. The old grotto here has been transformed into a chapel. The tradition is that Mary Magdalen, after her arrival on the coast at Saintes Maries, retired to this grotto to end her days. The location is high up in the range of hills known as the mountains of Sainte Baume. Most of the little ports on this shore were originally established as Massilian colonies. La Ciotat has the extensive dockyards of the great French Steamship Company, the Messageries Maritimes. The far projecting Cape Sicié is thrust boldly into the sea, with the protective forts upon its shores, and over behind it on the eastern side is the spacious harbor of Toulon, which next to Brest, is the most important French naval station.

Nature made for Toulon a magnificent roadstead. The far projecting rocky point of Cape Sicié has protruding from its eastern side, another lateral rock-ribbed projection terminating in Cape Cépet. To the northeast Cape Brun extends southward from the mainland, and between these capes is the entrance to the outer harbor. To the westward and partly closing the entrance, Pointe Pipady projects, and a jetty constructed beyond it makes an effective breakwater. Within is a spacious harbor, with Toulon to the northward, built around the interior waters behind Pointe Pipady. There are five principal basins, formed by the peculiar embayed constructions of the shore line,

and excepting a small commercial harbor within the town limits, all the others are used by the warships and for naval purposes. There is ample anchorage room in the Grande Rade and the Petite Rade, the two fully protected roadsteads, and batteries are planted all around on the eminences commanding them, while there also is a complete chain of defensive works on the land side, where the enclosing mountains are elevated sharply to the summits of the Earon, rising eighteen hundred feet, and the Coudon, both crowned with powerful forts. Upon Cape Sicié, there are also defensive batteries, and the complete system of detached forts environing this famous naval station has made Toulon a fortress of the first class. Upon an isolated hill on Cape Sicié, is the old town of Six Fours, named after six ancient forts, built there in the middle ages to defend as many routes of approach, but now superseded by one modern work. Out near the end of the Cape and at nearly twelve hundred feet elevation is the ancient pilgrimage chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, a distinguishing landmark, having near by the semaphore station announcing the arrival of ships in the offing.

The Phœnicians first came here and are said to have established on the shore, works for the manufacture of their famous purple dyes. Then the Greek explorers took possession and named it Telonion, and after them the Romans, calling it Telo Martius. It was a seaport of little pretension, however, and had

scant history until in 1707 it made a successful resistance to the attacks of Anglo-Dutch fleets, and the army of Prince Eugene. It was more strongly fortified afterward, but in the French Revolution, the Royalists who held it gave up the place to the English in August, 1793. In the following autumn, the French army again laid siege, and after six weeks' contest took possession in December. It was in these operations that Napoleon, then an artillery officer, first won military distinction. There were found in 1902, in reconstructing the foundations of barracks, the bones of over a thousand persons stretched in layers, without a trace of coffins, the victims of these wars. In the principal public square, the Place de la Liberté, is an elaborate modern fountain erected in memory of the French Revolution. The city has over one hundred thousand population, but not much to show outside of the naval constructions. The old Cathedral of Sainte Marie Majeure is a survival of the eleventh century with a modern façade and belfry, and interior decorations, of which some were by Puget and his pupils. The Hotel de Ville fronts the quay of the Old Harbor, has sculptures by Puget, and in the square a colossal bronze representing the Genius of Navigation. To the northward is the extensive arsenal, the enclosure being about a square mile, and in it twelve to fifteen thousand operatives are ordinarily employed. Louis XIV. began the arsenal and Vauban planned it. Here are all the accessories of an extensive naval shipyard, and numerous

men of war are usually in the harbor. Toulon also possesses a fine modern Library-Museum, and picture Gallery. At St. Maudrier on Cape Cépet is the spacious Seamen's Hospital, while from the top of the hill behind it there is a magnificent view over the harbor.

HYERES TO CANNES.

Eastward of Toulon is projected into the sea, the long peninsula of Giens, having on its broadened extremity a little fort built where once stood an ancient castle. Out in the Mediterranean beyond, and stretching toward the eastward, is the group of four Iles D' Hyères, enclosing an extensive harbor with over sixty square miles surface, that is often used for the manœuvres of the French naval squadrons from Toulon. To the northward, on the harbor shore, is the town of Hyères, with extensive salt marshes adjacent, and amply protected from the cold northern winds by the wooded hills behind, which rise into the summits of the Maures mountains stretching off toward the northeast, about twenty-five hundred feet high, an outlying range of the Maritime Alps. The quiet town of Hyères, having magnificent gardens along the shore, of oleanders, palms, olive and orange trees, thus sheltered, is the oldest of the Mediterranean coast winter resorts, eclipsed possibly by the more dazzling modern glories of the Riviera towns farther east, but nevertheless still having many visitors. One

of its productive industries is supplying Paris with early vegetables, strawberries and flowers, chiefly violets. An avenue of fine palms conducts from the railway station to the town, and the chief public square similarly adorned, has a pyramid erected to the great benefactor of the community, Baron Stulz, the German tailor who made a fortune in London, and spent it benevolently in Hyères. The date palm is plentiful in the street adornments, and while it bears fruit, the dates do not ripen. The most renowned townsman was Massilon, the preacher, born in 1663, and his bronze statue is erected in the Place de la Republique. On a hill rising about seven hundred feet above the town are the ruins of the old Castle. All the adjacent shores and hills are dotted with villas, hotels and inns, the neighborhood having a large winter population. The various salt marshes in this district produce large amounts of salt that are marketed.

During the French religious wars, Hyères was almost entirely destroyed, so that Henri IV. planned its rebuilding at La Plage, about two miles distant, and remains of walls partly constructed for the new harbor, before the project was abandoned, may still be seen. Out in the offing, enclosing the extensive roadstead, are the four islands, which were the ancient Stoechades, and were afterward called the Iles d' Or. They are Porquerolles, nearest to the peninsula of Giens, about five miles long, then Porteros, three miles long, next the Levant, the farthest eastward, nearly five miles long, and between them north

of Porteros, the little Ile Bagnaud. They are to an extent fortified, but have only a small population. The Mediterranean coast now trends toward the northeast, with many winter resorts dotted along the edge of the sea, and inland behind them, the parallel range of the Maures mountains. Up in their declivities northeastward from Hyères, is the village of La Garde Freinet, which has the ample ruins of the great stronghold of the Saracens, Le Fraxinet, when they held this region in the ninth and tenth centuries. Several of the neighboring villages were originally Saracen settlements. At Le Muy, on the northeastern verge of the Maures, is the tower, which was held by the Provençals in 1536, when they were endeavoring to kill Charles V. They fired from it and killed the noted Spanish poet, Garcilaso de la Vega, who from his gorgeous costume they mistook for Charles.

The mountain torrent of the Argens comes down from the hills to the westward into the sea, about fifty miles from Hyères, and here is ancient Fréjus, famous for its Roman remains. The deposits brought down by the Argens, have filled up the original harbor and left the little town fully a mile inland from the sea. It was a noted Roman stronghold and seaport, the Forum Julii, founded by Julius Cæsar, and extended by Augustus, who after the decisive battle of Actium, 31 B. C., sent here the fleet of galleys captured from Antony. The ancient walls bear testimony to its old-time importance, for they enclose an area, a half-dozen times as large as the present town

of about four thousand people. The foundations and part of the gallery of the Roman Amphitheatre, built by Septimus Severus, and accommodating nine thousand spectators, are carefully preserved. There are remains of the Roman baths and the *Porte Doree*, leading to the harbor, the latter having been restored. An extensive mound a half-mile in circumference, erected to protect the roadstead from the northwest winds, blowing down the valley of the *Argens*, also exists, with three towers yet standing, one having probably been a lighthouse. This is called the *Butte St. Antoine*. Another similar mound marks the eastern extremity of the old harbor, which is entirely filled up. There also remains eastward of the town the ancient aqueduct with arches sixty feet high. It goes off to the mountains, twenty-five miles northeast, whence it formerly brought the pure waters of the *Siagnole* to *Fréjus*, and its ruins can be traced almost the whole way. There is also an ancient Roman bridge built over a canal, since deviated about a mile east of the town, and here *Lepidus* is said to have encamped his troops. *Fréjus* was the birth-place of *Agricola*, the general, *Cornelius Gallus*, the poet, and *Roscius*, the actor.

It was at the adjacent village of *St. Raphael*, now a popular watering place, as well as seaport, that *Napoleon* landed on his return from *Egypt* in 1799, and embarked when exiled to *Elba*, on his abdication in 1814. It has a grand sea front with villas and tree-bordered promenades extending over two miles.

Beyond it, the Esterel stretches down to the coast, a volcanic formation of red and gray rocks bordering the sea, and bearing extensive forests of corkwood and pine. There are splendid cliffs in front, and here within them is the deeply indented but diminutive harbor of Agay, which was the Agathon of Ptolemy, having the bold headland of Cape Roux protruding beyond, its summit rising fifteen hundred feet, one of the best outlooks from the Esterel. Then the shore makes a grand encircling sweep around the pleasant Gulf of Napoul, having spreading along its edge the noted resort of Cannes.

THE LIGURIAN SHORE.

Ancient Liguria was the narrow strip of land along the Mediterranean coast from Cannes to Genoa, which is enclosed by the Maritime Alps and the Appenines. This is now the Riviera, meaning literally "the shore." Throughout its whole extent, to Genoa and beyond, it is mountainous, being largely occupied by the foothills and offshoots of the mountains at its back, sending down their lateral ridges and deep valleys closely to the water's edge. There are left only here and there, a few square miles of comparatively level land at the mouths of the mountain torrents, and the openings of the valleys. While rugged, this region is nevertheless very fertile, and it abounds in most magnificent scenery of sea and sloping shore, with deep vales and a grand environment of mountains.

The slopes facing the southward are blessed with a superb climate and consequent luxuriant development of vegetation. Here grow many varieties of fruits, especially the olive tree, which is cultivated in terraces to a considerable height upon the mountain sides. The valley openings usually display charming villages. From the proximity of the mountains to the sea, none of the rivers have very long courses, and usually they are merely mountain torrents, swollen in winter and spring, and displaying almost dry, rocky canöns in summer. Thus the Riviera has attained a world-wide celebrity for its natural beauty and salubrity of climate. Its winters are among the mildest and most genial in Europe, and this with its ready accessibility attracts large numbers of visitors, and has developed along the Mediterranean shore a series of famous watering places. The health-seekers, anxious to escape the rigors of a northern winter, come hither in November, for the bright sunshine and the balmy air. The fashionables come later, after they have exhausted the Christmastide festivities at home, and they then renew the life of gaiety along these shores, until the spring season opens again in Paris and London.

Beyond the Saigne eastward, and spreading around the broad amphitheatre of sloping hills enclosing the bay known among the French as the Golfe de la Napoule, is Cannes, its hotels and villas surrounded by gardens, and looking out upon the sea, and the *Iles de Lérins* rising beyond the bold *Pointe de la Croisette*

projected in front of the town. A canal brings drinking water from the Saïgne, and a breakwater protects the little port from the waves of the sea, which occasionally get into bad humor, and have the habit of making inroads upon the seawall protecting the popular promenade, the Boulevard de la Croisette. Upon this admirable esplanade skirting the harbor front are several of the leading hotels and most attractive villas. From its western end extend within the town, the pleasant Allées de la Liberté, adorned with a marble statue of the Chancellor, Henry, Lord Brougham of England, whose coming to Cannes in search of health in 1834, made its fashionable reputation, he dying here in 1868. To the westward and projected into the sea on that side of the harbor, rises the eminence of Mont Chevalier, having a superb view. Here was the old-time town of Cannes, before it became known to fame, and this is now, without much change, its picturesque quarter of the Suquet. There are ruins of a castle and tower on the summit, and also the quaint thirteenth century church of Notre Dame de l'Esperance. This was a place of great antiquity, but its early history is obscure. It was destroyed by raids of the Saracens, both in the eighth and tenth centuries, and after the latter misfortune was again revived and colonized by settlers from Genoa.

The two Iles de Lérins, just beyond the Pointe, are attractive historically, and are now mainly the resort of pleasure parties. Upon St. Honorat, the outermost

island is the noted Monastery of Lérins, founded in the fifth century by St. Honorat, a Cisterian establishment, having an orphanage, and among the buildings, an old keep which was long used as a refuge from pirates. The French recently disestablished this monastery. The inner and much larger island is Sainte Marguerite, stocked with pheasants, and used occasionally by shooting parties. It has a picturesque surface and commands an excellent view of Cannes and the environment of mountains enclosing the coast. Upon its northern side, and opposite the Point, is the historic château and prison-fort, famous as the place of confinement for eleven years of the "Man with the Iron Mask," before he was taken to the Bastille in Paris. The tradition here is that the mysterious prisoner was Mattioli, minister of Duke Charles Ferdinand of Mantua. Here also was sent as a prisoner, Marshal Bazaine, when court-martialled by the French in 1873, for the downfall of Metz, but he managed to escape in August, 1874.

To the magnificent château of Thoreno, overlooking the "azure coast" at Cannes, came Mr. Gladstone, almost every March, for recuperation, and here also King Edward was a visitor when Prince of Wales. Its spacious gardens are a paradise of semi-tropical vegetation. All around Cannes, the hillslopes are dotted with villas and country-houses, the sojourning places of winter visitors. The country is very beautiful and highly cultivated. Oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, peaches and olives grow in profusion,

and there are broad gardens blooming with flowers and shrubs, from which perfumes and essences are made. Up a magnificent valley and about seven miles from the sea, in the interior, fully sheltered from cold winds and open to the southward, is Grasse at a thousand feet elevation, the resort of many delicate invalids who cannot remain near the coast. Built on the declivity of a hill, it has narrow, steep and winding streets, and is quaintly picturesque, its traditions going back to the sixth century. Grasse has the celebrity of being, next to Paris, the chief manufactory of perfumes in all France. In the vales and on the favoring hill slopes of this region there are estimated to be some sixty thousand acres of surface devoted to the cultivation of flowers for this prolific industry. There are annually grown over two millions of pounds of roses and four millions of pounds of orange flowers. It is said that one French *litre* of essence expressed from these flowers, requires twenty-five thousand pounds weight of roses, and is sold for \$400 to \$450.

Eastward from Cannes, the shore encircles the beautiful Gulf Juan, and here, at the village of Vallouris, a column is erected to mark the landing of Napoleon when he returned from the island of Elba, off the Corsican coast in 1815. Beyond, projects the fertile and villa-covered Cape of Antibes far into the sea. Upon its eastern side is Antibes, a seaport created out of the ancient Roman village of Antipolis, by Vauban in the time of Louis XIV., that noted engineer having constructed its protective breakwater,

and also on the northern verge of the harbor, the dominating and picturesque castle, known as Fort Carré. A splendid esplanade known as the Front de Mer, gives a magnificent outlook over the Mediterranean as far as Nice, a dozen miles away, and northward along the enclosing range of snow-covered mountains, the distant Alps. The coast now trends off northeastward toward Nice, and several mountain streams flow in through pretty valleys, the largest being the impetuous torrent of the Var, the most important river of the Ligurian coast. This was formerly the eastern French boundary until the annexation of Nice to that country.

NICE AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The wide-spreading Baie des Anges to the eastward of the Var, has coming into it a small stream, the Paillon, over a rather broad and stony bed. To the northward, an encircling amphitheatre of hills culminating in Mont Chauve, twenty-eight hundred feet high, thoroughly protects the pleasant bay shores from the northern winds, and here in a most delicious and equable winter climate is the great resort of the Riviera, the city of Nice, having a permanent population of a hundred thousand, greatly swollen in the season by the vast concourse of invalids and tourists from all parts of Europe, who here seek refuge from the inclemency of the more northern lands. The fashionable period begins with the Nice races early in

January and ends with the great Nice regatta in April, but the city is practically filled with visitors from October until well into May. They all flit away in the summer time. The liveliest social development is during the carnival festivities preceding Lent, when, as at Rome, battles are waged with sweetmeats and flowers. The temperature averages 60°, the winter average being 49° and in spring 56°. Colonists from Marseilles found this shore, early in the Christian era, and winning a victory over the Ligurians, they named the settlement Nicaea. It was an active seaport under the Roman domination, but suffered from the Goths and the Saracens, and afterward in the repeated Provençal wars. It ultimately became part of the kingdom of Sardinia, but in 1860, was annexed with Savoy to France. The nucleus of the older town, is a steep and isolated limestone hill, rising over three hundred feet, and running back for some distance from the shore, known as the Château. This was formerly crowned by a castle, one of the strongest forts upon the Mediterranean coast. It was destroyed in 1706 by an attack led by the Duke of Berwick, the chief relic yet remaining being the old Tour Bellanda. The plateau, which gives a fine outlook, is now a public garden, the precipitous southern slope of the promontory, descending abruptly to the sea, owing to the sudden gusts of wind around it, being popularly known as the *Rauva Capeu*, or the "hat-robber." From this hill extends westward the Quai du Midi along the sea front, and prolonged in the Promenade

visitors; the Place Massena, between the Casino and the Public Garden being known as the centre of "The Strangers' Quarter," to the attraction and service of whom, most of the energy of the populace is devoted. Westward extends the Rue Massena, prolonged as the Rue de France, and where the first street terminates and the other begins is the "Marble Cross," noted as marking the spot where Pope Paul III. in 1538, secured the meeting of Emperor Charles V. and King Francis I. to arrange peace. To the northward, the borders of the Paillon are fine boulevards, and everywhere the luxuriant foliage of this prolific coast adorns the highways and gardens. The splendid Promenade des Anglais, along the shore of the newer town, is a magnificent esplanade curving with the water line, and bordered by grand hotels and splendid villas which have an unobstructed outlook over the sea. At its eastern end the Promenade Jetty projects into the water. The English residents constructed this fine esplanade in 1822 and later years, to furnish work for the unemployed, and hence its name.

On the hills to the northward is Cimiez, which was the Roman town of Cemenelum, and exhibits many Roman remains, including portions of a Temple of Apollo and an Amphitheatre with some traces of baths. Here also was a Temple of Diana, and on its foundations in the sixteenth century was built the Capuchin Monastery of Cimiez. The ancient town is now mainly an aggregation of hotels and boarding houses. Up the Paillon, is the monastery of St.

Pons, built on the spot where the Roman Senator St. Pontius suffered martyrdom in the third century. Farther northward, the hills rise to the magnificent outlook of Châteauneuf at an elevation of twenty-three hundred feet, which, now unoccupied, is said to have been originally constructed by the people of Nice as a refuge from the barbarians. To the westward of Nice is the pretty valley of the Magnan, a brook coming down out of the mountains to the sea, and having various romantic ravines. The environment of the highest Maritime Alps back of Nice rise in peaks sometimes ten thousand feet high and form the Italian boundary.

THE CORNICHE ROAD.

Eastward from Nice, the coast of the Mediterranean is formed of deeply indented bays and bold projecting headlands, with always the border of precipitous rocky hills, rising in the background into towering mountains. Alongside the harbor of Nice is a chain of heights, elevated several hundred feet and protruding into the Mediterranean as the ponderous promontory of Montboron, six hundred feet high, separating the roadstead of Nice from the landlocked harbor of Villefranche to the eastward. Montboron is strongly fortified, and behind it northward is the higher hill of Montalban, with ancient defences of the sixteenth century. Yet further northward, the hill rises twelve hundred feet as the Vinaigrier, this as-

cetic name having been given from the sour wines yielded by the vineyards on its slopes. A short distance northeast on the summit of Mont Gros is the famous astronomical observatory, with one of the largest refracting telescopes in Europe, having a thirty-inch lens.

Climbing these hills at the edge of the sea, begins the celebrated Corniche Road, from Nice to Genoa. This "Route of the Cornice," as its name indicates, is a splendid roadway, being mainly a ledge cut out of the rocky faces of the steep mountain slopes and running along, but high above the Mediterranean shore. The huge mountains of white marble, bordering this beautiful coast, slope precipitously down to the water, and their luxuriant garb of foliage in all colors, contrasts with the deep blue of the Mediterranean. Originally this route was little more than a mule path, by them trod during many centuries, but Napoleon, for military reasons, made it a great highway, so that his armies bound for Italy could the more readily turn the Alps. Thus came to be made the renowned road of the Cornice, traversing the most beautiful part of the Riviera, which tourists so much admire. From Nice it winds a steep zigzag up the eastern height, amid luxurious vegetation, looking down in retrospect upon the town and the stony ravine of the Paillon, and seaward far away toward the dim and distant shores of Corsica. Then crossing over the top of the promontory, around on its eastern side, there comes into view the pretty harbor of Ville-

franche with the town nestling deep down amid the encircling hills at its northern end. The more prosaic railroad from Nice to Villefranche goes straight through a tunnel a mile long, bored under the marble hill of Montalban.

Olives and palms, with all the rich foliage of the tropics, adorn the hill-slopes enclosing this magnificent bay, the mecca and paradise of all the navies of the world when their "Squadrons of Evolution" go out to the pleasant seas of this attractive coast for an excursion during the fashionable season. Here are executed the drills of practice off the quaint little town, and all hands enjoy a perpetual picnic, interspersed with receptions and balls and all the important frivolities of the social world. This is the actual harbor of Nice, just around the corner of the promontory, as it were, and it is within easy distance of Monte Carlo, on the other side, this whole district having a seductive charm for the pleasure-seekers of all ilks. From Villefranche and forming the eastern border of the pleasant harbor, projects far into the sea the long peninsula of St. Jean, and over on its eastern verge facing another wide bay is one of the newer resorts of the Riviera, Beaulieu, an aggregation of handsome villas, whose owners recently built them, following the fashion set a few years ago by the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Grand Duke Peter of Russia. These villas are mostly upon a promontory facing the sea toward the eastward, and so balmy and even warm, is the winter climate, that ordinary

hot-house plants flourish in the open air in January, and one part of the settlement is always so hot all winter that it has thus earned the appropriate title of "Little Africa." The dark green olive trees, which have outlived many dynasties in this region of varying rulers, flourish throughout the year. They live to a great age and some attain enormous size. It was to this pleasant region that Lord Salisbury came seeking repose from the cares of state during his service as the British premier. The long peninsula of St. Jean has near its end, a fishing village, which was founded in the sixteenth century by Knights of St. John, who had been expelled from the island of Rhodes, and hence the name. To the eastward projects the narrow and somewhat crooked subsidiary peninsula of St. Hospice, having at its termination an old chapel and a colossal statue of the Virgin. There are roads and paths everywhere, displaying the beauties of this strange and charming sea-girt region, and villas are dotted all about.

Eastward from Beaulieu, the famous road winds along above the sea, and in a couple of miles reaches Eze, an old village mounted high upon a steep hill, to which the ascent is toilsome, though once reached, it gives a grand outlook. There are remains of an old time fort, and in the distant view it resembles a castle. We are told that in the ancient days, the Saracens made this a stronghold, where they could maintain themselves against attack, and still conduct many a foray in the surrounding country. Farther

along, the rocks again project into the sea at Cap d'Ail, or "Garlic Point," where there are more villas, and in fact this region is said to be a much sweeter spot of earth than its name implies. The magnificent road steadily climbs upward, until it rises nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea, and is some distance back from the shore, upon the elevated mountain slope. Here the road has reached the old Roman settlement of Turbia, and one can look far over at Monaco, down by the shore, like a tiny model city, set in the deep blue sea. Here is the Roman tower of Tropaea Augusti, in picturesque ruin, whence the name of the place is derived. This was constructed by the Emperor Augustus in the year 6 B. C., to mark the boundary between Italy and Gaul, and the subjection of the Ligurians, and it was used in the thirteenth century as the monumental base for the present tower which is now in dilapidation. The people come up here by a mountain railway from Monte Carlo to the Corniche road to get the magnificent view over the sea and the adjacent shores, stretching all the way from Cannes to Ventimiglia. Of this view, so universally admired, Tennyson wrote in his poem of the *Daisy*, which tells the story of his marriage tour:

"What Roman strength Turbia showed
In ruins by the mountain-road;
How like a gem beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glowed!"

MONACO.

From the Corniche road the descent is steep to the little capital of Monaco, surrounded by its terraces and gardens, on the curious and circumscribed peninsula of solid rock thrust out into the sea. This rock, nine miles east of Nice, is about one-third to two-thirds of a mile wide, and a little over two miles long, rising about two hundred feet, like a miniature Gibraltar, with an adjacent domain along the shore, so that the diminutive sovereign principality of Monaco approximates a territory of about six square miles. The scions of the ancient Genoese house of Grimaldi rule it, the present prince being Albert I. It has all the attributes of a sovereign state, a standing army of 126 men, and it issues its own postage stamps and coinage. France purchased the control when Nice was annexed in 1860, for \$600,000, and is now the great power to whom the Grimaldis give allegiance. Upon the level summit of the massive rock is the capital—a miniature town, defended by ancient ramparts—in a magnificent situation, where the sun seems almost always shining, the vegetation is profuse, and the sea and sky are alike of the deepest and the richest blue. One can stand anywhere in this diminutive kingdom and shoot a rifle ball over the boundary.

We are told by dim tradition, that the Phœnicians

first came here and made a settlement on the rock, and in the village along the shore, and that the Greeks from Marseilles coming afterward, built a temple of Hercules Monikos on the rock—"Monikos" meaning the "isolated home," so that from this the name of Monaco is derived. The figure of Hercules was in the armorial bearings of the principality until mediæval times, when that of a monk was substituted. Emerging from the dark ages and the dominion of the Saracens, we find the first Grimaldi, lord of Antibes, and his valiant son Giballin, repulsing their piratical depredations along the Ligurian shore, and in gratitude the Emperor Otho I. of Germany, granted the Grimaldis the lordship of Monaco. They did not always hold it however, for there were long periods of adverse possession, and at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the place was notorious as a nest of Mediterranean pirates, preying on the valuable commerce of that great waterway. The right to exact toll upon passing vessels was always claimed by the possessors, whoever they might be, and was not given up until the close of the eighteenth century. Monaco, however, has usually been under the nominal protection of some greater power—first Germany, then Naples, Genoa, Spain, France, Sardinia, and now of France again. The story is told of Napoleon's landing on this coast, on his way northward toward Dijon on his return from Elba in 1814, that he encountered the Prince Honore IV. of Monaco travelling from Cannes toward Monaco, and said to him: "Ha!

you are here; you go to Monaco to be enthroned; I go to the Tuileries."

It is said the legend of Monaco for centuries has been: "Enthroned on a rock, I neither sow nor reap, yet I live long." Thus it has always been, the state existing by preying upon others. The noted Gibal-lin Grimaldi was described as more of a pirate than a prince, and for seven centuries most of his succes-sors seem to have followed his example, their galleys ruling the sea, and their income being mainly tolls and ransoms of vessels. It was not until the later part of the seventeenth century that the Mediterranean ports of Genoa, Nice and Marseilles, tired of the harass-ment, were able to confront and defy the Monaco pi-rates. These adventurers had a varying existence, sometimes rich, but more often poverty stricken. Their barren rocks grew little food, and the starved vineyards and stunted orchards were not then pro-lific. But the luck was not always against them, for the noted M. Blanc, driven away from Homburg in 1860, with his gambling tables, sought refuge and renewed fortune in Monaco, and setting up the palace of Monte Carlo upon the rocky slopes of the Spélugues, a short distance eastward along the shore, converted it into a paradise, for the use of which, as the world's greatest gambling resort, he pays an annual conces-sion of \$250,000, the right running until 1913; and thus Monaco still lives, the prince devoting most of the revenue to the decoration and modernizing of the old capital upon the rock. He has thoroughly re-

stored the ancient palace, built a sumptuous cathedral and various beneficent and educational establishments, and beautified all the surroundings. Thus does the world yet contribute to the Grimaldis, and after 1913, some new method of doing it will probably be devised, so as not to change the fixed custom and prescriptive right of almost a thousand years. Then will Monaco possibly be ripe for transformation into a model kingdom.

This little state consists of two parts—Monaco proper, picturesquely situated on the promontory, the older town, and the new settlement down at the water's edge on the bay, the much larger modern town, and location of the hotels and villas, which stretch along the shore toward the famous Casino of Monte Carlo. Around the little bay, or port of Monaco, Condamine spreads its attractive border of orange groves and gardens with perfume and liqueur factories interspersed, while behind the village and the promontory are the two towering heights of the Mont Tete de Chien, rising nineteen hundred feet and the Mont de la Justice. The noble background is formed of the higher hills steadily rising in magnificent terraces toward Turbia. Stretching deeply into the hills toward the northwest is a pretty ravine, having within the old pilgrimage chapel of Sainte Dévote, the patroness of Monaco, while the mountain railway to Turbia goes up the slope from Monte Carlo. On the rock, the prince's palace occupies the northern, or landward end, with the ancient town southward

toward the sea. From the Place d'Armes down in the village, a steep path ascends the rock, and also a carriage road winding around the slopes and approaching the summit from the eastern side. The Renaissance Palace has crenelated towers, but has been modernized and restored, while in its square are ancient guns presented by Louis XIV., and there is a splendid view over the parapet. The interior of the palace is sumptuously fitted up, and the frescoes represent impartially the feats of Hercules and of the scions of the house of Grimaldi, with also a fine reproduction of the triumphal procession of Bacchus by Caravaggio. A suite of rooms is named for the Duke of York, brother of George III., who died here while visiting the Prince of Monaco. In the Palace Square the entire standing army of this unique nation is mustered in review, the soldiers in the Grimaldi colors—light blue uniforms with facings of white and red—and the gendarmes in dark blue with cocked hats and swords. The old town southward from the palace is a collection of quaint buildings on narrow and crooked streets, with the noble cathedral of modern construction, a fort, numerous shrines and churches and an environment of solid ramparts crowning the inaccessible sides of the rock. This is regarded as the cleanest and best policed city of the Riviera, everything in its outward demonstration of government being a model of perfection, and curiously enough, gambling is prohibited by law, and the law is rigidly enforced.

MONTE CARLO.

There is good reason for this anti-gambling law of Monaco, as the right is sold for a concession which keeps the whole fabric of the government in operation. Along the rocky shore about a mile to the eastward is the precipitous slope of the flat-headed cape, where the pirates dwelt, and called from time immemorial the Spélugues, or the "Plain of the Robbers." Previously to 1828, it was mostly an aggregation of barren rocks, but shortly afterward a new road was opened between Monaco and Mentone, which traversed it, and the Monaco Prince employed the convict labor of his domain in carrying there a large superstructure of soil, converting it into a garden spot. Here in 1858, the Casino was begun, under the guidance of Charles Garnier, from Paris, and the process of elaborate embellishment which has since been developed into such magnificence. It was named Monte Carlo from the Prince of Monaco at that time, Charles III., who, for twenty-five years anterior to his death in 1889, was blind, and during most of the time lived a recluse in the Monaco palace. Here came M. Blanc from Homburg to set up his gaming establishment in an earthly paradise which is still, as of yore, regarded as the "Plain of the Robbers." To it are drawn the rich, the gay and the frivolous from all the greatest nations of the world, voluntarily submitting to be

preyed upon by the smallest, and it is said there is an annual multitude often of four hundred thousand visitors to the place. After M. Blanc's death, leaving a fortune estimated at \$12,000,000, the Casino became the property of a corporation created by his heirs with \$3,000,000 capital, the shares being largely sold on the Paris Bourse. It is a magnificent establishment, mounted high on the rock, the beautiful terrace and gardens having a superb outlook over the sea. All around and behind it, on a hundred different eminences and slopes are the many hotels and villas, mostly white buildings embosomed in verdure, and having to the northward an enclosing border of the gray peaks of the distant Alps.

None of the Monaco inhabitants have access to the gaming tables, only strangers being admitted. This is a shrewd arrangement, as it saves the people of the neighborhood from gambling losses, while the whole local interest has been secured by the complete exemption from taxation, and the high prices originally paid the owners for their lands. The railway trains bring the visitors to the foot of the big rock and they mount to the Casino terrace and gardens by a fine stairway or a perfect carriage road. Admission is free, but the stranger must present his card; and the games played are "Roulette" and "Trente et Quarante," the stakes being limited in both. The stakes in the former are not lower than five francs nor more than six thousand francs, and in the latter not lower than twenty francs nor more than twelve

ditional sums reaching a total of \$350,000, the army and Monaco court expenses cost \$125,000, \$150,000 were paid for ground rents and similar charges, \$500,000 for amusements, another \$500,000 were spent in the support of the establishment and its sixteen hundred employés, \$150,000 on the buildings and gardens, and \$100,000 for the press. When it is considered how all this money is obtained, there is a forceful reminder of Poe's "City in the Sea":—

" - When, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down, that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence."

All this goes along, in a region of surpassing beauty, which Tennyson years ago described as "a gem, basking, glowing, in the sunlight." The "Sea Bathing Company" recognizes that however interesting "roulette" and "trente et quarante" may be to its stockholders, they are not the only things worth living for, even at Monte Carlo, so they have embellished the buildings and grounds in every way, have established a picture gallery, winter garden, tennis court, shooting grounds, reading and conversation rooms, and all the accessories and amusements that can add to the attractiveness of the place, while outside the entrance to the Casino are imposing statues of Music, executed by Sarah Bernhardt, and Dancing, by Gustave Doré. The hotels and villas are elaborate and it is said that the fashionable restaurant of Monte Carlo has such

good custom that its owner some time ago refused to sell out for \$200,000. Here, under sanction of law, the gambling goes on uncontrolled, excepting by the regulations of the company. It proceeds amid the most gorgeous beauties of nature developed in the richest warmth of light and color, with the scent of magnolias and orange blossoms pervading the atmosphere, the sound of delicious music and the gentle murmur of the deep blue Mediterranean along the curving shore. This paradise has been well described as the "Garden of Eden" of the modern world.

MENTONE, VENTIMIGLIA, BORDIGHERA.

To the eastward of Monte Carlo, is projected into the sea, the bold promontory of Cap Martin, under which the railroad passes through a tunnel, while the Corniche road, approaching nearer the sea, is constructed in a series of zigzags over the top. On the height near the road is the village of Roccobruna, surrounded by orange and lemon groves, and having high above it the ruins of a castle. Fine old trees cover the surface of the cape, and the forest is now largely a park for the hotel which is beautifully situated on its extremity, while upon the highest point are the ruins of an ancient convent, and also a modern signal tower. Here was a favorite winter resort of Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, while on the slope overlooking the sea toward the westward is the Villa Cyrenos, one of the homes of the ex-Empress Eugenie.

Farther eastward, there is another projecting ridge, having on either side a gentle bay, named respectively the West Bay, guarded by Cap Martin, and the East Bay. Here on the curving slopes facing the sea, with the older town upon the higher rocky ridge, is Mentone. A modern breakwater with a lighthouse on the extremity, stretches out on the eastern side, to encircle and protect its little harbor. This is another popular resort of the Riviera, embosomed in orange and lemon groves, with figs and olives, and having sometimes a crop of forty millions of lemons to sell. Small torrents come out of the mountains which encompass it closely behind, and these cut down the slopes into pleasant valleys, adding to the picturesqueness. This town was formerly part of the Monaco principality, but now belongs to France. It originally came under control of the Grimaldis of Monaco in the fourteenth century, but was able in 1818 to assert its independence, and then joined Sardinia. The older town has steep and tortuous streets running at will over the top and sides of the rocky ridge, its St. Michael's Church, partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1887, being a recent reconstruction. There are magnificent tropical gardens established at Mentone, which are regarded as the finest on the Riviera, covering some sixty acres on the slopes stretching down toward the sea. Attractive excursions may also be made up the ravines of the torrents into the mountain gorges. The East Bay, known also as the Garavan, is picturesque, and displays the partly de-

stroyed grottoes of the Rochers-Rouges, or the "Red Rocks," where pre-historic skeletons were found which are displayed in the Hotel de Ville. Into this bay comes down the torrent of St. Louis, over which the Corniche Road is carried by an airy bridge at a height of more than two hundred feet. This picturesque viaduct spanning a stony ravine, at the same time crosses the boundary between France and Italy. Going over it we are now in the land of the Tuscans, with the railroad train rushing through the marble ridges by tunnel after tunnel, the road mounting by successive inclines and windings over their tops, and the Italian frontier fortress of Ventimiglia in the distance, where the customs officers appear.

Ventimiglia covers grandly the hill top, rising from the ravines of the Roya and the Neuri. These come down their wide stony beds, with a narrow and often most insignificant stream, wandering aimlessly among the stones and shingle, during most of the year. But when the mountain snows are melting in the spring they are raging and resistless torrents. Ventimiglia does not mean, as one might suppose, that the place is "twenty miles" from some other town, but the name is a corruption of the Roman designation of Albium Intermilium, it having been the ancient capital of the Ligurian tribe of the Intermelii. The cathedral crowns the summit of the town, while upon a commanding height at some distance are the ruins of the old Castle d' Appio, once a refuge of the people from piratical attacks.

About three miles farther eastward is **Bordighera**, famous for its palms. The older town was never large, and it still proudly crowns the rocky elevation of the **Capo di Ampeglio**, as of yore, when it was a republic, the same as its present mistress **Genoa**, beyond, to which it pays a nominal allegiance. Then **Bordighera** ruled an attendant galaxy of subject towns, but now it basks in the more assured prosperity of a favorite winter resort of the **Riviera**, its attractions having brought it wealth, and thus gradually spread the newer and more modern town of hotels and villas along the shore below the heights. **Bordighera** excels in its flower gardens, but its date-palms, the branches of which are supplied to the churches for **Palm Sunday**, are its greatest production. The fruit of these trees seldom ripens sufficiently to be edible, the leaves being bleached on the trees by having them tightly bound together. We are told that the palm trees which make such magnificent displays, were originally planted here by the **Dominican** friars, but many of them evidently anticipated that monastic order, for they are over a thousand years old. There are said to be more palms at **Bordighera** than in **Judea**, where once they were so numerous that they were chosen for the national emblem. The palm-leaves annually blessed at **St. Peter's** in **Rome** are supplied from these groves. The interesting story of the origin of this service is, that when the great obelisk of **Heliopolis** was brought to **Rome**, the **Pope**, **Sixtus V.**, determined in 1586, to set it up

in the Piazza of St. Peter's. The important task was delegated to the architect Dominico Fontana, and a great crowd gathered to see it put in place. The task was so difficult that absolute silence was decreed under penalty of death. At the critical moment, when the heavy column was being swung in place, a failure was feared, the ropes were strained, and there was a dread lest the obelisk should fall by their breaking. Suddenly a sailor in the crowd—Bresca of San Remo, disregarding the penalty, cried out in the liquid Italian—*Acqua alle funi*—"Wet the ropes!" The advice was taken, the ropes contracted and the monolith was saved and lowered into proper position. The bold sailor was not only pardoned, but allowed to ask any privilege for himself and his heirs. He requested to be allowed to furnish the palms for Easter at Rome, and the privilege is still held by his descendants at Bordighera.

SAN REMO AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

Rounding the villa-bordered bay of Ospedaletti, the railway pierces a tunnel through the high promontory of Capo Nero, over which the road picturesquely winds, and beyond, upon another beautiful bay, between the ravines of two mountain torrents is ancient and popular San Remo, which has the reputation of the mildest climate on this favored coast. Hence it is the special mecca of the most delicate invalid. The houses are embosomed in olive groves covering the lower slopes and valleys, while the tops of the

hills have woods and mountain flora as the ranges become higher, rising in the background to about eight thousand feet. The ancient town occupies the surface and sides of the steep hill between the torrents, its narrow and stair-like streets mounting the slope, with lofty houses, some painted in gay colors, arched gateways and flying buttresses to support the buildings, while flights of steps abound to assist the ascent, and high over the streets, the tops of the houses are connected by brick and masonry arches designed to support them from toppling over during earthquakes, which have been frequent along this coast. Thus many of the buildings so closely bonded together by these constructions get light only at their backs, while roof gardens adorn some of them. The newer town, along the shore, and on the surrounding hills, created for the visitors, is all the growth of the past half century. In it is the gorgeous street, the *Via Vittorio Emanuele*, resplendent with shops that have a decidedly Parisian flavor, though all the surroundings are Italian. Out in front is a small harbor protected by a breakwater. High on top of the hill is the dome-crowned white church of *Madonna della Costa*, the venerated guardian of the old town, and landmark for the mariner.

San Remo was of very ancient origin. It was the *Leucothea* of the Greeks and the *Matistra* of the Romans, and was early Christianized by St. Ormisdas, and his pupil St. Sirus, the cathedral having been named after the latter, St. Siro. The place suffered

much from the barbarians, but after the Saracens were expelled from Liguria it was rebuilt and took the name of San Romolo, from the bishop, who ruled it in the sixth century, and his saint's day, October 13th, has since been its special fête. Subsequently Remus seems to have got the better of Romulus in the name, though why is not announced, but it finally became San Remo. The Genoese got possession in the eighteenth century. The people are proud of their descent from the ancient Ligurians, and are very patriotic. Many of the natives emigrate, seeking fortunes elsewhere, but they often return to end their days on these sunny shores. There are seen here several villas, decorated in the gayest colors, built by townsmen, who went to far-away America to earn a competence, and came back again to pass their final days at home in this attractive Mediterranean paradise.

To the eastward the bay is enclosed by the high and foliage-covered promontory of Capo Verde, surmounted by the conspicuous church; the Madonna della Guardia, seen from afar and having a gorgeous outlook over the sea, while the railroad is tunnelled through the extremity of the ponderous cliff beneath. Beyond this great cape, the rocky shore line trends more and more toward the northeast, and the surface everywhere displays olive groves, the oils being the staple export from all the villages and harbors. We come into a region which was sadly devastated by earthquakes during the last century, the worst being

in 1887, doing serious damage. Up a broadening valley back of the cape are seen, romantically displayed upon a prominent eminence, the ruins of the village of Bussana which was then destroyed. The coast hereabout is dotted at intervals by low and ponderous towers, which were built a thousand years ago for defense against the Saracens, and some are still used as dwellings. Frequent torrents flow out through their wide and stony ravines, and adjoining one of them is San Lorenzo, with the tall Campanile tower, on a promontory at the edge of the sea, of which Tennyson wrote in the *Daisy*:

"What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue,
While here and there, on sandy beaches,
A milk-bell'd amaryllis blew!"

AROUND THE GULF OF GENOA.

Beyond, and at the edge of the sea, each with its busy harbor, are the more important towns of Porto Maurizio and Oneglia, which are close neighbors, and noted as the places of export for the finest olive oils. The entire country hereabout and farther toward the northeast, abounds in extensive olive groves. Porto Maurizio harbor is usually filled with the peculiar Mediterranean coasting vessels, having the picturesque lateen sails, and carrying all the varied products of this richly productive region. These rude craft, manned by dark-eyed, swarthy sailors, seem to

be the same to-day as during the past centuries—and for all that we know, they are probably the same now as when the ancient Greeks first came to these majestic shores. The harbor of Oneglia is equally full of movement, but is more shallow, though it too has a good trade. The pride of Oneglia is that it was the birthplace in 1466 of the famous Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, who after serving the French King, Francis I., finally espoused the cause of his people and delivered Genoa from the French rule in 1528. When he had thus liberated his country, he assembled the populace, and sacrificing all personal ambition, recommended them to adopt their own form of government. Then, with his approval, they made Genoa and her dependencies, a republic, which subsisted until 1815. Doria was appointed Censor for life, with the title of “Father and Liberator of his Country.” He conducted many campaigns, conquered the pirates infesting those seas, defeated the Turks and other barbarians, and after a life of the greatest activity, made his last sea voyage when 85 years old. In 1556, at the age of 90, he resigned all his offices and died at the age of 94, in 1560. In Genoa is shown the noted Palazzo Doria, presented to him by the people, and having in the interior court, a large fountain, with his statue representing Neptune. Ariosto sang his praises, and in and near Genoa he spent his later years. Back of Oneglia, a road leads up the ravine into the mountains, and over an Alpine pass to Turin.

Successive tunnels enable the railway to pierce the numerous marble projections along this rock-ribbed shore. Alassio presents its beach and promenade, the tradition of the town being that its name was derived from a daughter of the Emperor Otho, who fled here, far away from the court of her father, to enjoy the society of her chosen lover. Albenga, beyond, is the old Roman town of Albingaunum, and it displays the ruins of an ancient bridge built by the Emperor Honorius, which, owing to changes, however, now spans only a dry meadow, where once was a stream. This place is said to have been an ancient ally of Carthage. It has a noble cathedral with an impressive façade, and an adjoining baptistery, supposed to stand on the site of a heathen temple. Numerous towers crown the cathedral, and massive walls surround it. When the torrent coming down past Albenga to the sea, is in flood, it overflows the adjacent lowlands, generating unhealthy marshes, so that it is customary in this region to use as a common expression, the "Albenga face," for anyone whose appearance is commiserated. In all the villages along this part of the shore are evidences of the generosity of the Dorias, who have built churches and hospitals, and also on the eminence of Monte Carmelo, a monastery, some time ago suppressed, its buildings commanding an extended view.

As we come within about thirty miles of Genoa, the magnificent curve of the mountain-enclosed shore, from the northeast around to the southeast, as the great city is approached, presents one of the most

splendid views over the Mediterranean waters, thus indented as it were into the bosom of the higher Alps. Here is Savona, about twenty-seven miles from Genoa, the largest town of this part of the Riviera, and second only to Nice in importance. It has a handsome cathedral, and busy harbor, protected by a fort, while beyond, the torrent Sanscobia comes down into the sea, and in the village of Albissola on its shores the Popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II. were born. At Varazze, seven miles farther, among the rocks, are busy shipyards, building the Genoese fleets, the methods of construction now being about the same as they have been for centuries. This region is redolent with traditions of Christopher Columbus, who in these shipyards is said to have been first inspired to become a sailor. At Cogoletto, near by, his birthplace is claimed, and a monument was erected in his honor in 1888, though this claim is probably erroneous as the preponderating testimony is that he was born in Genoa about 1446, of Spanish parentage. When Columbus was very young, however, the family removed out to the coast near Cogoletto, and Savona. The ancient tenement claimed for his birthplace bears this sonorous inscription:

“Travellers, stop at this house!
It was here that Christopher Columbus,
The greatest man in the world,
First saw the light,
Here in this humble house!
There was only one world:
This man spoke and there were two.”

Serpentine rocks environ Cogoletto, through which a noisy torrent rushes. Tennyson stopped here and paid his devoirs to the Columbian memory, for he wrote in the *Daisy*:

“Now, pacing mute by ocean’s rim;
Till in a narrow street and dim,
I stayed the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank, to him.”

The Fiume di Latte, or Milk river, comes wildly down the marble hills, and out from the opening a splendid view is obtained of the quays and palaces of Genova La Superba, stretching far along the distant shore and up the heights behind. We are practically in the suburbs, and at Pegli come to about the last place on this noble shore of the Riviera, where the northern winter sojourner lingers in the lap of spring, before wending his way homeward through the passes of the Alps. Dotted on the Pegli hills are some of the most luxurious villas of this region, in lovely grounds, originally the homes of the Grimaldis, the Pallivicini, the Dorias and others, who retired here to escape the noise and discomforts of the great city. The decoration is usually gaudy in the rich Italian fashion, and the landscape gardening shows the prominent object of the gardener, in this hot climate, to be to create luxuriant shade and perpetual moisture, with fountains and running waters amid the most delicious vegetation. Here is the famous Villa Doria, its grounds stretching down to the

border of the sea, and displaying the most lovely views of coast and mountain. The highest point is crowned by a mediæval castle, with decorations of the surface in the florid Italian style representing a siege. Here the great Admiral passed the evening of his days in full view of the busy harbor of Genoa.

From the lovely grounds of the Villa Doria, the Mediterranean is ever before the visitor's eyes. Its varying beauties attract by their contrasts—now subdued and quiet under the brilliant sun; now broken into ripples and the “multitudinous smile” of Æschylus, by the gentle winds; lashed into wild waves by the brisk southern gales that dash the waters into spray and foam against the rocks; brilliant with the richest hues as the setting sun glances its rays through the massing clouds; or finally in evening, deeply blue as the equally blue sky arches high above. This glorious outlook reminds of Byron's apostrophe in Canto IV. of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*:

“Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the invisible! even from out thy shrine
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

“Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou.
Unchangeable, save to thy wild wave's play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

END OF VOLUME I.

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